3 0081 013 108 224

Central Library

JOINT UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

PQ
6329
.A2
1907
v.2

864328

JUL-0257

3 0081 013 108 224

Central Library

JOINT UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

PQ
6329
.A2
1907
v.2

864328

JUL-0257

HUMPHREY MILFORD OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

DATE DUE

06 MAR 1987
19 MAR 1987
07 APR 1987
RETURNED
27 APR 1987
APR 25 1987

RETURNED
MAR 29 1994
MAR 29 1994 RETURNED
APR 01 2004
APR 15 2004
MAY 10 2005
RET'D MAY 04 2005
SEP 16 2012
RECD OCT 01 '12

The World's Classics

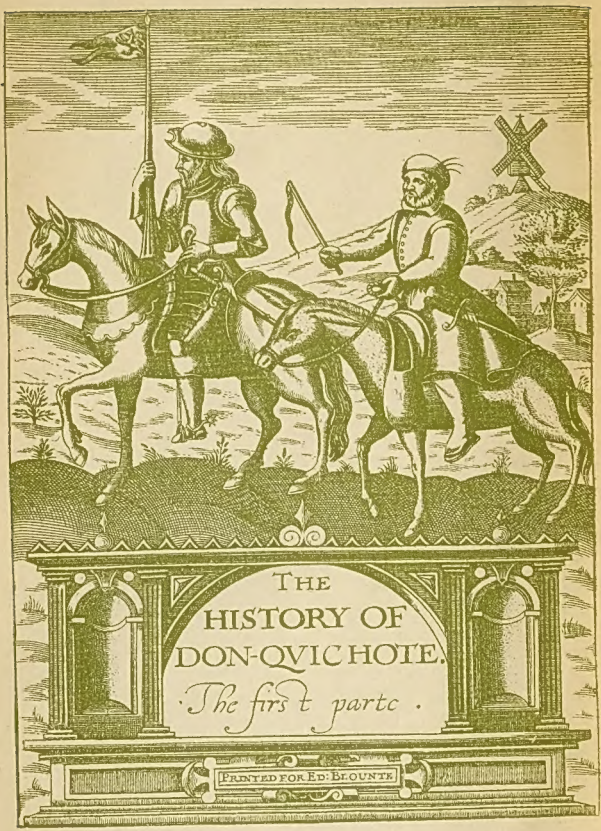
CXXXI

CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES JERVAS—II

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY



FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN 1612

DON QUIXOTE

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES JERVAS

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO.

DON QUIXOTE

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JERVAS

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION
BY JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY

IN TWO VOLUMES : VOL. II

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Baptized, Alcalá de Henares . October 9, 1547
Died, Madrid . . . . April 23, 1616

The First Part of 'Don Quixote' was published at Madrid in 1605, *the Second Part at Madrid in* 1615; *both Parts were issued at Barcelona by the same publisher (but printed by different printers) during the course of* 1617; *the first edition of the book complete appeared at Madrid in* 1647. *Jervas' translation was first published in* 1742. *In 'The World's Classics' it was first published in* 1907, *and reprinted in* 1912.

JOINT UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES NASHVILLE, TENN

CONTENTS OF VOL. II

PAGE

PREFACE TO THE READER 1

CHAP. I.—Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition 7

CHAP. II.—Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences 19

CHAP. III.—Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco 25

CHAP. IV.—Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions; with other incidents worthy to be known and recited 33

CHAP. V.—Of the wise and pleasant discourse, which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza 39

CHAP. VI.—Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper; one of the most important chapters of the whole history 46

CHAP. VII.—Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous occurrences . 53

CHAP. VIII.—Wherein is related what befell Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso 61

PAGE

—Which relates what will be found in it . 69

AP. X.—Wherein is related the cunning used by Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events as ridiculous as true 73

CHAP. XI.—Of the strange adventure which befell the valorous Don Quixote with the wain or cart of the Parliament of Death 83

CHAP. XII.—Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the brave Knight of the Looking-glasses 89

CHAP. XIII.—Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires . . 96

CHAP. XIV.—In which is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood 103

CHAP. XV.—Giving an account, who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his squire were . . . 115

CHAP. XVI.—Of what befell Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha. . . . 117

CHAP. XVII.—Wherein is set forth the last and highest point, at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions . . 127

CHAP. XVIII.—Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Riding-coat, with other extravagant matters . . 138

CHAP. XIX.—Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents 147

PAGE

CHAP. XX.—Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with the adventure of Basilius the Poor 155

CHAP. XXI.—In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents 165

CHAP. XXII.—Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, lying in the heart of La Mancha, to which the valorous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion 172

CHAP. XXIII.—Of the wonderful things, which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which make this adventure pass for apocryphal 181

CHAP. XXIV.—In which are recounted a thousand impertinences necessary to the right understanding of this grand history 192

CHAP. XXV.—Wherein is begun the braying adventure, with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape . 200

CHAP. XXVI.—Wherein is contained the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters, in truth sufficiently good . . 210

CHAP. XXVII.—Wherein is related, who Master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended. . . 220

CHAP. XXVIII.—Of things which, Ben Engeli says, he, who reads them, will know, if he reads them with attention 228

PAGE

CHAP. XXIX.—Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark 233

CHAP. XXX.—Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair huntress 240

CHAP. XXXI.—Which treats of many and great things 245

CHAP. XXXII.—Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events 254

CHAP. XXXIII.—Of the relishing conversation which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remarked 269

CHAP. XXXIV.—Giving an account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; which is one of the most famous adventures of this book 277

CHAP. XXXV.—Wherein is continued the account of the method prescribed to Don Quixote for the disenchanting Dulcinea; with other wonderful events 285

CHAP. XXXVI.—Wherein is related the strange and never-imagined adventure of the Afflicted Matron, alias the countess of Trifaldi; with a letter written by Sancho Panza to his wife Teresa Panza . . 293

CHAP. XXXVII.—In which is continued the famous adventure of the Afflicted Matron . . . 299

CHAP. XXXVIII.—In which an account is given of the Afflicted Matron's misfortunes . . . 302

CHAP. XXXIX.—Wherein Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable history . . . 309

PAGE

CHAP. XL.—Of matters relating and appertaining to this adventure, and to this memorable history . 312

CHAP. XLI.—Of the arrival of Clavileño, with the conclusion of this prolix adventure 319

CHAP. XLII.—Of the instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza, before he went to govern the island, with other matters well considered . . 330

CHAP. XLIII.—Of the second instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza 336

CHAP. XLIV.—How Sancho Panza was carried to his government, and of the strange adventure which befell Don Quixote in the castle 342

CHAP. XLV.—How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it 352

CHAP. XLVI.—Of the dreadful bellringing and cattish consternation Don Quixote was put into in the progress of the enamoured Altisidora's amour . 360

CHAP. XLVII.—Giving a further account of Sancho's behaviour in his government 365

CHAP. XLVIII.—Of what befell Don Quixote with Doña Rodriguez, the duchess's duenna; together with other accidents worthy to be written, and had in eternal remembrance 374

CHAP. XLIX.—Of what befell Sancho Panza as he was going the round of his island 383

CHAP. L.—In which is declared who were the enchanters and executioners that whipped the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with the success of the page, who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife 395

PAGE

CHAP. LI.—Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other entertaining events . . . 405

CHAP. LII.—In which is related the adventure of the second afflicted or distressed matron, otherwise called Doña Rodriguez. 414

CHAP. LIII.—Of the toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government. 422

CHAP. LIV.—Which treats of matters relating to this history, and to no other 428

CHAP. LV.—Of what befell Sancho in the way, and other matters, which you have only to see . . 437

CHAP. LVI.—Of the prodigious and never-seen battle between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lackey Tosilos, in defence of the duenna Doña Rodriguez's daughter 445

CHAP. LVII.—Which relates how Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and of what befell him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, one of the duchess's waiting-women 451

CHAP. LVIII.—Showing how adventures crowded so fast upon Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels 456

CHAP. LIX.—Wherein is related an extraordinary accident, which befell Don Quixote, and which may pass for an adventure 468

CHAP. LX.—Of what befell Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona 476

CHAP. LXI.—Of what befell Don Quixote at his entrance into Barcelona, with other events, more true than ingenious 490

PAGE

CHAP. LXII.—Which treats of the adventure of the enchanted head, with other trifles that must not be omitted 493

CHAP. LXIII.—Of the unlucky accident which befell Sancho Panza, in visiting the galleys, and the strange adventure of the beautiful Morisco . . 506

CHAP. LXIV.—Treating of the adventure which gave Don Quixote more sorrow than any which had hitherto befallen him 517

CHAP. LXV.—In which an account is given who the Knight of the White Moon was; with the liberty of Don Gregorio, and other accidents . . . 522

CHAP. LXVI.—Treating of matters, which he, who reads, will see; and he, who hears them read, will hear 528

CHAP. LXVII.—Of the resolution Don Quixote took to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, till the year of his promise should be expired; with other accidents truly pleasant and good 534

CHAP. LXVIII.—Of the bristled adventure which befell Don Quixote 539

CHAP. LXIX.—Of the newest and strangest adventure of all that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this grand history 545

CHAP. LXX.—Which follows the sixty-ninth, and treats of matters indispensably necessary to the perspicuity of this history 551

CHAP. LXXI.—Of what befell Don Quixote with his squire Sancho, in the way to his village . . 559

PAGE

CHAP. LXXII.—How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village 565

CHAP. LXXIII.—Of the omens Don Quixote met with at the entrance into his village, with other accidents, which adorn and illustrate this great history 570

CHAP. LXXIV.—How Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died 575

PREFACE TO THE READER

Bless me! with what impatience, gentle, or (it may be) simple reader, must you now be waiting for this preface, expecting to find in it resentments, railings, and invectives against the author of the second Don Quixote; him I mean, who, it is said, was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona[1]! But, in truth, it is not my design to give you that satisfaction; for though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman, and coxcomb: but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him chew upon it, and there let it rest.

But what I cannot bear resenting is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand; as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my maim had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion[2] that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty, in running away: and I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered

[1] A spurious continuation of *Don Quixote* was published at Tarragona in 1614, under the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, native of Tordesillas, of whom nothing is known.

[2] At Lepanto, where Cervantes received the wound which maimed his left hand.

practicable, and the same opportunity recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast, are stars which guide others to the haven of honour, and to the desire of just praise. And it must be observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding, which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to a mere ignorant, what it is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that which is sacred, noble, and well-meaning. And this being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a Familiar of the Inquisition: and if he said what he did for the sake of that person [1], from whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken; for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments [2]. But in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author, for saying that my novels are more satirical than moral, but however, that they are good; which they could not be without some share of both. Methinks, reader, you tell me, that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear daylight, concealing his name, and dissembling his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason [3]. If ever you should chance to

[1] Lope de Vega, who became a Familiar of the Inquisition in 1609, or earlier.

[2] A satirical allusion to Lope de Vega's notoriously lax life.

[3] On the strength of this passage Avellaneda is generally assumed to be a pseudonym. We do not know what ground (if any) Cervantes had for his conjecture.

fall into his company, tell him from me, that I do not think myself aggrieved: for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is, the putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame: and, for confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story:

There was a madman in Seville who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits that ever madman did in the world: which was, that he sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he adjusted the cane, as well as he could, to the dog's posteriors, and blew him up as round as a ball: and holding him in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the guts with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the bystanders, who were always very many: Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog? And what think you, sir? is it such an easy matter to write a book? And, if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this other, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:

There was another madman of Córdova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head: the dog is in wrath, and limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened, that among the dogs upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a capmaker, who valued him mightily: down goes the stone, and hits him on the head: the poor dog raises the cry; his master, seeing it, resents it, and, catching up his measuring yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin: and, at every blow he gave him he cried: Dog, rogue,

what, abuse my spaniel! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel? and repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman, beaten to a jelly. The madman took his correction, and went off, and appeared not in the market place in above a month after: at the end of which he returned with his invention, and a greater weight; and coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: This is a spaniel; have a care. In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more. Thus, perhaps, it may fare with our historian: he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves.

Tell him also, that, as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the *Perendenga* [1], and answer, Long live my lord and master, and Christ be with us all. Long live the great Conde de Lemos [2], whose well-known Christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune; and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the Archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandoval [3]. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of *Mingo Revulgo* [4], the favour of these two princes, who, with-

[1] This piece has apparently not survived.

[2] Viceroy of Naples at the time when this was written. Besides being the patron of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and other authors, Lemos was himself a poet and dramatist. He is believed to have been murdered (1622) at the instigation of Philip IV.

[3] Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and Grand Inquisitor: he appears to have helped Cervantes in his difficulties.

[4] An anonymous political satire in verse, written about the middle of the fifteenth century.

out any flattering solicitation, or any other kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer, than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious: poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it: and virtue, as it shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him, nor will I say more to you, only to let you know, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand, and out of the same piece with the first, and that herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and, at last, fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also, that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more: for too much, even of a good thing, lessens it in our esteem; and scarcity, even of an indifferent, makes it of some estimation.

I had forgot to tell you, that I have almost finished the *Persiles* [1], and that you may soon expect the second part of the *Galatea* [2]. Farewell.

[1] Published posthumously in 1617.
[2] This promise was not fulfilled.

DON QUIXOTE

de la Mancha

SECOND PART

CHAPTER I

Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition.

Cid Hamet Ben Engeli relates, in the second part of this history, and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should renew and bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, from whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said they did so, and would continue so to do with all possible care and goodwill; for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind: whereat the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, as thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-wagon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him, and make trial of his amendment; though they reckoned it almost impossible he should be cured; and agreed between them not to touch in the least

upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up a sore that was yet so tender.

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled, that he seemed as if he was reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by him with much kindness: they inquired after his health; and he gave them an account both of it and of himself with much judgement, and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their conversation they fell upon matters of state, and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another; each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon: and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well, and in his perfect senses. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank heaven. But the priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, or not: and so, from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court; and, among other things said it was given out for certain, that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet, and that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst; that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year; and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote

replied: His majesty has done like a most prudent warrior, in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him: but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution, which his majesty is at present very far from thinking of. Scarcely had the priest heard this, when he said within himself: God defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness down to the profound abyss of thy folly. But the barber, who had already made the same reflection as the priest had done, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken; for perhaps, it was such as might be put into the list of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes. Mine, Goodman Shaver, answered Don Quixote, shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose. I meant no harm, replied the barber, but only that experience has shown, that all or most of the pieces of advice people give his majesty, are either impracticable or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom. True, answered Don Quixote; but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, the most feasible and expeditious, that can enter into the imagination of any projector. Señor Don Quixote, quoth the priest, you keep us too long in suspense. I have no mind, replied Don Quixote, it should be told here now, and to-morrow by daybreak get to the ears of the lords of the privy council, and so somebody else should run away with the thanks and the reward of my labour. I give you my word, said the barber, here and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say either to king or to rook, or to any man upon earth: an oath which I learned from the romance of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles, and his ambling mule. I know not the history, said Don Quixote; but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded Master Barber is an honest

man. Though he were not, said the priest, I will make it good, and engage for him, that as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit. And who will be bound for your reverence, Master Priest ? said Don Quixote. My profession, answered the priest, which obliges me to keep a secret. Body of me, then, said Don Quixote, is there anything more to be done, but that his majesty cause proclamation to be made, that all the knights-errant, who are now wandering about Spain, do, on a certain day, repair to court ? for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar paste ? Pray tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders ? How unlucky is it for me (I will not say for anybody else) that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, is not now in being ! for were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith, I would not farm his winnings. But God will provide for His people, and send somebody or other, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least not inferior to them in courage : God knows my meaning ; I say no more. Alas ! quoth the niece, at this instant, may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again. Whereupon Don Quixote said : A knight-errant I will live and die, and let the Turk come down, or up, when he pleases, and as powerful as he can : I say again, God knows my meaning. Here the barber said : I beg leave, gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville : for it comes in so pat to the present purpose, that I must needs tell it. Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, and the rest lent him their attention ; and he began thus :

A certain man was put by his relations into the madhouse of Seville, for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in the canon law in the University of Osuna; and had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding; and with this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, besecching him, with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from that miserable confinement in which he lived; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses: adding, that his relations, that they might enjoy part of his estate, kept him there, and, in spite of truth, would have him be mad to his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgement, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the madhouse, whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and also to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so, and the rector assured him the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out into such distracted flights, as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse; as he might experience by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial, and accordingly talked about an hour with the madman, who, in all that time, never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer: on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said that the rector misrepresented him for the sake of the presents his relations sent him, that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals: for his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since, to enjoy that, his enemies had

recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God towards him in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner, that he made the rector to be suspected, his relations thought covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see, and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him, which he wore when he was brought in. The rector again desired him to take care what he did, since, without all doubt, the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the archbishop, obeyed. They put on the licentiate his clothes, which were fresh and decent. And now finding himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain, that he would, for charity's sake, permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in that house. So upstairs they went, and with them some other persons, who happened to be present. And the licentiate, approaching a kind of cage, in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: Have you any service, dear brother, to command me? I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of His infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well; for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in Him: for, since He has restored me to my former state, He will also restore you, if you trust in Him. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals; and be sure to eat of them; for I must needs tell you, I find, having experienced it myself, that all our

distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty, and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs our health, and hastens our death. All this discourse of the licentiate's was overheard by another madman, who was in an opposite cell; and raising himself up from an old mat, whereon he had thrown him stark naked, he demanded aloud, who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses? It is I, brother, answered the licentiate, that am going; for I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me. Take heed, licentiate, what you say, let not the devil delude you, replied the madman: stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back. I know, replied the licentiate, that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station churches[1]. You well! said the madman; we shall soon see that; farewell! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing, in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, Amen. Know you not, little crazed licentiate, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering Jupiter, who hold in my hands the flaming bolts, with which I can, and use, to threaten and destroy the world? But in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant people; and that is, there shall no rain fall on this town, or in all its district, for three whole years reckoning from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered, and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered, and in bonds! I will no more rain, than I will hang myself. All the bystanders were

[1] Churches where the Stations of the Cross were a prominent feature of devotion.

very attentive to the madman's discourse; but our licentiate, turning himself to our chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: Be in no pain, good sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said; for, if he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and the god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion. To which the chaplain answered: However, Señor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke Señor Jupiter: therefore, pray stay where you are; for, some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you. The rector and the bystanders laughed; which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, who remained where he was; and there is an end of the story.

This then, Master Barber, said Don Quixote, is the story, which comes in here so pat, that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! Señor Cut-beard, Señor Cut-beard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve. Is it possible you should be ignorant, that comparisons made between understanding and understanding, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and family and family, are always odious and ill taken? I, Master Barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters; nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being really not so: all I aim at is, to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that, which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights now in fashion make a rustling rather in damasks, brocades, and other rich stuffs, than in coats of mail. You have now no knight, that will lie in the open field exposed to the rigour of the heavens, in complete armour from head to foot: no one now, that, without

stirring his feet out of his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, takes a short nap, like the knights-errant of old times: no one now, that, issuing out of this forest, ascends that mountain, and from thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, which is most commonly stormy and tempestuous; where finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast, or any kind of tackle, he boldly throws himself into it, exposing himself to the implacable billows of the profound sea, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss: and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, when he least dreams of it, finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters actions worthy to be written, not on parchment, but [on] brass. But nowadays, sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden ages, and in those knights-errant. For, pray tell me, who was more civil and more valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace! who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Rinaldo; who more invincible than Orlando? and who more courteous than Rogero? from whom, according to Turpin's *Cosmography* [1], are descended the present dukes of Ferrara. All these and others that I could name, Master Priest, were knights-errant, and the light and glory of chivalry. Now these, or

[1] A work which had no existence except in Cervantes's imagination.

such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he would be sure to be well served, and would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness; and so I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper. I say all this to let Goodman Basin see that I understand him.

In truth, Señor Don Quixote, said the barber, I meant no harm in what I said, so help me God, as my intention was good; therefore your worship ought not to take it ill. Whether I ought to take it ill or no, said Don Quixote, is best known to myself. Well, said the priest, I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple, which gnaws and disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Señor Don Quixote has just now said. You have leave, Master Priest, for greater matters, answered Don Quixote, and so you may out with your scruple: for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience. With this licence then, answered the priest, my scruple, I say, is, that I can by no means persuade myself, that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that it is all fiction, fable, and a lie, and dreams told by men awake, or, to speak more properly, half asleep. This is another error, answered Don Quixote, into which many have fallen, who do not believe that there were ever such knights in the world: and I have frequently, in company with divers persons, and upon sundry occasions, endeavoured to confute this common mistake. Sometimes I have failed in my design, and sometimes succeeded, supporting it on the shoulders of a truth, which is so certain, that I can almost say these eyes of mine have seen Amadis de Gaul, who was tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black; his aspect between mild and stern; a man of few words, not easily

provoked, and soon pacified. And in like manner as I have described Amadis, I fancy I could paint and delineate all the knights-errant, that are found in all the histories in the world. For, apprehending, as I do, that they were such as their histories represent them, one may, by the exploits they performed, and their dispositions, give a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions, and their statures. Pray, good Señor Don Quixote, quoth the barber, how big, think you, might the giant Morgante[1] be ? As to the business of giants, answered Don Quixote, it is a controverted point, whether there really have been such in the world or not : but the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, shows us there have been such, giving us the history of that huge Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high, which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in the island of Sicily there have been found thigh-bones and shoulder-bones so large, that their size demonstrates that those to whom they belonged were giants, and as big as large steeples, as geometry evinces beyond all doubt. But for all that, I cannot say with certainty how big Morgante was, though I fancy he could not be extremely tall : and I am inclined to this opinion by finding in the story, wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned, that he often slept under a roof ; and, since he found a house large enough to hold him, it is plain, he was not himself of an unmeasurable bigness. That is true, quoth the priest ; who being delighted to hear him talk so wildly and extravagantly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Reynaldos de Montalvan, Orlando, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. Of Reynaldos, answered Don Quixote, I dare boldly affirm, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate fellows. Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for

[1] A Spanish translation of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore* was published anonymously at Valencia in 1533.

histories give him all these names), I am of opinion, and assert, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, carroty-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech, yet very civil and well-bred. If Orlando, replied the priest, was no finer a gentleman than you have described him, no wonder that Madam Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness, and good humour of the downy-chinned little Moor, with whom she had an affair; and she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medoro to the roughness of Orlando. That Angelica, Master Priest, replied Don Quixote, was a light, gossiping, wanton hussy, and left the world as full of her impertinences, as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men, and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate or reputation, than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring, or not caring, to celebrate what befell this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with these verses:

> Another bard may sing in better strain,
> How he Cataya's sceptre did obtain.[1]

And without doubt, this was a kind of prophecy; for poets are also called *vates*, that is to say, 'diviners'. And this truth is plainly seen: for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet [2] has bewailed and sung her tears; and another famous and singular Castilian poet [3] has celebrated her beauty.

Pray tell me, Señor Don Quixote, quoth the barber

[1] An adaptation from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xxx, 16. Cervantes had already quoted the first line at the close of Part I, Chapter lii, p. 551.

[2] Barahona de Soto: see Part I, Chapter vi, p. 53.

[3] Lope de Vega's *Hermosura de Angélica* (Madrid, 1602).

at this instant, has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelica, among so many who have sung her praises? I verily believe, answered Don Quixote, that, if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have paid her off; for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, or such as were feigned in effect by those who chose them to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons: a vengeance certainly unworthy a generous spirit. But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down. Strange, indeed! quoth the priest. But now they heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had already quitted the conversation, and were bawling aloud in the court-yard; and they all ran towards the noise.

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences.

THE history relates, that the outcry which Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard, was raised by the niece and the housekeeper, who were defending the door against Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see Don Quixote. What would this paunch-gutted fellow have in this house? said they: get to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways. To which Sancho replied: Mistress housekeeper for the devil, it is I that am seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master: it was he who led me this dance, and

you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island, which I still hope for. May the damned islands choke thee, accursed Sancho, answered the niece; and, pray, what are islands? are they anything eatable, glutton, cormorant as thou art? They are not to be eaten, replied Sancho: but governed, and better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court. For all that, said the housekeeper, you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, and bundle of rogueries! get you home, and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands, or highlands. The priest and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three. But Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravagances, and how intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalries. And therefore the priest said to the barber: You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take another flight. I make no doubt of that, answered the barber; yet, I do not admire so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island, that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle. God help them, said the priest; and let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities, of such a knight, and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould; and, indeed, the madness of the master, without the follies of the man, would not be worth a farthing. True, quoth the barber, and I should be very glad to know what they two are now talking of. I lay my life, answered the priest, the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by

and by; for they are not of a temper to forbear listening.

In the meanwhile, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said to him: I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know, that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you. And reason good, answered Sancho; for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves, than to their squires. You are mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for, according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet*, &c. I understand no other language than my own, replied Sancho. I mean, said Don Quixote, that, when the head aches, all the members ache also; and therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant: and for this reason the ill that does, or shall affect me, must affect you also; and so on the contrary. Indeed, quoth Sancho, it should be so; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in the blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also in requital ought to do the like for them. Would you insinuate now, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it; for I felt more pain then in my mind, than you did in your body.

But no more of this at present; for a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right bottom. In the meantime, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town? what opinion has the common people of me? what think

the gentlemen, and what the cavaliers ? what is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, and what of my courtesy ? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in, to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry ? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters: and this you must do, without adding to the good, or taking from the bad, one tittle: for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of any other idle regard. And I would have you, Sancho, learn by the way, that, if naked truth could come to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be deemed as iron, in comparison of ours, which would then be esteemed the golden age. Let this advertisement, Sancho, be a caution to you to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what you know concerning the matters I have inquired about. That I will with all my heart, sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me show you the naked truth, without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me. I will in no wise be angry, replied Don Quixote: you may speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution.

First and foremost then, said Sancho, the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of Don, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind and another before. The cavaliers say, they would not have the gentlemen set themselves in opposition to them, especially those gentlemen esquires, who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk.

That, said Don Quixote, is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes never patched: a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time. As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking, quoth Sancho, there are very different opinions. Some say mad, but humorous; others, valiant, but unfortunate; others, courteous, but impertinent: and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins. Take notice, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the famous men of times past escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries. Julius Caesar, the most courageous, the most prudent, and most valiant captain, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard. Hercules, with all his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome; and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, O Sancho, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, mine may very well pass, if they are no more than those you have mentioned. Body of my father! there lies the jest, replied Sancho. What then, is there more yet behind? said Don Quixote. The tail remains still to be flayed, quoth Sancho: all hitherto has been tarts and cheese-cakes: but if your worship has a mind to know the very bottom of these calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently, who shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle: for last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship is already printed in books under the

title of *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha;* and he says, it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things which passed between us two only; insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian who wrote it, could come to know them. Depend upon it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from them when they have a mind to write. A sage and an enchanter! quoth Sancho; why, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco (for that is his name) says, the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena[1]. That is a Moorish name, answered Don Quixote. It may be so, replied Sancho; for I have heard that your Moors for the most part are lovers of *berengenas*. Sancho, said Don Quixote, you must mistake the surname of that same 'Cid', which in Arabic signifies 'a lord'. It may be so, answered Sancho! but if your worship will have me bring him hither, I will fly to fetch him. You will do me a singular pleasure, friend, said Don Quixote; for I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all. Then I am going for him, answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after; and between them there passed a most pleasant conversation.

[1] A confusion between Ben Engeli and *berengena* = egg-plant.

CHAPTER III

Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

Don Quixote remained over and above thoughtful, expecting the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him; and could not persuade himself, that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade; and could people expect his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art-magic, had sent them to the press: if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievements of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire: although (quoth he to himself) the feats of squires never were written. But if it should prove true that such a history was really extant, since it was the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. This thought afforded him some comfort: but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars, and visionaries. He was apprehensive, he might treat of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He wished he might find a faithful representation of his own constancy, and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, and damsels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of

natural desire. Tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations, Sancho and Carrasco found him: and Don Quixote received the bachelor with much courtesy.

This bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest, but an arch wag; of a wan complexion, but of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed; all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour; as he made appear at seeing Don Quixote, before whom he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him; Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's hand: for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant, that have been, or shall be, upon the whole circumference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light on that virtuoso, who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people! Don Quixote made him rise, and said: It seems then it is true, that my history is really extant, and that he who composed it was a Moor and a sage. So true it is, sir, said Sampson, that I verily believe there are, this very day, above twelve thousand books published of that history: witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed; and there is a rumour that it is now printing at Antwerp[1]; and I foresee that no nation or language will be without a translation of it. Here Don Quixote said: One of the things which ought to afford the

[1] Cervantes was misinformed. At the time when he wrote this passage no editions of *Don Quixote* had been issued at Barcelona or Antwerp. 'Antwerp' may be a slip of the pen for Brussels, where the book was reprinted in 1607 and 1611.

highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is, to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in everybody's mouth, and in everybody's hand: I say, his good name: for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it. If fame and a good name are to carry it, said the bachelor, your worship alone bears away the palm from all knights-errant: for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, and patient endurance of mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your worship and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sancho here said: I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso; so that here the history is already mistaken. That objection is of no importance, answered Carrasco. No, certainly, replied Don Quixote: but, pray tell me, Señor Bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history? As to that, answered the bachelor, there are different opinions as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants: others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers: these to the description of the two armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep: another cries up that of the dead body, which was carrying to be interred at Segovia: one says, the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all: another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscainer. Pray tell me, Señor Bachelor, quoth Sancho, is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rosinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit? The sage, answered Sampson, has left nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn: he inserts and remarks everything, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket. I cut no

capers in the blanket, answered Sancho: in the air I own I did, and more than I desired. In my opinion, quoth Don Quixote, there is no history in the world that hath not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry; for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events. For all that, replied the bachelor, some, who have read the history, say, they should have been better pleased, if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Señor Don Quixote in different encounters. Therein, quoth Sancho, consists the truth of the history. They might, indeed, as well have omitted them, said Don Quixote, since there is no necessity of recording those actions, which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. In good faith, Aeneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him. It is true, replied Sampson; but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say, or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to, or diminishing anything from the truth. Well, if it be so, that Señor Moor is in a vein of telling truth, quoth Sancho, there is no doubt, but among my master's rib-roastings, mine are to be found also: for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body: but why should I wonder at that, since, as the selfsame master of mine says, the members must partake of the ailments of the head. Sancho, you are a sly wag, answered Don Quixote: in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one. Though I had never so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received, quoth Sancho, the tokens, that are still fresh on my ribs, would not let me.

Hold your peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and

do not interrupt Señor Bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is further said of me in the aforesaid history. And of me too, quoth Sancho; for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it. Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho, quoth Sampson. What! another corrector of hard words! quoth Sancho; if this be the trade we shall never have done. Let me die, Sancho, answered the bachelor, if you are not the second person of the history: nay, there are some, who had rather hear you talk, than the finest fellow of them all: though there are also some, who say you was a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Señor Don Quixote here present. There is still sunshine on the wall, quoth Don Quixote, and, when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now. Before God, sir, quoth Sancho, if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a headpiece to govern it. Recommend it to God, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think; for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God. That is true, quoth Sampson; and if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one. I have seen governors ere now, quoth Sancho, who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called your lordship, and are served on plate. Those are not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more manageable; for those, who govern islands, must at least understand grammar. Gramercy for that, quoth Sancho; it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter. But let us leave the business of governments in the hands of God, and let Him dispose of me so as I may be most instrumental in His service; I say, Señor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco,

I am infinitely pleased that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner, that what he says of me is not at all tiresome; for upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said anything of me unbecoming an Old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard it. That would be working miracles, answered Sampson. Miracles, or no miracles, quoth Sancho, let every one take heed how they talk, or write, of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.

One of the faults people charge upon that history, said the bachelor, is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, the *Curious Impertinent*; not that it is bad in itself, or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor anything to do with the story of his worship Señor Don Quixote. I will lay a wager, replied Sancho, the son of a bitch has made a jumble of fish and flesh together. I aver then, said Don Quixote, that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who, at random, and without any judgement, has set himself to write it, come of it what would: like Orbaneja, the painter of Úbeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered: As it may hit. Sometimes he would paint a cock after such a guise, and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in Gothic character, this is a cock: and thus it will fare with my history; it will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible. Not at all, answered Sampson; for it is so plain, that there is no difficulty in it: children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it; in short, it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse, than they cry, Yonder goes Rosinante. But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages: there is not a nobleman's antechamber, in which you will not find a *Don Quixote*; if one lays it down, another takes it up; one asks for it, another snatches it; in short, this history is the most pleasing

and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published: for there is not so much the appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely catholic. To write otherwise, said Don Quixote, had not been to write truths, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt like coiners of false money. For my part I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels, or foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough: but without doubt we may apply the proverb, With hay or with straw, &c., for verily, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big or bigger than all the works of Tostatus[1]. In short, Señor Bachelor, what I mean is, that, in order to the compiling histories, or books of any kind whatever, a man had need of a great deal of judgement, and a mature understanding; to talk wittily, and write pleasantly, are the talents of a great genius only. The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool, and he must be no simpleton that plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is, there God Himself is, so far as truth is concerned: notwithstanding which, there are those, who compose books, and toss them out into the world like fritters.

There are few books so bad, said the bachelor, but there is something good in them. There is no doubt of that, replied Don Quixote; but it often happens, that they, who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press. The reason of that, said Sampson, is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered; and the greater the fame of the author is, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny.

[1] Alonso de Madrigal, *El Tostado*, Bishop of Ávila in the fifteenth century, was a most voluminous writer on theological questions.

Men famous for their parts, great poets, and celebrated historians, are always envied by those who take a pleasure, and make it their particular entertainment to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own. That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote; for there are many divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of preachers. All this is very true, Señor Don Quixote, said Carrasco; but I wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how much he was awake to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as he could: and perhaps those very parts, which some men do not taste, are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them. And therefore I say, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one, as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers. That, which treats of me, said Don Quixote, has pleased but a few. On the contrary, replied the bachelor, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so infinite is the number of those, who have been delighted with that history: though some have taxed the author's memory, as faulty or treacherous in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple; which is not related, but only inferred from what is there written, that he was stolen; and in a very short time after we find him mounted upon the selfsame beast, without hearing how Dapple appeared again [1]. It is also objected, that he has omitted to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found

[1] The thief's name is omitted in the first edition, not in the second. The description of Sancho Panza 'upon the selfsame beast' is in the second edition (Chapter xxiii), not the first. The inference is that Cervantes had nothing to do with the changes in the reprint.

in the portmanteau upon the Sable Mountain; for he never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work. Sancho answered: Master Sampson, I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts; for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be upon the rack, till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of cordial. I have it at home, and my chuck stays for me. As soon as I have dined I will come back, and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of Dapple, and what became of the hundred crowns. So, without waiting for an answer, or speaking a word more, he went away to his own house. Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay, and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted of the invitation, and stayed: a couple of pigeons was added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco carried on the humour: the banquet was ended: they slept out the heat of the day: Sancho came back, and the former discourse was resumed.

CHAPTER IV

Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions; with other incidents worthy to be known and recited.

Sancho came back to Don Quixote's house, and, resuming the former discourse, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when, and how the ass was stolen, he said: That very night, when, flying from the Holy Brotherhood, we entered into the Sable Mountain, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves, and of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia,

my master and I got into a thicket, where, he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon Dapple, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather-beds under us; especially I for my part slept so fast, that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and in this manner leaving me mounted thereon, got Dapple from under me, without my feeling it. That is an easy matter, and no new accident, said Don Quixote: for the like happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albracca, where that famous robber Brunello, by this selfsame invention, stole his horse from between his legs. The dawn appeared, continued Sancho, and scarce had I stretched myself, when, the stakes giving way, down came I with a confounded squelch to the ground. I looked about for my ass, but saw him not: the tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation, that if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing[1]. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gipsy, that cunning rogue, and notorious malefactor, Gines de Pasamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain. The mistake does not lie in this, replied Sampson, but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives us any account of his being found again. To this, said Sancho, I know not what to answer, unless it be that the historian was mistaken; or it might be an oversight of the printer. It must be so without doubt, quoth Sampson: but what became of the hundred crowns? were they sunk? I laid them out, quoth Sancho, for the use and behoof of my own person, and those of my wife

[1] This cannot well refer to the brief lament in Part I, Chapter xxiii, p. 200.

and children; and they have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned, after so long a time, penniless, and without my ass, black would have been my luck. If you would know anything more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person; and nobody has anything to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows, that have been given me in these sallies, were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

I will take care, said Carrasco, to advertise the author of the history, that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again. Is there anything else to be corrected in that legend, Señor Bachelor? quoth Don Quixote. There may be others, answered Carrasco, but none of that importance with those already mentioned. And, peradventure, said Don Quixote, the author promises a second part? He does, answered Sampson, but says he has not met with it, nor can learn who has it; and therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or no: and as well for this reason, as because some people say, that second parts are never good for anything, and others, that there is enough of Don Quixote already, it is believed, there will be no second part; though some, who are more jovial than saturnine, cry, Let us have more Quixotades; let Don Quixote encounter, and Sancho Panza talk: and, be the rest what it will, we shall be contented. And pray, how stands the author affected? demanded Don Quixote. How? answered Sampson; why, as soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extra-

ordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to the press, being prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever. To which Sancho said: Does the author aim at money and profit? it will be a wonder then if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste like a tailor on Easter-eve; for works that are done hastily are never finished with that perfection they require. I wish this same Señor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but a hundred. The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is, that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good knights-errant.

Sancho had scarce finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rosinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and declaring his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of St. George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Aragonian knights, which would be the same thing as acquiring it above all the knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. This is what I denounce, Señor Sampson, quoth Sancho; for my master makes no more of attacking a hundred armed

men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! Señor Bachelor, yes, there must be a time to attack, and a time to retreat; and it must not be always, Santiago, and charge, Spain![1] And further, I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself) that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: and if this be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing; but above all things I would let my master know, that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition, that he shall battle it all himself, and that I shall not be obliged to any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet; to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel: but to imagine, that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally woodcutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. Señor Sampson, I do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God; and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government, may go down the more savourily than that I should eat with it; and how do I know but the devil in one of these governments may provide me some stumbling-block, that I may fall and dash out my grinders. Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die: yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, heaven should chance to throw an

[1] *¡ Santiago y cierra España !* The Spanish battle-cry: more correctly, 'Saint James! and close up, Spain!'

island, or some such thing, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying when they give you a heifer make haste with the rope: and when good fortune comes, be sure to take her in.

Brother Sancho, quoth Carrasco, you have spoken like any professor: nevertheless, trust in God, and Señor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom. One as likely as the other, answered Sancho; though I could tell Señor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom: for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord. Look you, Sancho, quoth Sampson, honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you. That, answered Sancho, may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those, whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with grease of the Old Christian: no, but consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to anybody. God grant it, said Don Quixote, and we shall see when the government comes; for methinks I have it already in my eye.

This said, he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, that he would do him the favour to compose for him some verses, by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such a manner, that, at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor answered, though he was not of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half, he would not fail to compose those verses; though he was sensible it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call *décimas* or *redondillas*, there would

be three letters wanting: nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so as that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. Let it be so by all means, said Don Quixote; for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her. They agreed upon this, and that they should set out eight days after. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and Master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valorous purpose. All which Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as opportunity offered: and so they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

CHAPTER V

Of the wise and pleasant discourse, which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza.

The translator of this history, coming to write this fifth chapter, says, he takes it to be apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things, that he reckons impossible that he should know them: nevertheless, he would not omit translating them, to comply with the duty of his office, and so went on, saying:

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bowshot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him, What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry? To which he answered: Dear wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be. Husband, replied she, I understand you not, and

know not what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will, you were not so much pleased: now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased. Look you, Teresa, answered Sancho, I am thus merry, because I am resolved to return to the service of my master, Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it; besides I am pleased with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns, like those we have spent: though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children, and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which He might do at a small expense, and by only willing it so), it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I said right, when I said, I should be glad, if it were God's will, I were not so well pleased. Look you, Sancho, replied Teresa, ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is nobody understands you. It is enough that God understands me, wife, answered Sancho; for He is the understander of all things; and so much for that: and do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms: double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at 'give and take' with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings: all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangüeses and enchanted Moors. I believe indeed, husband, replied Teresa, that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap. I tell you, wife,

answered Sancho, that, did I not expect, ere long, to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot. Not so, my dear husband, quoth Teresa: let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived hitherto; and without a government will you go, or be carried, to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government? and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people! The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me, and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle the abbot means to breed him up to the church. Consider also, that Mary-Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her: for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband, as you have to a government; and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married, than well kept.

In good faith, answered Sancho, if God be so good to me that I get anything like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary-Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her Your Ladyship. Not so, Sancho, answered Teresa; the best way is to marry her to her equal; for if, instead of pattens you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteenpenny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady Such-an-one, and Your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her homespun country stuff. Peace, fool, quoth Sancho; for all the business is to practise two or three years,

and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as if they were made for her; and, if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady, and come what will of it. Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho, answered Teresa; seek not to raise yourself higher, and remember the proverb, Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house. It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what: not while I live, husband; I have not brought up my child to be so used: do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care; for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty, hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl: she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons, and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all: and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself. Hark you, beast, and wife for Barabbas, replied Sancho, why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grandchildren that may be styled Your Lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay: and it would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her: let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. This kind of language, and what Sancho says further below, made the translator of this history say, he takes this chapter to be apocryphal.

Do you not think, animal, continued Sancho, that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some

beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to marry Mary-Sancha to whom I pleased ? You will then see how people will call you Doña Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. No ! No ! continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings. Let us have no more of this, pray ; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth. For all that, husband, answered Teresa, I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But, what you please : make her a duchess or a princess ; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my goodwill or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Doñas. My father's name was Cascajo ; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed by good right I should be called Teresa Cascajo. But the laws follow still the prince's will [1]. I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of Doña, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it ; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any countess or governess, immediately say : Look, how stately Madam Hog-feeder moves ! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head, instead of her veil ; and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and with an air, as if we did not know her. God keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have ; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up

[1] The translator gives the correct form of the proverb ; the order of the words is reversed in the original.

as you please: as for my girl and I, by the life of my father, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. For the proverb says:

> The wife that expects to have a good name,
> Is always at home as if she were lame:
> And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight
> Is still to be doing from morning to night.

Go you with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us with our ill fortunes: God will better them for us, if we deserve it: and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had. Certainly, replied Sancho, you must have some familiar in that body of yours; heavens bless thee, woman! what a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs to do with what I am saying? Hark you, fool, and ignorant (for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune), had I told you, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Doña Urraca [1], you would be in the right not to come into my opinion: but, if in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise you from the straw, to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions, than all the Almohadas [2] of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do? Would you know why, husband? answered Teresa: it is because of the proverb which says, He that covers thee, discovers thee. All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix

[1] Daughter of Ferdinand I. By threatening to take to a vagabond's life, she is said to have forced her father into making proper provision for her.

[2] A pun on *almohada* = pillow, which Sancho confuses with the Moorish Almohades.

them upon the rich ; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm everywhere like bees. Look you, Teresa, answered Sancho, and listen to what I am going to say to you ; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life : and I do not now speak of my own head ; for all that I intend to say are sentences of that good father, the preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village ; who, if I remember right, said, that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear, and exist in our minds much better, and with greater force, than things past. All these reasonings here of Sancho are another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on saying :

From hence it proceeds, that, when we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are, as it were, compelled to show him respect, although the memory, in that instant, recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances, under which we have seen him ; which meanness, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, no longer exists, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person, whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness, proves well-behaved, liberal, and courteous to everybody, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure. I do not understand you, husband, replied Teresa : do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say—Resolved, you should say, wife, quoth Sancho, and not revolved. Set not yourself to dispute with me, answered Teresa ; I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the

same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their father's calling. When I have a government, quoth Sancho, I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want; for there are always people enough to lend governors money, when they have it not: but then be sure to clothe the boy so that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be. Send you money, quoth Teresa, and I will equip him as fine as a palm-branch. We are agreed then, quoth Sancho, that our daughter is to be a countess! The day that I see her a countess, answered Teresa, I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave: but I say again, you may do as you please; for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads; and then she began to weep as bitterly, as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that, though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as he possibly could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote, and put things in order for their departure.

CHAPTER VI

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper; one of the most important chapters of the whole history.

While Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo were holding the foregoing impertinent dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; who, guessing by a thousand signs that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his (for them) unlucky knight-errantry, endeavoured by all possible means to divert

him from so foolish a design: but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron. However, among many other various reasonings, which passed between them, the housekeeper said to him: Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king to put a stop to it. To which Don Quixote replied: Mistress Housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I know not; and what his majesty will answer, as little: I only know that, if I were king, I would dispense myself from answering that infinity of impertinent memorials, which are everyday presented to him: for, one of the greatest fatigues a king undergoes, is, the being obliged to hear and answer everybody; and therefore I should be loath my concerns should give him any trouble. To which the housekeeper replied: Pray, sir, are there not knights in his majesty's court? Yes, answered Don Quixote, there are many; and it is fitting there should, for the ornament and grandeur of princes, and for the ostentation of the royal dignity. Would it not then be better, replied she, that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court? Look you, friend, answered Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be knights-errant: there must be of all sorts in the world; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us: for the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments, or over the threshold, traverse the whole globe, on a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst. But we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback: nor do we know our enemies in picture only, but in their proper

persons, and attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion ; without standing upon trifles, or upon the laws of duelling,—such as, whether our adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, or whether the sun be duly divided or not ; with other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do. And you must know, further, that your true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and has arms like the mainmasts of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet must he in no wise be affrighted, but, on the contrary, with a genteel air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and, if possible, overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant ; and though, instead of swords, they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascan steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, Mistress Housekeeper, to show you the difference between some knights and others, and it were to be wished, that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms.

Ah ! dear uncle, said then the niece, be assured, that what you tell us of knights-errant, is all invention and lies, and, if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a *sanbenito*[1], or some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous, and destructive of good manners. By the

[1] The Inquisition compelled repentant heretics to wear the *sanbenito* or *hábito*.

God in whom I live, said Don Quixote, were you not my niece directly, as being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven you; for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and the greatest favourer of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well: for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and uncivil. Neither are all they, who call themselves knights, really such at bottom: for some are of gold, others of alchemy; and yet all appear to be knights, though all cannot abide the touchstone of truth. Mean fellows there are, who break their winds in straining to appear knights; and topping knights there are, who, one would think, die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition, or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices: and one had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of knights, so near in their names, and so distant in their actions. Bless me! uncle, quoth the niece, that your worship should be so knowing, that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, and hold forth anywhere in the streets, and yet should give in to so blind a vagary, and so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world, that you are valiant now you are old; that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm; and that you are able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years; above all, that you are a knight, when you are really none: for, though gentlemen may be such, yet poor ones hardly can.

You are much in the right, niece, in what you say, answered Don Quixote, and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you: but because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts, which are these. First, of those, who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur. Secondly, of those, who, having had great beginnings, have preserved, and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first. Thirdly, of those, who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually, till they have come almost to nothing; like the point of the pyramid, which, in respect of its base or pedestal, is next to nothing. Lastly, of those (and they are the most numerous) who, having had neither a good beginning, nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who, having had a mean beginning, rose to greatness, and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which from a poor shepherd its founder, is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great, and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those who began great, and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances: for all the Pharaohs, and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Caesars of Rome, with all the herd (if I may so call them) of that infinite number of princes, monarchs, and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians; all these families and dominions, as well as their founders, have ended in a point and next to nothing: for it is impossible now to find any of their descendants,

and, if one should find them, it would be in some low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that has been said, I would have you infer, my dear fools, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious, which show themselves such by the virtue, riches, and liberality of their possessors. I say, virtue, riches, and liberality, because the great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious; and the rich man, who is not liberal, is but a covetous beggar; for the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The knight, who is poor, has no other way of showing himself to be one, but that of virtue, by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind and obliging, not proud, nor arrogant, no murmurer, and above all charitable; for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity, as he, who bestows large alms by sound of bell: and there is no one, who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not, but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed, it would be a miracle were it otherwise, praise was always the reward of virtue, and the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar; and was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, forced into that track, and that road I must take in spite of the whole world: and it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading me not to attempt what heaven requires, fortune ordains, and reason demands,

and above all, what my inclination leads me to. I know the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry, I know also the numberless advantages obtained thereby. I know, that the path of virtue is straight and narrow, and the road of vice broad and spacious. I know also that their ends and resting-places are different: for those of vice, large and open, end in death; and those of virtue, narrow and intricate, end in life, and not in life that has an end, but in that which is eternal. And I know, as our great Castilian poet [1] expresses it, that:

Through these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame.
They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray.

Ah, woe is me! quoth the niece; what! my uncle a poet too! he knows everything; nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager, that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage. I assure you, niece, answered Don Quixote, that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art, but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages, and tooth-picks.

By this time there was knocking at the door, and upon asking, Who is there? Sancho Panza answered, It is I. The housekeeper no sooner knew his voice, but she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master, Don Quixote, went out and received him with open arms; and they two, being locked up together in the knight's chamber, held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.

[1] Garcilaso de la Vega in his elegy on the death of Alva's brother.

CHAPTER VII

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous occurrences.

THE housekeeper no sooner saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, but she presently began to suspect the drift of their conference; and imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and, full of anxiety and trouble, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the courtyard of his house, and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said: What is the matter, Mistress Housekeeper? what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth? Nothing at all, dear Master Sampson, quoth she; only that my master is most certainly breaking forth. How breaking forth, madam? demanded Sampson; has he broken a hole in any part of his body? No, quoth she, he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness: I mean, Señor Bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures [1], though for my part, I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to a mummy. The second time he came home in an ox-wagon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself

[1] *Ventura* means luck as well as adventure. 'Venture' would be nearer the original.

he was enchanted: and the poor soul was so changed, that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie. I can easily believe that, answered the bachelor; for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then, Mistress Housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster, only what it is feared Señor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do? No, sir, answered she. Be in no pain then, replied the bachelor; but go home, in God's name, and get me something warm for breakfast; and by the way, as you go, repeat the prayer of St. Apollonia, if you know it; and I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders. Dear me! replied the housekeeper, the prayer of St. Apollonia, say you? that might do something, if my master's distemper lay in his gums; but alas! it lies in his brain. I know what I say, Mistress Housekeeper, replied Sampson; get you home, and do not stand disputing with me; for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorizing beyond that. With that, away went the housekeeper, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest, and consult with him about what you will hear of in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me. Reduced, you should say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, and not reluced. Once or twice already, answered Sancho, if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you do not,

say, Sancho, or devil, I understand you not; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me; for I am so focible—I do not understand you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, presently; for I know not the meaning of focible. So focible, answered Sancho, means, I am so much so. I understand you less now, replied Don Quixote. Why, if you do not understand me, answered Sancho, I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me. O! now I have it, answered Don Quixote: you mean you are so docible, so pliant, and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you. I will lay a wager, quoth Sancho, that you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more. That may be, replied Don Quixote: but, in short, what says Teresa? Teresa, quoth Sancho, says, that fast bind fast find, and that we must have less talking and more doing; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and one performance is worth two promises: and, say I, there is but little in woman's advice, yet he that won't take it is not overwise. I say so too, replied Don Quixote: proceed, Sancho, for you talk admirably to-day. The case is, replied Sancho, that, as your worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep; and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him: for death is deaf, and, when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste; and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voices and report, and according to what is told us from our pulpits. All this is true, said Don Quixote: but I do not perceive what you would be at. What I would be at, quoth Sancho, is, that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you,

and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never, God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much: for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many little ones make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent, that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity. Is not quantity as good as cantity, friend Sancho? answered Don Quixote. I understand you, quoth Sancho; I will lay a wager, I should have said quantity, and not cantity: but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning. Yes; and so perfectly too, returned Don Quixote, that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of knights-errant, to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read, that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, or at least remained with a title and dignity. If Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God's name do so: but to think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off the hinges, is a very great mistake. And therefore, Sancho, go home, and tell your wife my intention, and if she is willing, and you have a mind to stay with me

upon courtesy, *bene quidem*; if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons: and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see, that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have thee in His keeping, and make thee a saint, I pray God; for I can never want a squire, who will be more obedient, more diligent, and neither so selfish nor so talkative, as you are.

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over with him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful, and in suspense, in came Sampson Carrasco, and the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he made use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote, as he did the time before, he exalted his voice, and said: O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God of His infinite goodness, that the person, or persons, who shall obstruct, or disappoint your third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish what they so ardently wish. And turning to the housekeeper, he said: Now, Mistress Housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Apollonia; for I know that it is the precise determination of the stars, that Señor Don Quixote shall once more put in execution his glorious and uncommon designs, and I should greatly burden my conscience, did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm,

and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest, by his delay, he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, and the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain, and are annexed to, the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Señor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and if anything be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such.

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said: Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? behold, who is it that offers himself to be one, but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant? but heaven forbid, that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. Let our new Sampson abide in his country, and, in it doing honour, at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents; for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with me. I do deign, quoth Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears, and proceeded: It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended: besides, I know, and am very well assured, by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness;

and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife, who, when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops of a tub, as she does to make one do what she has a mind to: but, in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man everywhere else (I cannot deny that), I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will: and therefore there is no more to be done, but that your worship give orders about your will, and its codicil, in such manner that it cannot be rebuked, and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Señor Sampson may not suffer, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally; and I again offer myself to serve your worship, faithfully and loyally, as well, and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant, in past or present times.

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style and manner of talking; for though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described; but hearing him now talk of will and codicil that could not be 'rebuked', instead of 'revoked', he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most solemn coxcombs of the age; and said to himself, that two such fools, as master and man, were never before seen in the world. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho, being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and with the approbation and good-liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed their departure should be within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry with him. Sampson offered him one, belonging to a friend of his, who, he was sure, would not deny it him, though to say the truth, the brightness of the steel was not a little

obscured by tarnish and rust. The curses, which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor, were not to be numbered ; they tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion, lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand.

In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient, and, Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by anybody but the bachelor, who would needs bear him company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso ; Don Quixote upon his good Rosinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give him advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote promised he would : Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way towards the great city of Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII

Wherein is related what befell Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

PRAISED be the mighty Allah! says Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: praised be Allah! repeating it thrice, and saying, he gives these praises, to find that Don Quixote and Sancho had again taken the field, and that the readers of their delightful history may make account, that, from this moment the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso as the former began in the fields of Montiel; and this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises, and thus he goes on, saying:

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely was Sampson parted from them, when Rosinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh; which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen, though if the truth were to be told, the sighs and brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed; from whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass and get above that of his master. But whether he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, since the history says nothing of it: only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors; for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe, or a broken rib; and though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much dark-

ness for us to reach Toboso by daylight; whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventures: there will I receive the blessing and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing, and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure; for nothing in this world inspires knights-errant with so much valour, as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses. I believe it, answered Sancho; but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to the speech of her, or be alone with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard; from whence I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter, with the news of the follies and extravagances your worship was playing in the heart of the Sable Mountain. Pales did you fancy them to be, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty? impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters of some rich and royal palace. All that may be, answered Sancho; but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory. However, let us go thither, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that how small soever a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour. In truth, sir, answered Sancho, when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays; and the reason must be that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust, that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it. What! Sancho, said Don Quixote, do you persist in saying and believing, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other

exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off? You forget, Sancho, our poet's [1] verses, in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious poet there describes them, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed, when you saw her: but the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes everything that should give me pleasure; and therefore, in that history, said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author was some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them: but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage. That is what I say too, replied Sancho; and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us, the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave; but the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. And if I had nothing else to boast of, but the believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy Catholic Roman Church holds and believes, and the being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But let them say

[1] Garcilaso de la Vega, in his third Eclogue.

what they will; naked was I born, and naked I am: I neither lose nor win; and, so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list.

That, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who having wrote an ill-natured satire upon the court-ladies, a certain lady, who was not expressly named in it, so that it was doubtful whether she was implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire, and put her in the supplement, or woe be to him. The poet did as he was bid, and set her down for such as duennas will not name. As for the lady, she was satisfied to find herself infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd, who set fire to, and burnt down, the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name might live in future ages; and though it was ordered by public edict, that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain to the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called Erostratus. To the same purpose may be alleged what happened to the great emperor Charles the Fifth, with a Roman knight. The emperor had a mind to see the famous church of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or Temple of all the gods, and now, by a better name, the Church of All Saints, and is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and which most preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is made in the shape of a half-orange, very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top: from whence the emperor having surveyed the inside of the structure, a Roman knight, who stood by his side, showing him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast machine and memorable piece of architecture, when

they were come down from the skylight, said to the emperor: Sacred sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me. I thank you, answered the emperor, for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, or come into my presence; and after these words he bestowed some great favour upon him. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What, think you, cast Horatius down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf, that opened itself in the midst of Rome? What made Caesar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages? And, in more modern examples, what bored the ships, and stranded those valiant Spaniards, conducted by the most courteous Cortés in the New World! All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve: though we Christian and Catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world; for, let it last never so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride: we must overcome envy by generosity and good-nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made

mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, and seeking occasions, which may make us, besides being Christians, renowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of obtaining those extremes of praise, which a good name brings along with it.

All that your worship has hitherto told me, quoth Sancho, I very well understand: but, for all that, I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into my mind. Resolve, you would say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: out with it in God's name; for I will answer as far as I know. Pray, tell me, sir, proceeded Sancho, those Julys and Augusts, and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now? The Gentiles, answered Don Quixote, are doubtless in hell: the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory, or in heaven. Very well, quoth Sancho; but let us know now, whether the sepulchres, in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs, and eyes; and, if not with these, pray, with what are they adorned? To which Don Quixote answered: The sepulchres of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Caesar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone, of a prodigious bigness, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter. The sepulchre of the emperor Adrian was a castle as big as a good[-sized] village, called Moles Adriani, and now the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor [of the] many others of the Gentiles, were hung about with winding-sheets, or other offerings, or signs, to denote those to be saints, who were buried in them. That is what I am coming to, replied Sancho; and now, pray tell me, which is the more difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to

slay a giant ? The answer is very obvious, answered Don Quixote ; to raise a dead man. There I have caught you, quoth Sancho. His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, and cures the sick ; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, and whose chapels are crowded with devotees, adoring his relics upon their knees ; his fame, I say, shall be greater both in this world and the next, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have. I grant it, answered Don Quixote. Then, replied Sancho, the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes, and legs, whereby they increase people's devotion, and spread their own Christian fame. Besides, kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them. What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying ? quoth Don Quixote. I would infer, said Sancho, that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon attain to that renown we aim at. And pray take notice, sir, that yesterday, or t'other day (for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak), a couple of poor barefooted friars [1] were beatified or canonized, whose iron chains, wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves, people now reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss ; and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, God bless him. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the meanest order, than the valiantest knight-errant whatever ; for a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God, than two

[1] These are said to be San Pedro de Alcántara, who was canonized in 1562, and San Diego de Alcalá, who was canonized in 1588.

thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, goblins, or dragons. I confess, answered Don Quixote, all this is just as you say: but we cannot be all friars; and many and various are the ways, by which God conducts his elect to heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some knights are now saints in glory. True, answered Sancho; but I have heard say, there are more friars in heaven, than knights-errant. It may well be so, replied Don Quixote; because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the knights-errant. And yet, quoth Sancho, there are abundance of the errant sort. Abundance, indeed, answered Don Quixote; but few, who deserve the name of knights.

In these and the like discourses they passed that night, and the following day, without any accident worth relating; whereat Don Quixote was not a little grieved. In short, next day they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight whereof Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had; so that they were both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her: and Sancho knew not what to do when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about nightfall; and, till that hour came, they stayed among some oak trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befell them that were things indeed.

CHAPTER IX

Which relates what will be found in it.

HALF the night, or thereabouts, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain, and entered into Toboso. The town was all hushed in silence: for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one: though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed: which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All which the enamoured knight took for an ill omen; nevertheless, he said to Sancho: Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace; for it may be we shall find her awake. To what palace? body of the sun! answered Sancho: That I saw her highness in was but a very little house. She must have been retired at that time, replied Don Quixote, to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses. Since your worship, quoth Sancho, will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open; and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you, we are going to a bawdy-house, like your gallants, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late? First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle, replied Don Quixote, and then I will tell you what is fit to be done: and look, Sancho; for either my eyes deceive me, or that great, dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace. Then lead on yourself,

sir, answered Sancho: perhaps it may be so; though if I were to see it with my eyes and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day.

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk, which cast the dark shade, and perceived it was a large steeple, and presently knew, that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place: whereupon he said: We are come to the church, Sancho. I find we are, answered Sancho: and pray God we be not come to our graves: for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley, where there is no thoroughfare. God's curse light on thee, thou blockhead! said Don Quixote: where have you found, that castles and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare? Sir, replied Sancho, each country has its customs: perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys; and, therefore, I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; and it may be in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for confounding and bewildering us at this rate. Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters, quoth Don Quixote: let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket. I will curb myself, answered Sancho: but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times? You will put me past all patience, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; come hither, heretic; have not I told you a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by

hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty ? I hear it now, answered Sancho ; and I say, that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I. That cannot be, replied Don Quixote ; for at least you told me some time ago, that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you. Do not insist upon that, sir, answered Sancho ; for, let me tell you, the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too ; and I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is, than I am able to box the moon. Sancho, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What ! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must you therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well ?

While they two were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules, and, by the noise of a ploughshare made in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman, who had got up before day, and was going to his work ; and so in truth it was. The ploughman came singing the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles.[1] Don Quixote, hearing it, said : Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night : do you not hear what this peasant is singing ? Yes, I do, answered Sancho ; but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to our purpose ? he might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos ; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business. By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don Quixote said to him : Good-morrow, honest friend ; can you inform

[1] Familiar to English readers in Lockhart's free rendering, *The Admiral Guarinos*. Guarinos is an amalgam of the Garinus who (according to Turpin) fell at Roncesvalles, and of Garin d'Anseüne, the subject of a lost French poem, from which the Spanish ballad is believed to derive. A Russian version of this ballad is reported as current in Siberia, where, perhaps, it was conveyed by descendants of exiled Spanish Jews.

me where stands the palace of the peerless princess Doña Dulcinea del Toboso? Sir, answered the young fellow, I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in this town, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground: in yon house over the way live the parish priest and the sexton of the place: both, or either of them, can give your worship an account of this same lady princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso: though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a princess in her own house. One of these then, quoth Don Quixote, must be her I am inquiring after. Not unlikely, answered the ploughman, and God speed you well; for the dawn begins to appear; and, pricking on his mules, he stayed for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady's; and I shall have ill luck if I do not find it: and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where, and how your worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation. Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words; the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily: come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert: afterwards, as you say, you shall return to seek, see, and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours. Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sable Mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea: and therefore he made haste to be gone, which they did instantly:

and about two miles from the place they found a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, while Sancho returned back to the city to speak to Dulcinea; in which embassy there befell him things which require fresh attention and fresh credit.

CHAPTER X

Wherein is related the cunning used by Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events as ridiculous as true.

The author of this grand history, coming to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance: however, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set everything down in the manner it was transacted, without adding to, or diminishing a tittle from the truth of the story, and not regarding the objections that might be made against his veracity: and he had reason: for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood, as oil does above water; and so, pursuing his story, he says:

As soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the grove, oak-wood, or forest, near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence, till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. Go then, son, replied

Don Quixote, and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you: whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich *estrado*[1] of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark, whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered: lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions: for, by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, the external actions and gestures, when their loves are the subject, are most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide: and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe. I will go, and return quickly, quoth Sancho: in the meantime, good sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and where there is no bacon, there are no pins to hang it on; and, where we least think it, there starts the hare; this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is daylight, I reckon to meet with them when I least think of it; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her. Verily,

[1] A raised couch formed of cushions.

Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray God send me better luck in obtaining my wishes!

Upon this, Sancho turned his back, and switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations: where we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and setting himself down at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost? No, verily. Then what are you going to seek? Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together. Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this? Where? in the grand city of Toboso. Very well: and pray who sent you on this errand? Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty. All this is very well: and do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately castle. And have you ever seen her? Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her. And do you think it would be right or advisable, that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come, and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin? Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I am commanded, and being but a messenger, am not in fault.[1] Trust not to that,

[1] Adapted from a line of, perhaps, the only old ballad on Bernardo del Carpio.

Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them. God's my life! if they smoke us, woe be to us. But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for little Mary in Ravenna, or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon this business.

This soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot was to return to it again, saying to himself: Well, there is a remedy for everything but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him: nay, I am madder than he, to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says: Show me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art: or in that other; Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. He, then, being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black (as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monk's mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune), it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that a country wench (the first I light upon) is the lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him: and if he persists, I will persist more than he, in such manner, that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him; or perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those he says bear him a spite, has changed her form to do him mischief and harm.

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; and so staying where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might have room to think he had spent so much time in going to, and returning from Toboso, everything fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses; but whether male or female, the author declares not, though it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country women; but as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it.

In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said; Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone? Your worship, answered Sancho, had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on. By this, quoth Don Quixote, you should bring good news. So good, answered Sancho, that your worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rosinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit. Holy God! what is it you say, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote? take care you do not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy. What should I get, answered Sancho, by deceiving your worship, and being detected the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep: their tresses loose about their shoulders are so many sunbeams playing with the wind: and, what is more, they come mounted

upon three pie-bellied belfreys, the finest one can lay eyes on. Palfreys, you would say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote. There is no great difference, I think, answered Sancho, between belfreys and palfreys: but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's senses. Let us go, son Sancho, answered Don Quixote: and, as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common. I stick to the colts, answered Sancho; for it is not very certain, that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much.

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three wenches very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road towards Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho, Whether they were come out of the city when he left them? Out of the city! answered Sancho: are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noonday? I see only three country-girls, answered Don Quixote, on three asses. Now, God keep me from the devil! answered Sancho: is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if that be so. I tell you, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that it is as certain they are he- or she-asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to me. Sir, quoth Sancho, say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand. And so saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the

ground, he said: Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her, whom Sancho called queen, and lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough (for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed) he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men, of such different aspects, and both on their knees, but she, who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone said: Get out of the road, and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste. To which Sancho made answer: O princess, and universal lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, kneeling before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry? Which one of the other two hearing, said (checking her beast that was turning out of the way [1]): Look ye, how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring: get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well. Rise, Sancho, said Don Quixote, hearing this; for I now perceive, that 'fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me' [2], has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit

[1] A misunderstanding of the rhymed original, which literally means: 'Woa! while I rub thee down, she-ass of my father-in-law.'

[2] A tag from Garcilaso de la Vega's third Eclogue.

of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look; and let this submissive posture, and these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you. Marry come up, quoth the wench, with your idle gibberish! get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you. Sancho moved off, and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; and the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell a-kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms, and set her upon her palfrey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retiring three or four steps back, she took a little run, and, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. Whereupon Sancho said: By St. Roque, madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Córdovan or Mexican how to mount *à la gineta*: she springs into the saddle at a jump, and, without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are as good at it as she, they all fly like the wind: and so it really was: for Dulcinea being remounted, they all made after her, and set a-running, without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could, with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: Sancho, what think you? how am I persecuted by enchanters! and take notice how far their malice, and the grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form. Surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and levelled. And you must also observe, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed resemblance of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that, which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes: for I must tell you, Sancho, that, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey (as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass) she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlic, as almost knocked me down, and poisoned my very soul. O scoundrels! cried Sancho, at this juncture; O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! O that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines a-smoking! Much ye know, much ye can, and much more ye do. It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hid beneath that coarse disguise: though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long. As to that mole, said Don Quixote, according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body,

Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face; but hairs of the length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles. Yet I can assure your worship, answered Sancho, that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her. I believe it, friend, replied Don Quixote; for nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect; and therefore had she a hundred moles, like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But, tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle, or a pillion? It was a side-saddle, answered Sancho, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it. And why could not I see all this, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men. The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In fine, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city. But, before their arrival, there befell them things, which for their number, greatness, and novelty, deserve to be written, and read, as will be seen.

CHAPTER XI

Of the strange adventure which befell the valorous Don Quixote with the wain or cart of the Parliament of Death.

Don Quixote went on his way exceeding pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. And these meditations so distracted him, that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rosinante's neck; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought him back out of his maze, by saying to him: Sir, sorrow was made not for beasts, but men; but if men give too much way to it, they become beasts: rouse, sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rosinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here, or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth. Peace, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice: peace I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me. I say so too, answered Sancho: 'Who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow'. Well may you say so, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight, nor to conceal her perfections from you: against me alone, and against my eyes,

was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, I have hit upon one thing, Sancho, which is this, that you did not give me a true description of her beauty, for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea-bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Take, therefore, those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth: for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth. It may be so, answered Sancho; for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarce anything to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture, or knavery. One thing, dear sir, troubles me more than all the rest: which is, to think, what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant, or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like fools, for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her, than they would my father. Perhaps, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, the enchantment may not extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her; and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business. I say, sir, replied Sancho, that I mightily approve of what your worship has said: for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire; and if she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers: but, so the lady Dulcinea have health and

contentment, we, for our part, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures, and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these, and other greater maladies.

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart's crossing the road before him, loaded with the strangest and most different figures and persons imaginable. He who guided the mules, and served for carter, was a frightful demon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker-sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes, was that of Death itself with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances. All which appearing of a sudden did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frighted Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure: and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and, with a loud menacing voice, said: Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-wagon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat, than any cart now in fashion. To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo el Malo's company: this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the Cortes, or Parliament of Death; and this evening we are to play it again in

that village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts Death; that other an angel; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen; that other a soldier; he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama; for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, ask me, and I will answer you most punctually; for, being a devil, I know everything. Upon the faith of a knight-errant, answered Don Quixote, when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people: go, and act your play, and, if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me; for I will do it readily, and with a good will, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations.

While they were thus engaged in discourse, fortune so ordered it, that there came up one of the company, in an antique dress, hung round with abundance of bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells: which horrid apparition so startled Rosinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he fell a-running about the field, at a greater pace than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him: but by that time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rosinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rosinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the

bladders, fear and the noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first: but, in short, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though, every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished, and helping him to get upon Rosinante, he said to him; Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple. What devil? demanded Don Quixote. He with the bladders, answered Sancho. I will recover him, replied Don Quixote, though he should hide him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho: for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple. There is no need, answered Sancho, to make such haste; moderate your anger, sir; for the devil, I think, has already abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way. And so it was; for the devil, having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rosinante, trudged on foot towards the town, and the ass turned back to his master. Nevertheless, said Don Quixote, it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil, at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself. Good your worship, quoth Sancho, never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; everybody protects, assists, and esteems them, and especially if they are

of his majesty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes. For all that, answered Don Quixote, that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favoured him.

And so saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and, calling aloud, he said: Hold, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant. Don Quixote's cries were so loud, that the players heard him, and, judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind: and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rosinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with the least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, he said to him: It is mere madness, sir, to attempt such an enterprise: pray, consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brickbats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage, for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that, among all those, who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant. Now indeed, said Don Quixote, you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, or ought

to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your Dapple; and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions. There is no need, sir, to be revenged on anybody, answered Sancho, for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries; besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days that heaven shall give me of life. Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and pure Sancho, replied Don Quixote, let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures; for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones. Then he wheeled Rosinante about: Sancho took his Dapple: Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there fell out an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAPTER XII

Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the brave Knight of the Looking-glasses.

Don Quixote and his squire passed the night ensuing the encounter with Death under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper, Sancho said to his master: Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts? Verily, verily,

a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing. However, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off against the grain, and put them into your possession. The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors, answered Sancho, never were of pure gold, but of tinsel, or copper. It is true, replied Don Quixote; nor would it be fit, that the decorations of a play should be real, but counterfeit, and mere show, as comedy itself is, which I would have you value and take into favour, and consequently the actors and authors; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the commonweal, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life: and there are no comparisons which more truly present to us what we are, and what we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, have you not seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, lords, and ladies, are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing fool, another a foolish lover; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level? Yes, marry, have I, quoth Sancho. Why, the very same thing, said Don Quixote, happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of emperors, others of popes; in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is, at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which made the difference, and we remain upon the level and equal in the grave. A brave comparison, quoth Sancho, but not so new (for I have heard it many and different times) as that of the game at chess; in which, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office, and, when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed, and put into a bag, which is just like being

buried after we are dead. Sancho, said Don Quixote, you are every day growing less simple and more discreet. And good reason why, answered Sancho; for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, as lands, that in themselves are barren and dry, by dunging and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation has been the dung laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation has been the time I have been in your service, and in your company; and by that I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good breeding, which your worship has sown in my shallow understanding. Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which he had said of his improvement: for every now and then he surprised him by his manner of talking; though always or for the most part, when Sancho would either speak in contradiction to, or in imitation of, the courtier, he ended his discourse with falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance; and that, in which he most displayed his elegance and memory, was, his bringing in proverbs, whether to the purpose or not, of what he was discoursing about, as may be seen and observed throughout the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night, but Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep; and so, unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rosinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled, all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof: for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rosinante the

same liberty he had given Dapple; the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled particular chapters upon that subject: but to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them; though sometimes waiving this precaution, he writes, that as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rosinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. It is reported, I say, that the author had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes; whence it may appear, to the admiration of all people, how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals must have been; to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence the sayings, 'A friend cannot find a friend; Reeds become darts'[1]; and (as the poet sings) From a friend to a friend, the bug,[2] &c. Let no one think, that the author was at all out of the way, when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men: for men have received divers wholesome instructions, and many lessons of importance, from beasts; such as the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-

[1] From a late ballad in Gines Perez de Hita's *Guerras civiles de Granada* (1595–1604).

[2] An abbreviation of the cynical proverb 'from friend to friend the bug in the eye'—meaning that, even in dealing with a friend, caution is advisable.

tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before he was awaked by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen from whence the noise came. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other: Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require. The saying this, and laying himself along on the ground, were both in one instant; and, at throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise; a manifest token, from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant: and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, he said to him, with a low voice: Brother Sancho, we have an adventure. God send it be a good one, answered Sancho; and pray, sir, where may her ladyship Madam Adventure be? Where, Sancho? replied Don Quixote: turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not seem to be over-pleased; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell. But by what do you gather, quoth Sancho, that this is an adventure? I will not say, answered Don Quixote, that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But, hearken; for methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and by his spitting and clearing his pipes he should be preparing himself to sing. In good faith, so it is, answered Sancho, and he must be some knight or other in love. There is no knight-errant but is so, quoth Don Quixote: and let us listen to him; for by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings: for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Sancho would have replied to his master; but the Knight of the Wood's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him;

and, while they both stood amazed, they heard that what he sung was this:

SONNET

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law I must observe:
My heart obedient to thy will,
Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,
The stifled anguish seals my fate;
But if your ears would drink my woe,
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though contraries my heart compose,
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,
And soft as yielding wax that flows,
To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for every stamp prepared,
Imprint what characters you choose,
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

With a deep Ah! fetched, as it seemed, from the very bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood ended his song; and after some pause, with a mournful and complaining voice, he said: O the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual travels, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not enough, that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, aye and all the knights of La Mancha, too? Not so, quoth Don Quixote; for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I, nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress: now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves: but let us listen: perhaps he

will make some further declaration. Aye, marry will he, replied Sancho; for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come. But it was not so: for the knight overhearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no further in his lamentation, but stood up, and said, with an audible and courteous voice: Who goes there? what are ye? of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted, answered Don Quixote. Come hither to me then, answered the Knight of the Wood, and make account how you come to sorrow and affliction itself. Don Quixote finding he returned so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying, sit down here, Sir Knight: for to know that you are such, and one of those who profess knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant.

To which Don Quixote answered: A knight I am, and of the profession you say; and although sorrows, disgraces, and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away that compassion I have for other men's misfortunes. From what you sung just now I gathered, that yours are of the amorous kind; I mean occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint. Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably, and sociably, as if, at daybreak, they were not to break one another's heads. Peradventure you are in love, Sir Knight, said he of the Wood to Don Quixote. By misadventure, I am, answered Don Quixote; though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters. That is true, replied he of the Wood, supposing that disdains did not disturb our reason and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge. I never was disdained by my mistress, answered Don Quixote. No verily, quoth Sancho, who stood close

by; for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a print of butter. Is this your squire? demanded the Knight of the Wood. He is, replied Don Quixote. I never in my life saw a squire, replied the Knight of the Wood, who durst presume to talk, where his lord was talking: at least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved, that he ever opened his lips when I was speaking. In faith, quoth Sancho, I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as ——, and perhaps ——, but let that rest; for the more you stir it ——. The Knight of the Wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said; Let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other: for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning. With all my heart, quoth Sancho, and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires. Hereupon the two squires withdrew; between whom there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave.

CHAPTER XIII

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires.

The knights and squires were separated, the latter relating the story of their lives, and the former that of their loves: but the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters: and it says, that, being gone a little apart, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho: It is a toilsome life we lead, sir, we who are squires to knights-errant; in good truth we eat our

bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents. It may also be said, added Sancho, that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, it would not be quite so bad, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care: but it now and then happens, that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air. All this may be endured, quoth he of the Wood, with the hopes we entertain of the reward; for if the knight-errant, whom a squire serves, is not over and above unlucky, he must, in a short time, find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island, or some pretty earldom. I, replied Sancho, have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of any island; and he is so noble and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times. I, said he of the Wood, should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sort of rewards on his faithful squires: but mine is a mere layman; though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop: but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments: and, to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters. Truly, you are under a great mistake, quoth he of the Wood; for your insulary governments are not all of them so inviting: some are crabbed, some poor, and some unpleasant: in short, the best and most desirable of them carries with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight, to whose lot it falls, must unavoidably undergo. It would be far

better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing: for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and his angle-rod, to divert himself withal in his own village ?

I want nothing of all this, answered Sancho: it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them: besides, sporting is the more pleasant, when it is at other people's charge. Really and truly, Señor Squire, answered he of the Wood, I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, and to get me home again to our village, and bring up my children; for I have three, like three oriental pearls. And I have two, quoth Sancho, fit to be presented to the Pope himself in person, and especially a girl, that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother. And, pray, what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess ? demanded he of the Wood. Fifteen years, or thereabouts, answered Sancho: but she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter. These are qualifications, said he of the Wood, not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the green grove. Ah, the whoreson young slut! how buxom must the jade be! To which Sancho answered somewhat angrily: She is no whore, nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, God willing, whilst I live. And pray speak more civilly; for such language is unbecoming a person educated, as you have been, among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself. How little, Señor Squire, do you understand

what belongs to praising, quoth he of the Wood: what! do you not know that when some knight at a bull-feast gives the bull a home-thrust with his lance, or when anyone does a thing well, the common people usually cry: How cleverly the son of a whore did it! and what seems to carry a reproach with it, is indeed a notable commendation! I would have you renounce those sons or daughters, whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion. I do renounce them, answered Sancho; and in this sense, and by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the whores and bawds you please; for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises: and, that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is, from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Sable Mountain; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there, and everywhere, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks, at every step, I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince: and all the while this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, become supportable and easy to me.

For this reason, answered he of the Wood, it is said, that covetousness bursts the bag; and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying, 'Other folks' burdens break the ass's back': for, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth. By the way, is he in love? demanded Sancho. Yes, quoth he of the Wood, with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world. But that is not the foot he halts on at present: he has some other crotchets of more

consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon. There is no road so even, replied Sancho, but it has some stumbling-places or rubs in it: In other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles-full. Madness will have more followers than discretion. But if the common saying be true, that 'tis some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own. Crack-brained, but valiant, answered he of the Wood, and more knavish than crack-brained or valiant. Mine is not so, answered Sancho: I can assure you, he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher; knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all; bears no malice; a child may persuade him it is night at noonday: and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagances. For all that, brother and señor, quoth he of the Wood, if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the ditch. We had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes: for they who seek adventures, do not always meet with good ones.

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then, and [his spittle being] very dry, the Squire of the Wood, who saw, and observed it, said: Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths: but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them: and rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long; and this is no exaggeration: for it was of a tame rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. Sancho, viewing it, said: And do you carry all this about with you? Why, what did you think? answered the other: did you take me for some holiday squire? I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march. Sancho fell to, without staying to be entreated, and, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said: Your worship

is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates (which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it), and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard, that you may knock out a giant's brains with it, and to bear it company, four dozen of carobes, and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts; thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild salads. By my faith, brother, replied he of the Wood, I have no stomach for your wild pears, nor your sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots: let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will; and such a reverence I have for it, and so much I love it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses, and a thousand hugs. And, so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour: and, having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said: O whoreson rogue! how Catholic it is! You see now, quoth he of the Wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, how you have commended this wine in calling it whoreson. I confess my error, answered Sancho, and see plainly, that it is no discredit to anybody to be called son of a whore, when it comes under the notion of praising.

But tell me, sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real? You have a distinguishing palate, answered he of the Wood: it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head. Trust me for that, quoth Sancho: depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, Señor Squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let me but smell [at] any, I hit upon the

country, the kind, the flavour, and how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to wines ? But no wonder ; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages ; for proof whereof, there happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue ; the other put it to his nose. The first said, the wine savoured of iron ; the second said, it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested, the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on ; the wine was sold off, and, at rinsing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key, hanging to a leather thong.[1] Judge then, sir, whether any one of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters. Therefore, I say, quoth he of the Wood, let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes : and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be His will. I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa, quoth Sancho, and then we shall all understand one another.

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much, that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues, and allay their thirst, for to quench it was impossible : and thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty bottle, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep ; where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Wood and him of the Sorrowful Figure.

[1] A favourite story with Cervantes, who gives it again in his *entremes* entitled *La Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*.

CHAPTER XIV

In which is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood.

Among sundry discourses which passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, the history tells us that he of the Wood said to Don Quixote: In short, Sir Knight, I would have you to know, that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature, as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his stepmother, in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each of them that the next should crown my hopes; but she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are become without number; nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda[1], who is so stout and strong, as being made of brass, and, without stirring from the place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered: I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point; for, in above a week's time, no wind blew but the north. Another time she sent me to weigh the ancient stones of the stout bulls of Guisando[2], an enterprise more fit for porters than knights; and another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave (an unheard-of and dreadful attempt),

[1] The statue of Faith on the tower of Seville cathedral: it serves as weathercock.

[2] Near Ávila.

and to bring her a particular relation of what is locked up in that obscure abyss. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss: and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! and her commands and disdains alive, O how alive! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein, to confess, that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to which command, I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights, who have dared to contradict me. But what I am most proud of, and value myself most upon, is the having vanquished in single combat the so renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea: and I make account that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world; for that very Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour are transferred and passed over to my person; 'for the victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished'[1]: so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account.

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the Knight of the Wood, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie, and, You lie, was at the tip of his tongue: but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth; and therefore he said very calmly: Sir Knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la

[1] Adapted from Alonso de Ercilla's epic *La Araucana*: see Part I, Chapter vi, p. 52.

Mancha, I somewhat doubt: it might indeed be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such. Why not? replied he of the Wood; by the canopy of heaven I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit; by the same token that he is tall of stature, thin visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black moustaches: he gives himself the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure: his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza: he oppresses the back, and governs the reins, of a famous steed called Rosinante: in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometime called Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner as mine, who, because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it. Be not in a passion, Sir Knight, said Don Quixote, and hear what I have to say. You are to know that this Don Quixote, you speak of, is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is as it were my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be he himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters his enemies (one especially, who is continually persecuting him), some one or other of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired, over the face of the whole earth. And, for confirmation hereof, you must know, that these enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago, transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean, country wench; and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this be not sufficient to justify this truth, here stands Don Quixote

himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please. And so saying, he rose up, and, grasping his sword, expected what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who very calmly answered, and said: A good paymaster is in pain for no pawn: he who could once vanquish you, Señor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means do their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits: and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always, that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to. I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact, answered Don Quixote; and hereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had seized them. They awaked them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds; for, at sunrise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At which news Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon, in dread of his master's safety, from what he had heard the Squire of the Wood tell of his master's valour. But the two squires without speaking a word went to seek their cattle, and found them altogether; for the three horses and Dapple had already smelt one another out.

By the way the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho: You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while their godsons are fighting. This I say to give you notice, that, while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another. This custom, Señor Squire, answered Sancho, may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of; but among the squires of knights-errant,

no, not in thought: at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted, that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it; yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon such peaceable squires; which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax, and I will rather pay them; for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in lint to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is, my having no sword; for I never wore one in my life. I know a remedy for that, said he of the Wood; I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal weapons. With all my heart, answered Sancho; for such a battle will rather dust our jackets than wound our persons. It must not be quite so neither, replied the other; for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage. Body of my father! answered Sancho, what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, nor beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, sir, I shall not fight; let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them, before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness. For all that, replied he of the Wood, we must fight, if it be but for half an hour. No, no, answered Sancho, I shall not be so discourteous, nor so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eaten of his bread, and drunk of his drink: besides, who the devil

can set about dry fighting, without anger, and without provocation? If that be all, quoth he of the Wood, I will provide a sufficient remedy; which is, that, before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship, and fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse. Against that expedient, answered Sancho, I have another not a whit behind it: I will take a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let anybody handle my face; and let every one take heed to the arrow; though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep; for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves; and God in all times blessed the peacemakers, and cursed the peace-breakers; for if a cat, pursued, and pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, God knows what I (that am a man) may turn into: and therefore from henceforward I intimate to your worship, Señor Squire, that all the damage and mischief, that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account. It is well, replied he of the Wood; God send us daylight, and we shall see what will come of it.

And now a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and in variety of joyous songs seemed to give the good-morrow, and salute the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, and, in that delicious liquor, bathing the herbs, which also seemed to sprout, and rain a kind of seed-pearl. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads were gilded. But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects,

when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes, was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was so large, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, and full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, so disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face: but he observed him to be a strong-made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of surtout, or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed, and noted everything, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength: but he was not, therefore, daunted, like Sancho Panza. On the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the Knight of the Looking-glasses: Sir Knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure. Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight, answered he of the Looking-glasses, there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desire, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting my beaver would take

up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to. However, while we are getting on horseback, said Don Quixote, you may easily tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished. To this I answer, quoth he of the Looking-glasses, that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another: but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive, whether you are the same person or no. That is sufficient, answered Don Quixote, to make me believe you are deceived: however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine.

Then cutting short the discourse, they mounted, and Don Quixote wheeled Rosinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent; and he of the Looking-glasses did the like: but Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, when he heard himself called by the Knight of the Looking-glasses; so meeting each other half-way, he of the Looking-glasses said: Take notice, Sir Knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror. I know it, answered Don Quixote, provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed, nor derogate from, the laws of chivalry. So it is to be understood, answered he of the Looking-glasses. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, insomuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or some strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with Long-nose, fearing, lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should put an end to his battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back-guard of

Rosinante's saddle; and, when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said: I beseech your worship, dear sir, that, before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight. I believe, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have more mind to climb and mount a scaffold, to see the bull-sports without danger. To tell you the truth, sir, answered Sancho, the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him. In truth, said Don Quixote, it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself; and therefore come, and I will help you up.

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rosinante; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rosinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; for at all others a downright trot was all: and with this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the Looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place, where he made a full stand in his career. In this good time, and at this juncture, Don Quixote found his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance; for either he

did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked him of the Looking-glasses with such force, that, in spite of him, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper; and such was his fall, that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighting from Rosinante, was got upon him of the Looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw ——, but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder, and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies and picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out: Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see, but not believe: make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do. Sancho approached, and, seeing the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over; and all this while the demolished cavalier showed no signs of life; and Sancho said to Don Quixote; I am of opinion, sir, that right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him, who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies. You do not say amiss, quoth Don Quixote: for the fewer our enemies are, the better: and drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the Squire of the Looking-glasses drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful, and cried aloud: Have a care, Señor Don Quixote, what you do; for he, who lies at your feet, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire. Sancho, seeing him without that former ugliness, said to him: And the nose? To which he answered; I have it here in my pocket:

and putting in his hand he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished, of the fashion we have already described: and Sancho, eyeing him more and more, with a loud voice of admiration, said: Blessed Virgin, defend me! Is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip? Indeed am I, answered the unnosed squire; Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what conduits, lies, and wiles brought me hither: in the meantime, beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses now at his feet; for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco our countryman.

By this time he of the Looking-glasses was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said: You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia; and further you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit, and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide, and conduct you to my presence) to tell me what passes between her and you; these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry. I confess, said the fallen knight, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me. You must likewise confess and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; as I do confess and believe, that you, though, in appearance,

the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest. I confess, judge of, and allow everything, as you believe, judge of, and allow, answered the disjointed knight: Suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised. Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire, Tom Cecial, from off whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake; and he of the Looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour, and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might cere-cloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them to give an account who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his nosey squire were.

CHAPTER XV

Giving an account, who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his squire were.

Exceedingly content, elated, and vainglorious was Don Quixote, at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the Looking-glasses to be; from whose knightly word he hoped to learn, whether the enchantment of his mistress continued, the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of not being one, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the Looking-glasses another; who, for the present thought no further than of finding a place where he might plaster himself, as has been already said. The history then tells us, that, when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber, had first consulted together about the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and quietly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures; and it was concluded by general vote, and particular opinion of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a knight-errant, and encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not be long wanting), and so vanquish him, which would be an easy matter to do; and that it should be covenanted and agreed, that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it in two years, or till he had received further orders from him: all which, it was plain, Don Quixote,

when once overcome, would readily comply with, not to contravene or infringe the laws of chivalry: and it might so fall out, that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady. Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself, as you have heard, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met; and so they took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost in time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. But, in short, they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the prudent [reader] has been reading. And had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion, that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Señor Bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests, where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: For certain, Señor Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise: he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose? To which Sampson answered: The difference between these two sorts of madmen, is, that he, who cannot help being mad, will always be so; and he, who plays the fool on purpose, may give over when he thinks fit. If it be so, quoth Tom Cecial, I was mad when I had a mind to be your worship's squire, and now I have a mind to be so no longer, and to get me home to my house. It is fit you should, answered Sampson; but to think that I will return to mine, till I have soundly banged this same

Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now the desire of curing him of his madness that prompts me to seek him, but a desire of being revenged on him; for the pain of my ribs will not let me entertain more charitable considerations. Thus they two went on discoursing, till they came to a village, when they luckily met with a bone-setter [1], who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back and left him, and he stayed behind meditating revenge; and the history speaks of him again in due time, not omitting to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.

CHAPTER XVI

Of what befell Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha.

Don Quixote pursued his journey with the pleasure, satisfaction, and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures, which should befall him from that time forward, as already finished, and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters: he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received, during the progress of his chivalries, the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves of the Yangüesian carriers. In short, he said to himself that, could he but hit upon the art or method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the greatest good fortune, that the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did, or could attain to.

He was wholly taken up with these thoughts, when

[1] *Algebrista* = one who reduces fractions, and so—by extension—a bone-setter.

Sancho said to him: Is it not strange, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and unmeasurable nose of my gossip, Tom Cecial? And do you really believe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial your gossip? I know not what to say to that, answered Sancho; I only know, that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given me by nobody else but himself; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it very often in our village, next door to my house; and the tone of the voice was also the very same. Come on, replied Don Quixote; let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them? What then shall we say, sir, answered Sancho, to that knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial my gossip? And, if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble? The whole is artifice, answered Don Quixote, and a trick of the wicked magicians, who persecute me; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived, that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword, and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own

eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell in her mouth: and if the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, no wonder if he has done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself; for, in short, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy. God knows the truth, answered Sancho; who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions, but would make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very fine flea-bitten mare, clad in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same: the mare's furniture was all of the field, and ginet-fashion, murry-coloured, and green. He had a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished, that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare, and keeping a little off, was passing on. But Don Quixote called to him: Courteous sir, if you are going our way, and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour we might join company. Truly, sir, answered he with the mare, I had not kept off, but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare. Sir, answered Sancho, if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare; for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world: he never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it sevenfold. I say again, your worship may stop if you please; for were

she served up betwixt two dishes he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face. The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a cloak-bag, at the pommel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, had but few grey hairs, his visage aquiline, his aspect between merry and serious ; in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote, was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before: he admired at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment ; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him, and reading his desire in his surprise, and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him, saying: This figure of mine, which your worship sees ; being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder if you are surprised at it, but you will cease to be so, when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights, whom people call 'seekers of adventures'. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry: and for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place, and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans ; the natural and proper office of knights-errant. And thus, by many valorous and Christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all, or most of the nations

of the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand thousands more, if heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in few words, or in one only, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure: and though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations; but this is to be understood, when nobody else is present to do it for me. So that, worthy sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow.

Here Don Quixote was silent, and he in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply; but after some pause, he said: Sir Knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you; for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was anybody now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals, and the prejudice and discredit of good histories. There is a great deal to be said, answered Don Quixote, upon this subject, whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not

Why, is there any one, answered he in green, that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false? I have, quoth Don Quixote; but no more of that; for, if we travel any time together, I hope in God to convince you, sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those, who take it for granted they are not true. From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be some madman, and waited for a further confirmation of his suspicion: but before they fell into any discourse, Don Quixote desired him to tell him who he was, since he had given him some account of his own condition and life.

To which he in the green riding-coat answered: I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am a gentleman, native of a village, where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors, than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising, though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends; and sometimes I invite them: my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it for me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharpsighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day: I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vainglory, those enemies, which so slyly get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance.

I devote myself particularly to our Blessed Lady, and always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord.

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the gentleman's life and conversation; all which appeared to him to be good and holy: and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running hastily, laid hold of his right stirrup; and, with a devout heart, and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. Which the gentleman perceiving, said: What mean you, brother? What kisses are these? Pray, let me kiss on, answered Sancho; for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life. I am no saint, answered the gentleman, but a great sinner: you, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates. Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, telling him, that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was, in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends, and many good children. I, Señor Don Quixote, answered the gentleman, have one son; and, if I had him not, perhaps I should think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old; six he has been at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages, and, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry (if that may be called a science) that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which was what I would have had him study; nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature; for letters without virtue are pearls in a dunghill. He

passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad: whether Martial in such an epigram be obscene or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. As to the modern Spanish authors, he makes no great account of them; though, notwithstanding the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken up with making a gloss upon four verses, sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for a scholastic prize.

To all which Don Quixote answered: Children, sir, are pieces of the bowels of their parents, and, whether good or bad, must be loved and cherished as part of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and Christian discipline, that, when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is no harm in advising them; and when there is no need of studying merely for bread, the student being so happy as to have it by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined. And though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, good sir, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give a lustre to them all. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchemy of such virtue, that he who knows how to manage her,

will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He, who possesses her, should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in obscene satires, or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal; though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies. She must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone: all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought, and must be taken into the number. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and his name be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this; the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mothers' milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues, to express the sublimity of their conceptions. And, this being so, it is fit this custom should take place in all nations; and the German poet should not be disesteemed for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscainer, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry, but the poets, who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages, or sciences, which might adorn, enliven, and assist their natural genius: though even in this there may be a mistake, for it is a true opinion, that the poet is born one; the meaning of which is, that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb, and, with this talent given him by heaven, and without further study or art, composes things which verify the saying, *Est Deus in nobis*,[1] &c.

[1] Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 5.

Not but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet, and have the advantage of him, who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone: and the reason is, because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, good sir, let your son follow the direction of his stars: for, being so good a scholar, as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these, he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him, and tear his performances: but if he pens discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him; because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses; and so of other vices, but not to single out particular characters. There are poets, who, for the pleasure of saying one smart thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus.[1] If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses: the pen is the tongue of the mind; such as its conceptions are, such will its productions be. And when kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not, signifying, as it were, that nobody ought to offend those, who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned.

The gentleman in green admired much at Don Quixote's discourse, insomuch that he began to waver

[1] The allusion is to Ovid's banishment at Tomis, on the coast of Pontus.

in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the midst of the conversation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, was gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho, to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, whom there befell a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

CHAPTER XVII

Wherein is set forth the last and highest point, at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.

The history relates, that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them: and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet, and, with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him: Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms. He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured, that the said

car was bringing some of the king's money, and so he told Don Quixote. But he believed him not, always thinking and imagining that everything that befell him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures; and thus he replied to the gentleman: Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape, they will encounter me: and turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding what was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote; at which he was so startled, that he said to Sancho: What can this mean, Sancho? methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot: and if I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have anything to wipe withal, give it me; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes. Sancho said nothing, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head; and, seeing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling [at] them, said: By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire! To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation: If they are curds, give me them to eat: but the devil eat them for me; for it must be he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet? In faith, sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, have put that filthiness there, to stir your

patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgement of my master, who will consider, that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor anything like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your honour's helmet. It may be so, quoth Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said: Now come what will; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person.

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said: Whither go ye brethren? what car is this? and what have you in it? and what banners are those? To which the carter answered: The car is mine, and in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty: the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his? And are the lions large? demanded Don Quixote. So large, replied the man upon the fore-part of the car, that larger never came from Africa into Spain: I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these: they are a male and a female; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind: at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day, and therefore, sir, get out of the way; for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them. At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said: To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day! By the living God, those who sent them thither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts; for in the midst of this field will I make them

know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me. Very well, quoth the gentleman to himself, our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is: doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains. Then Sancho came to him, and said: For God's sake, sir, order it so, that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions; for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces. What then, is your master really so mad, answered the gentleman, that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals? He is not mad, answered Sancho, but daring. I will make him desist, replied the gentleman; and going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said: Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success: and not such as are quite desperate; for the valour which borders too near upon the confines of rashness has in it more of madness than fortitude: besides, these lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing: they are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them, or hinder their journey. Sweet sir, answered Don Quixote, go hence, and mind your decoy partridge, and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me, or no. And, turning to the keeper, he said: I vow to God, Don Rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car. The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: Good sir, for charity's sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules. O man of little faith! answered Don Quixote, alight and unyoke and do what you will; for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste; and the keeper said aloud: Bear witness, all here present, that, against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above: pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt. Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. Nay, sir, replied Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your Flea-bitten, and save yourself. Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheese-cakes. Consider, sir, quoth Sancho, that here is no enchantment, nor anything like it; for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion: and I guess by it, that the lion, to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain. However it be, answered Don Quixote, fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me: and if I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea—I say no more. To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design. He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points; who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman

took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions: he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when it came into his head to serve him again: but for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple, to get far enough from the car. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered, that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback: at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rosinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Here it is to be noted, that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out, O strenuous, and beyond all expression courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha; thou mirror, wherein all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves, thou second and new Don Manuel de Leon,[1] who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights! With what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? By what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? Or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, do not fit and become thee? Thou alone on foot, intrepid

[1] See the note in Part I, Chapter xlviii, p. 520.

and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest, with a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest waiting for and expecting two of the fiercest lions, that the forests of Africa ever bred. Let thy own deeds praise thee, valorous Manchegan ? for here I must leave off for want of words, whereby to enhance them. Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history, saying :

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an extraordinary bigness, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely ; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of fire-coals ; a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces ; to such a pitch of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, and showed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and with great phlegm and calmness laid himself down again in the cage ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. That I will not do, answered the keeper; for should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Señor Cavalier, with what is done, which is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door

open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not: and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shown: no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe, and expect him in the field, and, if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest. That is true, answered Don Quixote: shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out: I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth and true chivalry: and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth.

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth, wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop, and the gentleman at the head of them. But Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said: May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us. They all halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote, who made the sign; and, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. In short, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them. That I will, with all my heart, answered Sancho: but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive? Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses,

related the success of the conflict, exaggerating, the best he could, or knew how, the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him done, whether he would or no, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage-door to be shut. What think you of this, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote: can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can. Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter put to; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself, when he came to court. If, perchance, his majesty, said Don Quixote, should inquire who performed it, tell him, the Knight of the Lions: for from henceforward I resolve, that the title I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Sorrowful Figure shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind or whenever it served their turn.

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, pursued their journey. In all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge; for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness: but, as he yet knew nothing of it he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them; because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish: for, said he to himself, what greater madness can there

be, than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull; and what greater rashness and extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?

Don Quixote diverted these imaginations, and this soliloquy, by saying: Doubtless, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman; and no wonder it should be so: for my actions indicate no less. But, for all that, I would have you know, that I am not so mad, nor so shallow, as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists, at some joyful tournament, in sight of the ladies. A fine appearance makes the knight, when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull. And a fine appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or the like, entertain, enliven, and, if we may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But, above all these, a much finer appearance makes the knight-errant, who, through deserts and solitudes, through crossways, through woods, and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring some widow in a desert place, than a knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers have their proper and peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies; adorn his prince's court with rich liveries; entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table; order jousts; manage tournaments; and show himself great, liberal, and magnificent, and above all, a good Christian: and in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world; enter the most intricate labyrinths; at every step assail impossibilities; in the wild uncultivated deserts brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the

winter's frost: let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons terrify him: for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession; and, therefore, encountering the lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be a most extravagant rashness. I very well know, that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness; but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice; for as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so it is much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour: and as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Señor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, such a knight is rash and daring, than, such a knight is timorous and cowardly.

I say, Señor Don Quixote, answered Don Diego, that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason: and I think, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late: and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the body too. I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Señor Don Diego, answered Don Quixote: and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called The Knight of the Green Riding-coat.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Riding-coat, with other extravagant matters.

Don Quixote found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the courtyard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine jars placed round about it, which being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried: 'O sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow; sweet and joyous, when heaven would have it so!'[1] O ye Tobosan jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness! This was overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rosinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands; and Don Diego said: Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha here present, a knight-errant, and the most valiant, and most ingenious person in the world. The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in discreet and courteous expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom by his talk Don Quixote took for a witty and acute person.

Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually

[1] A quotation from Garcilaso de la Vega's tenth sonnet.

contained in the mansion of a gentleman that was both a farmer and rich. But the translator of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these, and such like minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.[1]

Don Quixote was led into a hall: Sancho unarmed him; he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a chamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour: his band was of the college cut, without starch and without lace: his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin: for it is thought he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins. Over these he had a long cloak of good grey cloth. But, first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face; and still the water continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white and clean. With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him till the cloth was laid; for the lady Doña Christina would show, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father: Pray, sir, who is this gentleman you have brought us home? for his name, his figure, and your telling us he is a knight-errant, hold my mother and me in great suspense. I know not how to answer you, son, replied Don Diego: I can only tell you, that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously,

[1] In this paragraph 'the author' refers to the imaginary Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, and 'the translator' is, of course, Cervantes himself.

that his words contradict and undo all his actions. Talk you to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding; and since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion, or distraction, as you shall find; though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad, than otherwise.

Hereupon Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said; and among other discourse, which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: Señor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities, and refined judgement, and particularly that you are a great poet. A poet, perhaps, I may be, replied Don Lorenzo; but a great one, not even in thought. True it is, I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets: but in no wise so as to merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me. I do not dislike this modesty, answered Don Quixote; for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world. There is no rule without an exception, answered Don Lorenzo, and such an one there may be, who is really so, and does not think it. Very few, answered Don Quixote: but please to tell me, sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which, your father says, makes you so uneasy and thoughtful? For if it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it: and if they are designed for a poetical prize, endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour, or by the great quality of the person: the second is bestowed according to merit; so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But, for all that, the name of the first makes a great figure. Hitherto, said Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot judge thee to be mad: let us proceed: so he said to him: Your worship, I presume, has frequented the schools: what sciences have you studied? That of knight-errantry, answered Don Quixote, which is as good as

your poetry, yea, and two little fingers' breadth beyond it. I know not what science that is, replied Don Lorenzo, and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge. It is a science, replied Don Quixote, which includes in it all, or most of the other sciences of the world. For he who professes it must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one what is his own, and that which is proper for him. He must be a divine, to be able to give a reason for the Christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples, which have the virtue of curing wounds; for your knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, to know by the stars what it is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must know the mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them: and, setting aside that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to some other minute particulars. I say then, he must know how to swim, like him people call Fish Nicholas, or Nicholao.[1] He must know how to shoe a horse, and to keep the saddle and bridle in repair: and to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate. He must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good knight-errant is composed. Consider then, Señor Don Lorenzo, whether it be a snotty science, which the knight, who professes it, learns and studies, and whether it may not be equalled to the stateliest of

[1] Pesce Cola of Catania, celebrated as a swimmer in the fifteenth century.

all those that are taught in your colleges and schools. If this be so, replied Don Lorenzo, I maintain, that this science is preferable to all others. How! if it be so! answered Don Quixote. What I mean, sir, quoth Don Lorenzo, is, that I question whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant, and adorned with so many virtues. I have often said, answered Don Quixote, what I now repeat, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion, there never were any knights-errant: and, because I am of opinion, that, if heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been, and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so prevalent with many. What I intend, is, to beg of heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be in the present, were they again in fashion: but now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph. Our guest has broke loose, quoth Don Lorenzo to himself; but still he is a whimsical kind of a madman, and I should be a weak fool, if I did not believe so.

Here their discourse ended; for they were called to supper. Don Diego asked his son what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. He answered: The ablest doctors and best penmen in the world will never be able to extricate him out of the rough-draft of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals. To supper they went, and the repast was such, as Don Diego had told them upon the road, he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that, which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize.

To which he answered: That I may not be like those poets, who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, spew them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy. A friend of mine, a very ingenious person, answered Don Quixote, was of opinion that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses: and the reason, he said, was, because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor 'said he's', nor 'shall I say's', nor making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know. Truly, Señor Don Quixote, quoth Don Lorenzo, I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, and cannot; for you slip through my fingers like an eel. I do not understand, answered Don Quixote, what you mean by my slipping through your fingers. I will let you know another time, replied Don Lorenzo: at present give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows:

THE TEXT

Could I the joyous moments past
  Recall, and say, what was now is,
Or to succeeding moments haste,
  And now enjoy the future bliss.

THE GLOSS

As all things fleet and die away,
  And day at length is lost in night,
My blessings would no longer stay,
  But took their everlasting flight.
O fortune, at thy feet I lie,
To supplicate thy deity:
Inconstant goddess, frown no more;
  Make me but happy now at last:
No more I'd curse thy fickle power,
  Could I recall the moments past.

No other conquest I implore,
  No other palm my brow to grace:
Content ('tis all I ask) restore,
  And give me back my mind's lost peace.
Past joys enhance the present pain,
And sad remembrance is our bane.
O would at length relenting Fate
  Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,
How should I hug the charming state,
  And joyful say, what was now is!

Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,
  Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing;
Revolving Time no mortal pow'r,
  Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.
Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies;
The present hour for ever dies,
In vain we ask futurity;
  In vain we would recall the past:
We cannot from the present fly,
  Nor to succeeding moments haste.

Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,
  I feel variety of pain:
But death can ease a wretch's cares,
  And surely death to me is gain.
Again my erring judgement strays
From sober reason's juster ways;
Convinc'd by her unerring voice,
  Another life must follow this,
I make the present woes my choice,
  Rather than forfeit future bliss.

When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and, holding Don Lorenzo fast upon the right hand, cried out, in a voice so loud, that it was next to a squall: By the highest heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, nor of Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive, but of the Universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist, of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Heaven grant, that the judges, who

shall deprive you of the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, sir, to repeat some other of your verses, in the greater kinds of poetry: for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius. Is it not excellent that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the desire and request of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe:

SONNET

The nymph, who Pyramus with love inspired,
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired:
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence vocal mutual vows conveys,
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.
Though chained by fear their voices dare not pass
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

Ah! woful story of disastrous love,
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave unites the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

Now God be thanked, quoth Don Quixote, having heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet, that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute in all respects, as the artifice of your worship's sonnet shows you to be.

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house: at the end whereof he begged leave to be gone, telling him, he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family: but, because it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, he would go, in compliance with the duty of his

function, in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded; designing to employ the time thereabouts, till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which he resolved to be present: but in the first place he intended to visit the cave of Montesinos, of which people related so many and such wonderful things all over that country; at the same time inquiring into the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs: for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and his noble profession obliging them to make him this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous to Don Quixote, as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house wondrous well, and was loath to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary: and Don Quixote, at taking leave of Don Lorenzo, said: I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that, whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the Temple of Fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is somewhat narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which is still narrower, but sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say, Give me those straws. With these expressions Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added, saying: God knows how willingly I would take Señor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how 'to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty'[1] virtues annexed to the function I profess: but since his youth does not require it, nor his laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with putting your worship in the

[1] Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 852.

way of becoming a famous poet; and that is, by following the opinion and judgement of other men, rather than your own; for no fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind. The father and son admired afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise and sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rosinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

CHAPTER XIX

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents.

Don Quixote was got but a little way from Don Diego's village, when he overtook two persons like ecclesiastics or scholars, and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green buckram like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pair of thread-stockings; the other carried nothing but a pair of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which showed that they came from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the scholars and countrymen fell into the same admiration, that all others did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, after learning that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company

desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses outwent his horse: and, to prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and his employment and profession, that of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He told them his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative the Knight of the Lions. All this to the countrymen was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull: nevertheless they looked upon him with admiration and respect, and one of them said: If your worship, Sir Knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues round about. Don Quixote asked him, if it was that of some prince, that he extolled it so much? No, answered the scholar, but of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he the wealthiest of all this country, and she is the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the Fair, and the bridegroom, Camacho the Rich; she of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty, both equally matched; though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the Fair has the advantage of Camacho's: but nowadays that is little regarded; for riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In short, this same Camacho is generous, and has taken into his head to make a kind of arbour to cover the whole meadow overhead, in such manner, that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass, with which the ground is covered. He will also have morris-dances, both with swords and little bells; for there are some people in his village, who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I say

nothing of the shoe-dancers and caperers, so great is the number that are invited. But nothing of all that I have repeated, or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable, as what, I believe, the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion.

This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, of the same village with Quiteria: his house is next to that of Quiteria's parents, with nothing but a wall between them; from whence Cupid took occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe: for Basilius was in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, became the common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he proposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune, as of nature: for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know; a great pitcher of the bar; an extreme good wrestler, and a great player at cricket: runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at ninepins as if he did it by witchcraft: sings like a lark, and touches a guitar that he makes it speak; and, above all, he handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer. For this excellence alone, quoth Don Quixote immediately, this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all opposers. To my wife with that, quoth Sancho Panza (who had been hitherto silent and listening), who will have everybody marry their equal, according to the proverb, Every sheep to its like. What I would have, is, that this honest Basilius (for I begin to take a liking to him) shall marry this same lady, Quiteria: and heaven send them good luck, and God's blessing (he meant the reverse) on those who would hinder

people that love each other from marrying. If all who love each other, were to be married, said Don Quixote, it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are, who would choose their father's servant, and others some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion, genteel, and well made, though he were a beaten bully; for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life: and that of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and there is need of great caution, and the particular favour of heaven, to make it hit right. A person, who has a mind to take a long journey, if he be wise, before he sets forward, will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. And should not he do the like, who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and everywhere else, as the wife is with the husband? The wife is not a commodity, which, when once bought, you can exchange, or swap, or return; but is an inseparable accessory, which lasts as long as life itself. She is a noose, which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know, whether Señor the Licentiate has anything more to say concerning the history of Basilius. To which the scholar, bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, answered: Of the whole I have no more to say, but that, from the moment Basilius heard of Quiteria's being to be married to Camacho the Rich, he has never been seen to smile, nor speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, and talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; and what he does eat is fruit; and when he sleeps, if he does sleep, it is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a brute beast.

From time to time he throws his eyes up to heaven; now fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction, that he seems to be nothing but a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart, that we all take it for granted, that to-morrow Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal Yes will be the sentence of his death.

Heaven will order it better, quoth Sancho; for God that gives the wound, sends the cure: nobody knows what is to come: there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow: and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house: I have seen it rain, and the sun shine, both at the same time: such an one goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir next morning: and tell me, can anybody brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no, certainly; and, between the Yes and the No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin; for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bagful of good fortune: for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles, which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches, and specks in the eyes pearls. A curse light on you, Sancho, what would you be at? quoth Don Quixote: when you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can wait for you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheels, or of anything else? Oh! replied Sancho, if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense; but no matter for that; I understand myself; neither have I said many foolish things: only your worship is always cricketizing my words and actions. Criticizing, I suppose, you would say, quoth Don Quixote, and not cricketizing, thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound. Pray, sir, be not so sharp upon me, answered Sancho; for you know I was not bred at court, nor have studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to, or take a letter

from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect, that the Sayagues [1] should speak like the Toledans; nay, there are Toledans, who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely. It is true, quoth the licentiate; for how should they speak so well, who are bred in the tanyards and Zocodóver, as they, who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the great church? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda; I say discerning, because a great many there are, who are not so, and discernment is the grammar of good language, accompanied with custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms. If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing those unlucky foils you carry, than your tongue, said the other scholar, you might by this time have been at the head of your class; whereas you are now at the tail.

Look you, bachelor, answered the licentiate, you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant. With me, it is not barely opinion, but a settled truth, replied Corchuelo: and if you have a mind I should convince you by experience; you carry foils, an opportunity offers, and I have nerves and strength, that backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles, and science; for I hope to make you see the stars at noonday with my modern and rustic dexterity; in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn, who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground. As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it, replied the adept, though it may happen, that in the first

[1] Sayago lies between Zamora and Portugal.

spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened ? I mean, that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence. We shall see that presently, answered Corchuelo ; and, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the foils, which the licentiate carried upon his ass. It must not be so, cried Don Quixote, at this instant ; for I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long-controverted question : and alighting from Rosinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of the body, and measured step, was making towards Corchuelo, who came at him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high-strokes, back-strokes, and fore-strokes Corchuelo gave were numberless, and thicker than hail. He fell on like a provoked lion : but met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion, as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags like the many-tailed fish.[1] Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him, that, through despite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force, that one of the country-fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, said, and swore, it was thrown three-quarters of a league : which affidavit has served, and still serves, to show and demonstrate that skill goes farther than strength. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going to him, said : In faith, Master Bachelor, if you would take my advice, henceforward you should challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle, or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that : for I have heard say of these masters, that they can thrust the point

[1] The cuttle-fish

of a sword through the eye of a needle. I am satisfied, answered Corchuelo, and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed: and getting up, he went and embraced the licentiate, and they were now better friends than before. So, being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way, that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellences of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that everybody was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo entirely brought over from his obstinacy.

It was just nightfall: but before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of heaven full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, and little drums, with bells; and drawing near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, made on one side of the entrance into the town, all hung with lights, which were not disturbed by the wind: for all was so calm, that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir the very leaves of the trees. The life and joy of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators next day of the plays and dances, that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him, but he pleaded as a sufficient excuse, in his opinion, that it was the

custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields, and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs: and therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle or house of Don Diego.

CHAPTER XX

Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with the adventure of Basilius the Poor.

Scarce had the fair Aurora given bright Phoebus room, with the heat of his warm rays, to dry up the liquid pearls upon his golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho Panza, who still lay snoring; which Don Quixote perceiving, before he would awake him, he said: O happy thou above all that live on the face of the earth, who neither envying, nor being envied, sleepest on with tranquillity of soul! neither do enchanters persecute, nor enchantments affright thee. Sleep on, I say again, and will say a hundred times more, sleep on: for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow, to provide for thyself and thy little family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee: for thy desires extend not beyond the limits of taking care of thy ass: for that of thy person is laid upon my shoulders, a counter-balance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate heaven made, as it

were, of brass, and refusing convenient dews to refresh the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him, who served him in times of fertility and abundance. To all this Sancho answered not a word; for he was asleep, nor had awaked so soon as he did, but that Don Quixote jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. At last he waked drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said; From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon, than of thyme or rushes: by my faith, weddings, that begin thus savourily, must needs be liberal and abundant.

Have donè, glutton, quoth Don Quixote, and let us go and see this wedding, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius. Marry, let what will become of him, answered Sancho: he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria: a pleasant fancy, for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm, that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot: and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed, to reject the fine clothes and jewels, that Camacho has given, and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar, and a feint at foils, of Basilius: one cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil: abilities and graces that are not vendible, let the Count Dirlos[1] have them for me: but when they light on a man that has wherewithal, may my life show as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money. For the love of God, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, have done with

[1] Brother of Durandarte, and subject of the longest Spanish ballad in the Carlovingian cycle.

your harangue: I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin, at every turn, you would have no time to eat, or sleep, but would spend it all in talk. If your worship had a good memory, replied Sancho, you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we sallied from home this last time; one of which was, that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not anything against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority, and hitherto I think I have not broke that capitulation. I do not remember any such article, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: and though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace, and come along; for by this time the musical instruments we heard last night begin again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, and not put off till the heat of the day.

Sancho did as his master commanded him; and saddling Rosinante, and pannelling Dapple, they both mounted, and marching softly, entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a middling mountain of wood, and round it were placed six pots, not cast in common moulds; for they were half jars, each containing a whole shamble of flesh; and entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them, as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the cauldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild-fowl and venison hanging about the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a threshing-floor. Cheeses ranged like bricks formed a kind of wall. Two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware; and with a couple of stout peels

they took them out when fried, and dipped them in another kettle of prepared honey, that stood by. The men and women cooks were about fifty, all clean, all diligent, and all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the [quarter], and stood free for everybody in a great chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with everything. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin. Then the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous cauldrons may be so called. And, not being able to forbear any longer, and having no power to do otherwise, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots: to which the cook answered: This is none of those days, over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho: alight, and see if you can find a ladle anywhere, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you. I see none, answered Sancho. Stay, quoth the cook, God forgive me, what a nice and good-for-nothing fellow must you be! And so saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it into one of the half jars, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho: Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time. I have nothing to put it in, answered Sancho. Then take ladle and all, quoth the cook; for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply everything.

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing, how, at one side of the spacious arbour, entered a dozen countrymen upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their

furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and in a regular troop ran sundry careers about the meadow, with a joyful Moorish cry of, Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he is rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world. Which Don Quixote hearing, said to himself: It is plain these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for, had they seen her, they would have been a little more upon the reserve in praising this Quiteria of theirs. A little while after there entered, at divers parts of the arbour, a great many different dancers; among them was one [set] consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome, sprightly swains, all arrayed in fine white linen, with handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those upon the mares asked a youth, who led the sword-dance, whether any of his comrades were hurt. As yet, God be thanked, quoth the youth, nobody is wounded; we are all whole: and presently he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dexterously, that though Don Quixote was accustomed to see such kind of dances, he never liked any so well as that. There was another, which pleased him mightily, of a dozen most beautiful damsels, so young, that none of them appeared to be under fourteen, nor any quite eighteen years old, all clad in green stuff of Cuenca, their locks partly plaited, and partly loose, and all so yellow, that they might rival those of the sun itself; with garlands of jessamine, roses, and woodbine upon their heads. They were led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, but more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music; and they, carrying modesty in their looks and eyes, and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these, there entered an artificial dance, composed of eight nymphs, divided into two files. The god Cupid led one file, and Interest the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the other apparelled with rich and various colours of

gold and silk. The nymphs, attendant on the God of Love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. POETRY was the title of the first; DISCRETION of the second; GOOD FAMILY of the third: and VALOUR of the fourth. The followers of INTEREST were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was LIBERALITY; DONATION of the second: TREASURE of the third; and that of the fourth PEACEABLE-POSSESSION. Before them all came a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so to the life, that they almost frighted Sancho. On the front, and on all the four sides of the machine, was written, 'The Castle of Reserve'. Four skilful musicians played on the tabor and pipe. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the battlements of the castle, whom he addressed after this manner:

LOVE

I am the mighty God of Love;
Air, earth, and seas my power obey
O'er hell beneath, and heaven above,
I reign with universal sway.

I give, resume, forbid, command:
My will is nature's general law:
No force arrests my powerful hand,
Nor fears my daring courage awe.

He finished his stanza, let fly an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth, and made two other movements: the tabors ceased, and he said:

INTEREST

Though Love 's my motive and my end,
I boast a greater power than Love,
Who makes not Interest his friend,
In nothing will successful prove.

By all ador'd, by all pursu'd;
Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,
And for thy gentle breast subdu'd
With large amends shall Int'rest pay.

Then Interest withdrew, and Poetry advanced; and, after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

POETRY

My name is Poetry: my soul,
Wrapp'd up in verse, to thee I send:
Let gentle lays thy will control,
And be for once the Muses' friend.

If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry
Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,
Envied by all, advanced by me,
Shall reach the circle of the moon.

Poetry went off, and from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality, and, after making her movements said:

LIBERALITY

Me Liberality men call;
In me the happy golden mean,
Not spendthrift-like to squander all,
Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

But, for thy honour, I begin,
Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove:
To lavish here 's a glorious sin;
For who'd a miser be in love?

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses, some elegant, and some ridiculous; of which Don Quixote, who had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing only. Presently they all mixed together, in a kind of country dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom; and when

Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft; but Interest flung gilded balls against it. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Roman catskin, which seemed to be full of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed, and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, and without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they seemed to take her prisoner, and lead her away captive: which Love and his adherents perceiving, they made a show as if they would rescue her: and all their seeming efforts were adjusted to the sound of the tabors. They were parted by the savages, who with great agility rejoined the boards, and reinstated the castle, and the damsel was again enclosed therein as before: and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that had contrived and ordered the show? She answered, A beneficed clergyman of that village, who had a notable headpiece for such kind of inventions. I will lay a wager, quoth Don Quixote, that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers: for he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho. Sancho Panza, who listened to all this, said: The king is my cock; I hold with Camacho. In short, quoth Don Quixote, it is plain you are an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry, Long live the conqueror! I know not who I am one of, answered Sancho: but I know very well, I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots, as I have done from Camacho's. Here he showed the cauldron full of geese and hens; and, laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good-humour and appetite, and said: A fig for Basilius's abilities! for you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the

world, as my grandmother used to say, 'the Have's and the Havenot's', and she stuck to the former; and nowadays, Master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle: so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares, and conies; whilst that of Basilius's, if ever it comes to hand, must be mere dish-water. Have you finished your harangue, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. I must have done, answered Sancho, because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; for were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days. God grant, replied Don Quixote, I may see you dumb before I die. At the rate we go on, answered Sancho, before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay; and then perhaps I may be so dumb, that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday. Though it should fall out so, answered Don Quixote, your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present, and to come: besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before you, and therefore never can see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say.

In good faith, sir, answered Sancho, there is no trusting to Madam Skeleton, I mean, Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep: and I have heard our vicar say, she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings, and the humble cottages of the poor.[1] That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice: she is not at all squeamish: she eats of everything and lays hold of all; and stuffs her wallets with people of all sorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She is not a reaper that sleeps away the noonday heat;

[1] This Horatian tag was evidently a favourite with Cervantes, who assigns it to his friendly adviser in the Preface to Part I, p. 5.

for she cuts down and mows, at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass: nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way; for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied; and, though she has no belly, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cold water. Hold, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, while you are well, and do not spoil all; for, in truth, what you have said of Death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things. A good liver is the best preacher, answered Sancho, and that is all the divinity I know. Or need know, quoth Don Quixote: but I can in no wise understand, nor comprehend, how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, should be so knowing. Good, your worship, judge of your own chivalries, answered Sancho, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears or valours; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world. And, so saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

CHAPTER XXI

In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discourses mentioned in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise, raised and occasioned by those that rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish priest and the kindred on both sides, and by all the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holiday apparel. And when Sancho espied the bride, he said: In good faith, she is not clad like a country girl, but like any court lady: by the mass, the breast-piece she wears seems to me at this distance to be of rich coral; and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenca, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet: besides the trimming, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive, but they are of gold, aye, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, whoreson jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien: why, she is a very moving palm-tree, laden with branches of dates; for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck: by my soul the girl is so well plated over, she might pass current at any bank in Flanders[1]. Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, and thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso,

[1] Literally, 'she is a stout-hearted girl, who might steer through the shoals of Flanders'.

he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by want of rest the preceding night, which brides always employ in setting themselves off, and dressing for their wedding-day following.

They proceeded towards a theatre on one side of the meadow, adorned with carpets and boughs; where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the dances and inventions. And, just as they arrived at the standing, they heard a great outcry behind them, and somebody calling aloud: Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people! At which voice and words they all turned about their heads, and found, they came from a man clad in a black jacket, all welted with crimson in flames. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a great truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant Basilius, and were in suspense, waiting to see what would be the issue of this procedure, and apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath, and planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour, and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he uttered these expressions: You well know, forgetful Quiteria, that, by the rules of that holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living; neither are you ignorant, that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine; whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate; and that his good luck may be heaped brimful (not that I think he deserves it, but that heaven will have it so) I with my own hands will remove all impossibility or inconve-

nience by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria; many and happy ages may they live, and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune, and laid him in his grave! And so saying, he laid hold on his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and drawing out a short tuck that was concealed in it, and to which it served as a scabbard, and setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determinate purpose, he threw himself upon it; and in an instant half the bloody point appeared at his back, the poor wretch lying along upon the ground, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster: and Don Quixote, quitting Rosinante, ran also to assist, and took him in his arms, and found he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the tuck: but the priest, who was by, was of opinion, it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession; for their pulling it out, and his expiring, would happen at the same moment. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice, said: If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony, you would give me your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours. Which the priest hearing, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul, rather than the gratifying his bodily appetites, and in good earnest to beg pardon of God for his sins, and especially for this last desperate action. To which Basilius replied that he would by no means make any confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirits, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, said in a loud voice, that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done; and that it would be every whit as honourable for Señor Camacho to

take Quiteria, a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands; all that was necessary being but a bare 'Yes', which could have no other consequence than the pronouncing the word, since the nuptial-bed of these espousals must be the grave. Camacho heard all this, and was in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say; but so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent, that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they moved and forced him to say, that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was contented, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Presently all ran and applied to Quiteria, and some with entreaties, others with tears, and others with persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, harder than marble, and more immoveable than a statue, neither could, nor would return any answer. But the priest bade her resolve immediately; for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for irresolute determinations.

Then the beautiful Quiteria without answering a word, and in appearance much troubled and concerned, approached Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a heathen than a Christian. At last Quiteria kneeling down by him, made signs to him for his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them steadfastly upon her, said: O Quiteria, you relent at a time, when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life: for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me yours, nor to suspend the pain, which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. What I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, is that the hand you require and give, be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh; but that you would confess and acknowledge, that you bestow

it without any force laid upon your will, and give it me as to your lawful husband: for it is not reasonable, that, in this extremity, you should impose upon me, or deal falsely with him, who has dealt so faithfully and sincerely with you. At these words he was seized with such a fainting-fit, that all the bystanders thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, said: No force would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom I have, I give you my hand, to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution does not disturb or hinder it. Yes, I give it you, answered Basilius, neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; and so I give and engage myself to be your husband. And I to be your wife, answered Quiteria, whether you live many years or are carried from my arms to the grave. For one so much wounded, quoth Sancho Panza at this period, this young man talks a great deal: advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul; though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue, than between his teeth.

Basilius and Quiteria being thus with hands joined, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the new-married man's soul: who, as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the tuck, which was sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were in admiration, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud, A miracle, a miracle! But Basilius replied, no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem! The priest, astonished, and confounded, ran with both his hands to feel the wound, and found that the sword had passed not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe, filled with blood, and cunningly fitted to the place and purpose;

and as it was known afterwards the blood was prepared by art, that it could not congeal. In short, the priest, Camacho, and the rest of the bystanders, found they were imposed upon, and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick: on the contrary, hearing it said that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said, she confirmed it anew: from whence everybody concluded the business was concerted with the knowledge and privity of both parties; at which Camacho and his abettors were so confounded, that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance upon his arm, and well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kinds of frays, retired to the jars, out of which he had gotten his charming skimmings, that place seeming to him to be sacred, and therefore to be revered. Don Quixote cried aloud; Hold, sirs, hold! for it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love: and pray, consider, that love and war are exactly alike; and as, in war, it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagems to defeat the enemy, so, in amorous conflicts and rivalships, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights, in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's, and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb, and no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him; for those, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: and whoever shall attempt it, must first pass the point of this lance. Then he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity, that he struck terror into all that did not know him.

But Quiteria's disdain took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her

out of his memory; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed: in token whereof they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria, than the cunning of Basilius. Camacho reasoned within himself, that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her. Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too; and the rich Camacho, to show he did not resent the trick put upon him, nor value it all, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married: but neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers, would partake of them; and so they went home to Basilius's house: for the poor man who is virtuous and discreet, has those that follow, honour, and stand by him, as well as the rich has his attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was cloudy and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night; and thus drooping and sad, he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the fleshpots of Egypt, which, however, he carried in his mind, the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and abundance of the good he had lost; and so, anxious and pensive, though not hungry, and without alighting from Dapple, he followed the track of Rosinante.

CHAPTER XXII

Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, lying in the heart of La Mancha, to which the valorous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion.

The new-married couple made exceeding much of Don Quixote, being obliged by the readiness he had shown in defending their cause: and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom; from whom it was known, that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius's own, hoping from it the very success which fell out. True it is, he confessed he had let some of his friends into the secret, that they might favour his design, and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed, it could not nor ought to be called deceit, which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends: observing by the way, that hunger and continual necessity are the greatest enemies to love; for love is gaiety, mirth, and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this he said with design to persuade Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities, wherein he so much excelled; for though they procured him fame, they got him no money; and that now he should apply himself to acquire riches by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man (if a poor man can be said to have honour) possesses a jewel in having a beautiful wife; and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour, and as it were kills it. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor,

deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty, of itself alone, attracts the inclinations of all who behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of prey; and she, who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband. Observe, discreet Basilius, added Don Quixote, that it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good woman in all the world; and he gave it as his advice, that every man should think, and believe she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. I for my part am not married, nor have I yet ever thought of being so: yet would I venture to give my advice to anyone, who should ask it of me, what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon charity than fortune; for a good woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; for public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret wantonness. If you bring a woman honest to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so, and even to make her better, and improve her very goodness: but if you bring her naughty, you will have much ado to mend her; for it is not very feasible to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say, it is impossible; but I take it to be extremely difficult.

All this Sancho listened to, and said to himself: This master of mine, when I speak things pithy and substantial, used to say, I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine things; and I say of him, that, when he begins stringing of sentences, and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll about your market-places, crying out: Mouth, what would you have? The devil take thee for a knight-errant that knows everything! I believed in

my heart, that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries: but he pecks at everything, and thrusts his spoon into every dish. Sancho muttered this so loud, that his master, overhearing it, said to him: Sancho, what is it you mutter? I neither say, nor mutter anything, answered Sancho: I was only saying to myself, that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married; then perhaps I should have been able to say now, The ox that is loose is best licked. Is your Teresa, then, so bad, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. She is not very bad, answered Sancho; but she is not very good neither, at least not quite so good as I would have her. You are in the wrong, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children. We are not in one another's debt upon that score, answered Sancho; for she speaks as ill of me, whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous; for then Satan himself cannot bear with her.

Finally, three days they stayed with the new married couple, where they were served and treated like kings in person. Don Quixote desired the dexterous student to furnish him with a guide, to bring him to the cave of Montesinos; for he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and see with his own eyes, whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told him, he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar, and much addicted to reading books of chivalry, who would very gladly carry him to the mouth of the cave itself, and also show him the lakes of Ruydera, famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain; telling him, he would be a very entertaining companion, being a young man, who knew how to write books for the press, and dedicate them to princes. In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal, whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old carpet, or sacking. Sancho saddled Rosinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallets; and those of the scholar were as well provided: and so com-

mending themselves to the protection of God, and taking leave of everybody, they set out, bending their course directly towards the famous cave of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the scholar, of what kind and quality his exercises, profession, and studies were. To which he answered: That his profession was the study of humanity; his exercise, composing of books for the press, all of great use, and no small entertainment to the commonwealth; that one of them was entitled *A Treatise on Liveries*, describing seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers; from whence the cavalier courtiers might pick and choose to their minds, for feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, or beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design; for, said he, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent, so properly, that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call, *The Metamorphoses, or Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention; for therein, imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I show who the Giralda of Seville [1] was, and who the angel of La Magdalena [2]; what the conduit of Vecinguerra of Córdova [3]; what the bulls of Guisando [4]; the Sable Mountain [5]; the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid [6]; not forgetting the Piojo, that of the golden pipe, and that of the Priora [7]: and all these, with their several allegories, metaphors, and transformations, in

[1] See the note to Chapter xiv, p. 103.

[2] The weathercock on St. Mary Magdalene's Church at Salamanca.

[3] The main sewer draining the slums of Córdova.

[4] See the second note to Chapter xiv, p. 103.

[5] The Sierra Morena range.

[6] The site of the Leganitos fountain is now occupied by highly respectable houses; the Lavapies quarter is still, as in Cervantes's time, a poor neighbourhood.

[7] These fountains are no longer to be found.

such a manner as to delight, surprise, and instruct at the same time. I have another book, which I call a *Supplement to Polydore Virgil*, treating of the invention of things; a work of vast erudition and study, because therein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in a fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease; these points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of above five-and-twenty authors for them; so that your worship may see whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world.

Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said: Tell me, sir, so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you resolve me (for I know you can, since you know everything) who was the first that scratched his head? I for my part am of opinion, it must be our first father Adam. Certainly, answered the scholar; for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair, and, this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched his head one time or another. So I believe, answered Sancho; but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world? Truly, brother, answered the scholar, I cannot determine that point till I have studied it; and I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again: for I hope this will not be the last time. Look ye, sir, replied Sancho, take no pains about this matter; for I have already hit upon the answer to my question: Know then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss. You are in the right, friend, quoth the scholar. Don Quixote said: This question and answer are not your own, Sancho; you have heard them from somebody else. Say no more, sir, replied

Sancho; for, in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow morning: for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours. Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into, and explaining things, which, after they are known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory.

In these, and other pleasant discourses, they passed that day, and at night they lodged in a small village, from whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, there were but two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, and that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with rope to tie and let himself down into its depth. Don Quixote said, if it reached to the abyss, he would see where it stopped; and so they bought near a hundred fathom of cord; and, about two in the afternoon following, they came to the cave, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but full of briers, wild fig-trees, and thorns, so thick and intricate, that they quite blind and cover it. When they arrived at it, the scholar, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted: then the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord, and, while they were swathing him, Sancho said: Have a care, dear sir, what you do: do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself dangling like a flask of wine, let down to cool in a well; for it is no business of your worship's, nor does it belong to you, to be the scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon. Tie on, and talk not, answered Don Quixote; for such an enterprise as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone. Then the guide said: I beseech your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to take good heed, and look about you with a hundred eyes, and explore what is below: perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses. The drum is in a hand

that knows full well how to rattle it, answered Sancho Panza.

This being said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished, Don Quixote said: We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell to be tied to me with this rope; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive: but since that is now impossible, be the hand of God my guide.

And immediately he kneeled down, and, in a low voice, put up a prayer to heaven for assistance, and good success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure: then of a sudden, in a loud voice, he said: O mistress of my actions and motions, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard-of beauty's sake, hearken to them; for all I beg of thee is, not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate, to ingulf, and sink myself in the profound abyss here before me, only to let the world know, that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish. And, so saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw he could not be let down, nor get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through: and so, laying his hand to his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes at the mouth of the cave; at which noise and rustling, an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground; and had he been as superstitious as he was Catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night birds, such as bats (some of which likewise flew out among the ravens), the scholar and Sancho, giving him rope, let

him down to the bottom of the fearful cavern: and, at his going in, Sancho, giving him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said: God, and the Rock of France[1], together with the Trinity of Gaeta[2], speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! Once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound, without deceit, to the light of this world, which thou art forsaking, to bury thyself, in this obscurity. The scholar uttered much the same prayers and intercessions.

Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the hundred fathom of cordage was all let down, they were of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could give him no more rope. However they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight at all: from whence they conjectured, that Don Quixote remained in the cave; and Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry, to know the truth: but, coming to a little above eighty fathom, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly; to whom Sancho called out, saying: Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we began to think you had stayed there to breed. But Don Quixote answered not a word; and, pulling him quite out, they perceived his eyes were shut, as if he was asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him; yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, and jogged, and returned, and shook him, that after a good while

[1] The Peña de Francia was a place of pilgrimage near Ciudad Rodrigo.

[2] The church at Gaeta harbour.

he came to himself, stretching and yawning just as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep: and gazing from side to side as if he was amazed, he said: God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight, that ever mortal saw or lived. In short, I am now thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos![1] O desperately wounded Durandarte![2] O unfortunate Belerma![3] O weeping Guadiana![4] And ye unlucky daughters of Ruydera, whose waters show what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes! The scholar and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke, as if with immense pain he fetched them from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what it was he had been saying, and to tell them what he had seen in that hell below. Hell do you call it? said Don Quixote: call it so no more: for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see. He desired they would give him something to eat, for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass; they addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, they collationed and supped all under one. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said: Let no one arise, and, sons, be attentive to me.

[1] The Spanish ballads on Montesinos derive from the French poem *Aiol*, Grimaltos being substituted for Élie, Tomillas for Macaire, Charlemagne for Louis, and Montesinos for Aiol. Montesinos is the nephew of Charlemagne: the ballads which relate to him are not primitive.

[2] Cousin of Montesinos in the Carlovingian cycle. We have here a case of legend transforming Roland's sword, Durendal, into a person. Durandarte fell at Roncesvalles, bidding Montesinos bear his heart to Belerma.

[3] Durandarte's mistress.

[4] Reversing the anthropomorphic process applied to Durendal, legend changed the squire Guadiana into a river.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of the wonderful things, which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which make this adventure pass for apocryphal.

It was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, hid among the clouds, with a faint light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without extraordinary heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner:

About twelve or fourteen fathom in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a hollow, and space wide enough to contain a large wagon, mules and all: a little light makes its way into it, through some cracks and holes at a distance in the surface of the earth. This hollow and open space I saw, just as I began to weary, and out of humour to find myself pendent and tied by the rope, and journeying through that dark region below, without knowing whither I was going: and so I determined to enter it and rest a little. I called out to you aloud, not to let down more rope till I bid you: but, it seems you heard me not. I gathered up the cord you had let down, and coiling it up into a heap, or bundle, I sat me down upon it, extremely pensive, and considering what method I should take to descend to the bottom, having nothing to support my weight. And being thus thoughtful, and in confusion, on a sudden, without any endeavour of mine, a deep sleep fell upon me; and, when I least thought of it, I awaked, and found myself, I knew not by what means, in the midst of the finest, pleasantest, and

most delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the most pregnant fancy imagine. I rubbed my eyes, wiped them, and perceived I was not asleep, but really awake: but for all that I fell to feeling my head and breast, to be assured whether it was I, myself, who was there, or some empty and counterfeit illusion: but [touch], sensation, and the coherent discourse I made to myself, convinced me, that I was then and there the same person I am now here. Immediately a royal and splendid palace or castle presented itself to my view; the walls and battlements whereof seemed to be built of clear and transparent crystal: from out of which, through a great pair of folding doors, that opened of their own accord, I saw come forth, and advance towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long mourning cloak of purple bays, which trailed upon the ground. Over his shoulders and breast he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin: he had a black Milan cap on his head, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He carried no weapons at all, only a rosary of beads in his hand, bigger than middling walnuts, and every tenth bead like an ordinary ostrich egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, and his goodly presence, each by itself, and all together, surprised and amazed me. He came up to me, and the first thing he did, was to embrace me close; and then he said: It is a long time, most valorous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we, who are shut up and enchanted in these solitudes, have hoped to see you, that the world by you may be informed what this deep cave, commonly called the cave of Montesinos, encloses and conceals; an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage. Come along with me, illustrious sir, that I may show you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am warder and perpetual guard; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom this cave derives its name. Scarce had he told me he was Montesinos, when I asked him, whether it was true, which was reported in the world above,

that with a little dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to his lady Belerma, as he had desired him at the point of death. He replied, all was true, excepting as to the dagger: for it was neither a dagger, nor little, but a bright poniard, sharper than an awl.

That poniard, interrupted Sancho, must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. I do not know, continued Don Quixote: but, upon second thoughts, it could not be of his making; for Raymond de Hozes lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought many years ago. But this objection is of no importance, and neither disorders nor alters the truth and connexion of the story. True, answered the scholar; pray go on, Señor Don Quixote, for I listen to you with the greatest pleasure in the world. And I tell it with no less, answered Don Quixote, and so I say:

The venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool, and all of alabaster, there stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, whereon I saw, laid at full length, a cavalier, not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right hand, which to my thinking was pretty hairy and nervous (a sign that its owner was very strong), was laid on the region of his heart; and before I could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving me in some suspense, and my eyes fixed on the sepulchre, said: This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time. Merlin, that French enchanter [1], keeps him here enchanted, as he does me, and many others of both sexes. It is said, he is the son of the devil; though I do not believe him to be

[1] Merlin was Welsh, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth; but, as the bulk of Arthurian literature is French, Cervantes's mistake is very natural.

the devil's son, but only, as the saying is, that he knows one point more than the devil himself. How, or why, he enchanted us, nobody knows: but time will bring it to light, and I fancy it will not be long first. What I admire at, is, that I am as sure, as it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead I pulled out his heart with my own hands; and, indeed, it could not weigh less than two pounds: for, according to the opinion of naturalists, he who has a large heart, is endued with more courage, than he who has a small one. It being then certain that this cavalier really died, said I, how comes it to pass that he complains every now and then, and sighs, as if he were alive?

This was no sooner said, but the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said: 'O my dear cousin Montesinos! the last thing I desired of you, when I was dying, and my soul departing, was to carry my heart, ripping it out of my breast with a dagger, or poniard, to Belerma'.[1] The venerable Montesinos hearing this, threw himself on his knees before the complaining cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him: Long since, O my dearest cousin Durandarte, I did what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss: I took out your heart as well as I could, without leaving the least bit of it in your breast; I wiped it with a lace handkerchief, took it, and went off full speed with it for France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands, and clean away the blood which stuck to them by raking in your entrails. By the same token, dear cousin of my soul, in the first place I lighted upon, going from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt over your heart, that it might not stink, and might keep, if not fresh, at least dried up, till it came to the lady Belerma; who, together with you and me, and your squire

[1] An adaptation of the finest existing ballad on Durandarte.

Guadiana, and the duenna Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and two nieces, with several other of your friends and acquaintance, have been kept here enchanted by the sage Merlin, these many years past; and though it be above five hundred years ago, not one of us is dead; only Ruydera and her daughters and nieces are gone, whom, because of their weeping, Merlin, out of compassion, turned into so many lakes, which, at this time, in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera. The seven sisters belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called the Knights of St. John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was changed into a river of his own name; who, arriving at the surface of the earth, and seeing the sun of another sky, was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunged again into the bowels of the earth; but, it being impossible to avoid taking the natural course, he rises now and then, and shows himself, where the sun and people may see him[1]. The aforesaid lakes supply him with their waters, with which, and several others that join him, he enters stately and great into Portugal. Nevertheless, whithersoever he goes, he discovers his grief and melancholy, breeding in his waters, not delicate and costly fish, but only coarse and unsavoury ones, very different from those of the golden Tagus. And what I now tell you, O my dearest cousin, I have often told you before, and since you make me no answer, I fancy, you do not believe me, or do not hear me; which, God knows, afflicts me very much. One piece of news, however, I will tell you, which, if it serves not to alleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. Know then, that you have here present (open your eyes, and you will see him) that great knight, of whom the sage Merlin prophesied so many things; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who, with

[1] Alluding to the subterranean course of the Guadiana between Argamasilla and Daimiel.

greater advantages than in the ages past, has, in the present times, restored the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry; by whose means, and favour, we may, perhaps, be disenchanted: for great exploits are reserved for great men. And though it should fall out otherwise, answered the poor Durandarte with a faint and low voice, though it should not prove so, O cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards: and, turning himself on one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence, without speaking a word more.

Then were heard great cries and wailings, accompanied with profound sighs and distressful sobbings. I turned my head about, and saw through the crystal walls a procession in two files of most beautiful damsels, all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all, in the rear of the files, came a lady (for by her gravity she seemed to be such) clad also in black, with a white veil, so long that it kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others: her eyebrows were joined; her nose was somewhat flattish; her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes showed, were thin set, and not very even, though as white as blanched almonds. She carried in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, and in it, as seemed to me, a heart of mummy, so dry and withered it appeared to be. Montesinos told me, that all those of the procession were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, and were there enchanted with their master and mistress, and that she, who came last, bearing the heart in the linen handkerchief, was the lady Belerma herself, who, four days in the week, made that procession together with her damsels, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body, and over the piteous heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to me somewhat ugly, or not so beautiful as fame reported, it was occasioned by the bad nights and worse days she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen by

the great wrinkles under her eyes, and her broken complexion: as to her being pale and hollow-eyed, it was not occasioned by the periodical indisposition incident to women, there not having been, for several months, and even years past, the least appearance of any such matter; but merely by the affliction her heart feels from what she carries continually in her hands; which renews and revives in her memory the disaster of her untimely deceased lover; for had it not been for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in these parts, and even over the whole world, would hardly have equalled her in beauty, good humour, and sprightliness.

Fair and softly, quoth I then, good Señor Montesinos: tell your story as you ought to do; for you know, that comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no need of comparing anybody with anybody. The peerless Dulcinea is what she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and so much for that. To which he answered: Señor Don Quixote, pardon me: I confess I was in the wrong, in saying, that the lady Dulcinea would hardly equal the lady Belerma: my understanding, by I know not what guesses, that your worship is her knight, ought to have made me bite my tongue sooner, than compare her to anything but heaven itself. With this satisfaction given me by the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered from the surprise it was in at hearing my mistress compared with Belerma. And I too admire, quoth Sancho, that your worship did not fall upon the old fellow, and bruise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard for him, till you had not left him an hair in it. No, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, it did not become me to do so; for we are all bound to respect old men, though they be not knights, and especially those who are such, and enchanted into the bargain. I know very well I was not at all behindhand with him in several other questions and answers, which passed between us.

Here the scholar said: I cannot imagine, Señor Don Quixote, how your worship in the short space of time you have been there below, could see so many things, and talk and answer so much. How long is it since I went down? quoth Don Quixote. A little above an hour, answered Sancho. That cannot be, replied Don Quixote; for night came upon me there, and then it grew day; and then night came again, and day again, three times successively; so that by my account I must have been three days in those parts, so remote and hidden from our sight. My master, said Sancho, must needs be in the right; for as everything has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour, may seem there three days and three nights. It is so, answered Don Quixote. And has your worship, good sir, eaten anything in all this time? quoth the scholar. I have not broken my fast with one mouthful, answered Don Quixote, nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while. Do the enchanted eat? said the scholar. They do not eat, answered Don Quixote, nor are they troubled with the greater excrements, though it is a common opinion, that their nails, their beards, and their hair grow. And, sir, do the enchanted sleep? quoth Sancho. No, truly, answered Don Quixote: at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I neither. Here, quoth Sancho, the proverb hits right, Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are. If your worship keeps company with those, who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship, that, of all you have been saying, God take me (I was going to say the devil) if I believe one word. How so? said the scholar: Señor Don Quixote then must have lied; who, if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a heap of lies. I do not believe my master lies, answered Sancho.

If not, what do you believe? quoth Don Quixote. I believe, answered Sancho, that the same Merlin, or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us, or that remains to be told.

Such a thing might be, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; but it is not so: for what I have related I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands: but what will you say, when I tell you, that, among an infinite number of things and wonders, showed me by Montesinos (which I will recount in the progress of our journey, at leisure, and in their due time, for they do not all belong properly to this place) he showed me three country wenches, who were dancing and capering like any kids about those charming fields; and scarce had I espied them, when I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches that came with her, whom we talked with at their coming out of Toboso. I asked Montesinos, whether he knew them. He answered, no, but that he took them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had appeared in those meadows but a few days before; and that I should not wonder at that, for there were a great many other ladies there, of the past and present ages, enchanted under various and strange figures, among whom he knew queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintañona, cup-bearer to Lancelot, when he arrived from Britain. When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted, or to die with laughing; for, as he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he himself had been the enchanter, and the bearer of that testimony, he concluded undoubtedly that his master had lost his senses, and was in all points mad: and therefore he said to him: In an evil juncture, and in a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down

to the other world; and in an unlucky moment did you meet with Señor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your worship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn, and not, as now, relating the greatest extravagances that can be imagined. As I know you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, I make no account of your words. Nor I of your worship's, replied Sancho: you may hurt me, if you will; you may kill me, if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, sir, now we are at peace, how or by what, did you know the lady our mistress? and if you spoke to her, what said you? and what answer did she make you?

I knew her, answered Don Quixote, by the very same clothes she wore when you showed her to me. I spoke to her; but she answered me not a word: on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not have overtaken her. I would have followed her: but Montesinos advised me not to tire myself, with so doing, since it would be in vain; besides, it was now time for me to think of returning and getting out of the cave. He also told me, that in process of time, I should be informed of the means of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and all the rest there. But what gave me the most pain of anything I saw, or took notice of, was, that while Montesinos was saying these things to me, there approached me on one side, unperceived by me, one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, and with tears in her eyes, in a low and troubled voice, said to me: My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and desires you to let her know how you do; and, being in great necessity, she also earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, six reals, or what you have about you,

which she promises to return very shortly. This message threw me into suspense and admiration, and, turning to Señor Montesinos, I demanded of him: Is it possible, Señor Montesinos, that persons of quality under enchantment suffer necessity? To which he answered: Believe me, Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that what is called necessity prevails everywhere, extends to all, and reaches everybody, not excusing even those who are enchanted: and since the lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you these six reals, and the pawn is, in appearance, a good one, there is no more to be done but to give her them; for without doubt she must needs be in some very great strait. I will take no pawn, answered I, nor can I send her what she desires; for I have but four reals, which I sent her, being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road; and said I to the damsel, Sweetheart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Fucar [1] to remedy them; and pray let her know, that I neither can nor will have health, while I want her amiable presence, and discreet conversation; and that I beseech her with all imaginable earnestness, that she would vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive servant and bewildered knight. Tell her, that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said, that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the Marquess of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to expire in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat bread upon a tablecloth, with the other idle whims he then added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the infante Don Pedro of Portugal [2], till she be disenchanted. All

[1] Fugger, the Augsburg banker who financed Charles V.
[2] Son of João of Portugal and Philippa, daughter of

this and more your worship owes my lady, answered the damsel; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a curtsy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air.

O holy God! cried Sancho aloud at this juncture, is it possible there should be such an one in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments should have such power over him, as to change my master's good understanding into so extravagant a madness? O sir! sir! for God's sake, look to yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses. It is your love of me, Sancho, makes you talk at this rate, quoth Don Quixote; and not being experienced in the things of the world, you take everything, in which there is the least difficulty, for impossible: but the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell you some other of the things I have seen below, which will make you give credit to what I have now told you, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute.

CHAPTER XXIV

In which are recounted a thousand impertinences necessary to the right understanding of this grand history.

The translator of this grand history from the original, written by its first author Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, says, that coming to the chapter of the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin these words of Hamet's own handwriting:

'I cannot persuade myself, or believe, that all that is mentioned in the foregoing chapter happened to the

John of Gaunt. He was brother of Prince Henry the Navigator. An account of Don Pedro's travels (1416–1428) was published in 1554.

valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is there written: the reason is, because all the adventures hitherto related might have happened and are probable; but in this of the cave I find no possibility of its being true, as it exceeds all reasonable bounds. But for me to think, that Don Quixote, being a gentleman of the greatest veracity, and a knight of the most worth of any of his time, would tell a lie, is as little possible; for he would not utter a falsehood, though he were to be shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I consider, that he told it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that he could not, in so short a space, have framed so vast a machine of extravagances: and if this adventure seems to be apocryphal, I am not in fault; and so, without affirming it for true or false, I write it. Since, reader, you have discernment, judge as you see fit; for I neither ought, nor can do any more; though it is held for certain, that, upon his death-bed, he retracted, and said, he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories.

Then the translator goes on, saying:

The scholar was astonished no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, judging that the mildness of temper he then showed sprang from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted: for, had it not been so, Sancho said such words and things to him as richly deserved a cudgelling; and in reality he thought Sancho had been a little too saucy with his master: To whom the scholar said: For my part, Señor Don Quixote, I reckon the pains of my journey in your worship's company very well bestowed, having thereby gained four things. The first, your worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness. The second, my having learned what is enclosed in this cave of Montesinos, with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera, which will serve me for my

Spanish Ovid I have now in hand. The third is, to have learned the antiquity of card-playing, which was in use at least in the days of the emperor Charles the Great, as may be gathered from the words your worship says Durandarte spoke, when, at the end of that great while Montesinos had been talking to him, he awaked, saying, Patience, and shuffle the cards: and this allusion to cards, and this way of speaking, he could not learn during his enchantment, but when he was in France, and in the days of the said emperor Charles the Great; and this remark comes pat for the other book I am upon, the *Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the Invention of Antiquities*: for I believe he has forgot to insert that of cards in his work, as I will now do in mine; which will be of great importance, especially as I shall allege the authority of so grave and true an author as Señor Durandarte. The fourth is, the knowing with certainty the source of the river Guadiana, hitherto unknown.

You are in the right, said Don Quixote: but I would fain know, if by the grace of God a licence be granted you for printing your books, which I doubt, to whom you intend to inscribe them? There are lords and grandees enough in Spain, to whom they may be dedicated, said the scholar. Not many, answered Don Quixote; not because they do not deserve a dedication, but because they will not receive one, to avoid lying under an obligation of making such a return, as seems due to the pains and complaisance of the authors. I know a prince[1], who makes amends for what is wanting in the rest, with so many advantages, that if I durst presume to publish them, perhaps, I might stir up envy in several noble breasts. But let this rest, till a more convenient season, and let us now consider, where we shall lodge to-night. Not far from hence, answered the scholar, is a hermitage, in which lives a hermit, who they say, has been a soldier, and has the reputation of being a good Christian, and very discreet, and

[1] The Conde de Lemos, Cervantes's patron.

charitable withal. Adjoining to the hermitage he has a little house, built at his own cost; but, though small, it is large enough to receive guests. Has this same hermit any poultry? quoth Sancho. Few hermits are without, answered Don Quixote; for those in fashion nowadays are not like those in the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the earth. I would not be understood, as if, by speaking well of the latter, I reflected upon the former: I only mean, that the penances of our times do not come up to the austerity and strictness of those days. But this is no reason why they may not be all good; at least I take them to be so; and at the worst, the hypocrite, who feigns himself good, does less hurt than the undisguised sinner.

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching a mule, laden with lances and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them, and passed on. Don Quixote said to him: Hold, honest friend; methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule. I cannot stay, answered the man; for the arms you see I am carrying, are to be made use of to-morrow, so that I am under a necessity not to stop, and so adieu: but, if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I intend to lodge this night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and, if you travel the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders; and, once more God be with you. Then he pricked on the mule at that rate, that Don Quixote had no time to inquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them: and, as he was not a little curious, and always tormented with the desire of hearing new things, he gave orders for their immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar would have had them lodge. This was done accordingly; they mounted, and all three took the direct road to the

inn, at which they arrived a little before nightfall. The scholar desired Don Quixote to make a step to the hermitage, to drink one draught: and scarce had Sancho Panza heard this, when he steered Dapple towards the hermitage, and the same did Don Quixote and the scholar; but Sancho's ill luck, it seems would have it, that the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the hermitage. They asked him for the dearest wine: he answered, his master had none; but, if they wanted cheap water, he would give them some with all his heart. If I had wanted water, answered Sancho, there are wells enough upon the road, from whence I might have satisfied myself. O for the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! how often shall I feel the want of you!

They quitted the hermitage, and spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook a lad, who was walking before them in no great haste. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it a roll or bundle, seemingly of his clothes, in all likelihood breeches or trousers, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jacket lined with satin, and his shirt hung out. His stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed, after the court fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance, and in appearance very active of body. He went on singing couplets, to divert the fatigue of the journey; and, when they overtook him he had just done singing one, the last words whereof the scholar got by heart; which they say were these:

> For want of the pence to the wars I must go:
> Ah! had I but money, it would not be so.

The first who spoke to him was Don Quixote, who said: You travel very airily, young spark; pray, whither so [airily]? let us know, if you are inclined to tell us. To which the youth answered: My walking so airily is occasioned by the heat and by poverty, and I am going to the wars. How by poverty?

demanded Don Quixote; by the heat it may very easily be. Sir, replied the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trousers, fellows to this jacket: if I wear them out upon the road, I cannot do myself credit with them in the city, and I have no money to buy others; and for this reason, as well as for coolness, I go thus, till I come up with some companies of foot, which are not twelve leagues from hence, where I will list myself, and shall not want baggage conveniences to ride in, till we come to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be at Carthagena: besides, I choose the king for my master and lord, whom I had rather serve in the war, than any paltry fellow at court. And pray, sir, have you any post? said the scholar. Had I served some grandee, or other person of distinction, answered the youth, no doubt I should; for in the service of good masters, it is no uncommon thing to rise from the servants' hall to the post of ensign or captain, or to get some good pension: but poor I was always in the service of strolling fellows or foreigners, whose wages and board wages are so miserable and slender, that one half is spent in paying for starching a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if one page-adventurer in a hundred should get any tolerable preferment. But, tell me, friend, quoth Don Quixote: is it possible, that, in all the time you have been in service, you could not procure a livery? I had two, answered the page: but, as he who quits a monastery before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and his old clothes returned to him, just so my master did by me, and gave me back mine; for, when the business was done, for which they came to court, they returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show.

A notable *spilorceria*, as the Italians say, quoth Don Quixote: however, look upon it as an earnest of good fortune, that you have quitted the court with so good an intention; for there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous, than

first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which one acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said: for though letters have founded more great families than arms, still there is I know not what that exalts those, who follow arms, above those who follow letters, with I know not what splendour attending them, which sets them above all others. And bear in mind this piece of advice, which will be of great use to you, and matter of consolation in your distresses; and that is, not to think of what adverse accidents may happen: for the worst that can happen is death, and, when death is attended with honour, the best that can happen is to die. That valorous Roman emperor, Julius Caesar, being asked, which was the best kind of death, answered, that which was sudden, unthought of, and unforeseen; and though he answered like a heathen, and a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with respect to human infirmity, he said well. For, supposing you are killed, in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot or the blowing up of a mine, what does it signify? all is but dying, and the business is done. According to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight[1]; and the good soldier gains just as much reputation, as he shows obedience to his captains, and to those who have a right to command him. And take notice, son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk: and if old age overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and full of wounds, at least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of: especially now that care is taking to provide for the maintenance of old and disabled soldiers, who ought not to be dealt with, as many do by their negro slaves, when they are old, and past service, whom they discharge and set at

[1] This passage has not been found in Terence.

liberty, and driving them out of their houses, under pretence of giving them their freedom, make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing but death can deliver them. At present I will say no more: but, get up behind me upon this horse of mine, till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-mórrow morning pursue your journey, and God give you as good speed as your good intentions deserve.

The page did not accept of the invitation of riding behind Don Quixote, but did that of supping with him at the inn; and here, it is said, Sancho muttered to himself: The Lord bless thee for a master! is it possible that one, who can say so many and such good things, as he has now done, should say he saw the extravagant impossibilities he tells us of the cave of Montesinos? Well, we shall see what will come of it.

By this time they arrived at the inn, just at night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle, as usual. They were scarce entered, when Don Quixote asked the landlord for the man with the lances and halberds; he answered, he was in the stable looking after his mule. The scholar and Sancho did the same by their beasts, giving Rosinante the best manger, and the best place in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV

Wherein is begun the braying adventure, with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape.

DON QUIXOTE'S cake was dough, as the saying is, till he could hear and learn the wonders promised to be told him by the conductor of the arms; and therefore he went in quest of him where the innkeeper told him he was; and, having found him, he desired him by all means to tell him, what he had to say as to what he had inquired of him upon the road. The man auswered: The account of my wonders must be taken more at leisure, and not on foot: suffer me, good sir, to make an end of taking care of my beast, and I will tell you things which will amaze you. Let not that be any hindrance, answered Don Quixote; for I will help you; and so he did, winnowing the barley, and cleaning the manger; a piece of humility, which obliged the man readily to tell him what he desired: and seating himself upon a stone bench without the inn door, and Don Quixote by his side, the scholar, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, serving as his senate and auditory, he began in this manner:

You must understand, gentlemen, that, in a town four leagues and a half from this inn, it happened, that an alderman, through the artful contrivance (too long to be told) of a wench his maidservant, lost his ass; and though the said alderman used all imaginable diligence to find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days were passed, as public fame says, since the ass was missing, when the losing alderman being in the market-place, another alderman of the same town said to him: Pay me for my good news, gossip; for your ass has appeared. Most willingly, neighbour, answered the other; but let us know where he has

been seen. In the mountain, answered the finder; I saw him this morning, without a pannel, or any kind of furniture about him, and so lank, that it would grieve one to see him: I would fain have driven him before me, and brought him to you; but he is already become so wild, and so shy, that, when I went near him, away he galloped, and ran in the most hidden part of the mountain. If you have a mind we should both go to seek him, let me but put up this ass at home, and I will return instantly. You will do me a great pleasure, quoth he of the ass, and I will endeavour to pay you in the same coin. With all these circumstances, and after the very same manner, is the story told by all, who are thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the affair.

In short, the two aldermen, on foot, and hand in hand, went to the mountain; and coming to the very place where they thought to find the ass, they found him not, nor was he to be seen anywhere thereabouts, though they searched diligently after him. Perceiving then, that he was not to be found, quoth the alderman that had seen him, to the other: Hark you, gossip; a device is come into my head, whereby we shall assuredly discover this animal, though he were crept into the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain; and it is this: I can bray marvellously well, and if you can do so never so little, conclude the business done. Never so little, say you, neighbour? quoth the other; before God, I yield the precedence to none—no, not to asses themselves. We shall see that immediately, answered the second alderman; for I propose that you shall go on one side of the mountain, and I on the other, and so we shall traverse and encompass it quite round; and every now and then you shall bray, and so will I; and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us, if he be in the mountain. To which the master of the ass answered: Verily, neighbour, the device is excellent, and worthy of your great ingenuity. So parting according to agreement, it fell out, that they

both brayed at the same instant, and each of them, deceived by the braying of the other, ran to seek the other, thinking the ass had appeared; and, at the sight of each other, the loser said: Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed? No, it was I, answered the other. I tell you then, quoth the owner, that there is no manner of difference, as to the braying part, between you and an ass; for in my life I never saw or heard anything more natural. These praises and compliments, answered the author of the stratagem, belong rather to you than to me, gossip; for, by the God that made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer of the world; for the tone is deep, the sustaining of the voice in time and measure, and the cadences frequent and quick: in short, I own myself vanquished, I give you the palm, and yield up the standard of this rare ability. I say, answered the owner, I shall value and esteem myself the more henceforward, and shall think I know something, since I have some excellence; for, though I fancied I brayed well, I never flattered myself I came up to the pitch you are pleased to say. I tell you, answered the second, there are rare abilities lost in the world, and that they are ill bestowed on those, who know not how to employ them to advantage. Ours, quoth the owner, excepting in cases like the present, cannot be of service to us; and, even in this, God grant they prove of any benefit.

This said, they separated again, and fell anew to their braying; and at every turn they deceived each other, and met again, till they agreed, as a countersign to distinguish their own brayings from that of the ass, that they should bray twice together, one immediately after the other. Thus doubling their brayings, they made the tour of the mountain; but no answer from the stray ass—no, not by signs: indeed, how could the poor creature answer, whom they found in the thickest of the wood, half devoured by wolves? At sight whereof the owner said: I

wondered indeed he did not answer: for, had he not been dead, he would have brayed at hearing us, or he were no ass: nevertheless, gossip, I esteem the pains I have been at in seeking him to be well bestowed, though I have found him dead, since I have heard you bray with such a grace. It is in a good hand, gossip, answered the other: for if the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far behind him.

Hereupon they returned home, disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all that had happened in the search after the ass; each of them exaggerating the other's excellence in braying. The story spread all over the adjacent villages; and the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow and promote squabbles and discord wherever he can, raising a bustle in the wind, and great chimeras out of next to nothing, so ordered and brought it about, that the people of other villages, upon seeing any one of the folks of our town, would presently fall a-braying, as it were hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, which was all one as putting it into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and thus braying spread from one town to another, insomuch that the natives of the town of Bray[1] are as well known as white folks are distinguished from black. And this unhappy jest has gone so far, that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle, without king or rook, or fear or shame, being able to prevent it. To-morrow, I believe, or next day, those of our town, the brayers, will take the field against the people of another village, about two leagues from ours, being one of those which persecute us most. And, to be well provided for them, I have brought

[1] *El pueblo del rebuzno* = the town where the braying took place. It has been identified, on insufficient grounds, with Peraleja.

the lances and halberds you saw me carrying. And these are the wonders I said I would tell you; and if you do not think them such, I have no other for you. And here the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came in at the door of the inn a man clad from head to foot in chamois leather, hose, doublet, and breeches, and said with a loud voice: Master Host, have you any lodging? for here comes the divining ape, and the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance. Body of me, quoth the innkeeper, what! Master Peter here! we shall have a brave night of it. I had forgot to tell you, that this same Master Peter had his left eye, and almost half his cheek, covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that something ailed all that side of his face. The landlord went on saying: Welcome, Master Peter! where is the ape and the puppet-show? I do not see them. They are hard by, answered the all-chamois man; I came before, to see if there be any lodging to be had. I would turn out the Duke de Alva himself, to make room for Master Peter, answered the innkeeper: let the ape and the puppets come: for there are guests this evening in the inn. who will pay for seeing the show, and the abilities of the ape. So be it in God's name, answered he of the patch; and I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges. I will go back, and hasten the cart with the ape and the puppets. And immediately he went out of the inn.

Then Don Quixote asked the landlord, what Master Peter this was, and what puppets, and what ape he had with him? To which the landlord answered: He is a famous puppet-player, who has been a long time going up and down these parts of Mancha in Aragon, with a show of Melisendra and the famous Don Gayferos; which is one of the best stories, and the best performed, of any that has been seen hereabouts these many years. He has also an ape, whose talents exceed those of all other apes, and even those

of men: for, if anything is asked him, he listens to it attentively, and then, leaping upon his master's shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer to the question that is put to him; which Master Peter presently repeats aloud. It is true, he tells much more concerning things past than things to come; and, though he does not always hit right, yet for the most part he is not much out; so that we are inclined to believe he has the devil within him. He has two reals for each question, if the ape answers; I mean, if his master answers for him, after the ape has whispered him in the ear: and therefore it is thought this same Master Peter must be very rich. He is, besides, a very gallant man, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion, and lives the merriest life in the world. He talks more than six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all this at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets.

By this time Master Peter was returned, and in the cart came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail, and its buttocks bare as a piece of felt: but not ill-favoured. Don Quixote no sooner espied him, but he began to question him, saying: Master Diviner, pray, tell me, what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune? See, here are my two reals, bidding Sancho to give them to Master Peter, who answered for the ape, and said: Señor, this animal makes no answer, nor gives any information, as to things future: he knows something of the past, and a little of the present. Odds bobs, quoth Sancho, I would not give a brass farthing, to be told what is past of myself; for who can tell that better than myself? and for me to pay for what I know already, would be a very great folly. But since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let good-man ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing, and what she is employed about? Master Peter would not take the money, saying: I will not be paid beforehand, nor take your reward till I have done you the service; and giving with his right hand two

or three claps on the left shoulder, at one spring the ape jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, grated his teeth and chattered apace; and, having made this grimace for the space of a Credo, at another skip down it jumped on the ground, and presently Master Peter ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs said: These legs I embrace, just as if I embraced the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O never-sufficiently-extolled knight Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou spirit to the faint-hearted, stay to those that are falling, arm to those who are already fallen, staff and comfort to all that are unfortunate! Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho in suspense, the scholar surprised, the page astonished, the braying-man in a gaze, the innkeeper confounded, and, lastly, all amazed that heard the expressions of the puppet-player, who proceeded, saying: And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice, that thy good wife Teresa is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax! by the same token that she has by her left side a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work. I verily believe it, answered Sancho, for she is a blessed one, and, were she not a little jealous, I would not change her for the giantess Andandona [1], who, in my master's opinion, was a very accomplished woman, and a special housewife; and my Teresa is one of those, who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expense of their heirs. Well, quoth Don Quixote, he who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much. This, I say, because what could have been sufficient to persuade me that there are apes in the world that can divine, as I have now seen with my own eyes? Yes, I am that very Don Quixote de la Mancha, that this good animal has said, though he has expatiated a little too much in my commenda-

[1] A giantess in *Amadis de Gaula* slain by Gandalin.

tion. But, be I as I may, I give thanks to heaven that endued me with a tender and compassionate disposition of mind, always inclined to do good to everybody and hurt nobody. If I had money, said the page, I would ask Master Ape what will befall me in my intended expedition. To which Master Peter, who was already got up from kneeling at Don Quixote's feet, answered: I have already told you that this little beast does not answer as to things future: but, did he answer such questions, it would be no matter whether you had money or not; for, to serve Señor Don Quixote here present, I would waive all advantages in the world. And now, because it is my duty, and to do him a pleasure besides, I intend to put in order my puppet-show, and entertain all the folks in the inn gratis. The innkeeper, hearing this, and above measure overjoyed, pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show, which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's divinations, not thinking it likely that an ape should divine things either future or past: and so, while Master Peter was preparing his show, Don Quixote drew Sancho aside to a corner of the stable, where, without being overheard by anybody, he said to him: Look you, Sancho, I have carefully considered the strange ability of this ape, and, by my account, I find that Master Peter, his owner, must doubtless have made a tacit or express pact with the devil. Nay, quoth Sancho, if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack: but what advantage would it be to this same Master Peter to have such a pack? You do not understand me, Sancho, said Don Quixote: I only mean, that he must certainly have made some agreement with the devil to infuse this ability into the ape, whereby he gets his bread; and, after he is become rich, he will give him his soul, which is what the universal enemy of mankind aims at. And what induces me to this belief, is, finding that the ape answers only

as to things past or present, and the knowledge of the devil extends no further; for he knows the future only by conjecture, and not always that; for it is the prerogative of God alone, to know times and seasons, and to Him nothing is past or future, but everything present. This being so, as it really is, it is plain the ape talks in the style of the devil; and I wonder he has not been accused to the Inquisition, and examined by torture, till he confesses, by virtue of what, or of whom, he divines: for it is certain this ape is no astrologer; and neither his master nor he know how to raise one of those figures called judiciary, which are now so much in fashion in Spain, that you have not any servant-maid, page, or cobbler, but presumes to raise a figure, as if it were a knave of cards from the ground; thus destroying by their lying and ignorant pretences, the wonderful truth of the science. I know a certain lady, who asked one of these figure-raisers, whether a little lap-dog she had would breed, and how many, and of what colour the puppies would be. To which Master Astrologer, after raising a figure, answered, that the bitch would pup, and have three whelps, one green, one carnation, and the other mottled, upon condition she should take dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, and that it were on a Monday or a Saturday. Now it happened that the bitch died some two days after of a surfeit, and Master Figure-raiser had the repute of being as consummate an astrologer as the rest of his brethren. But for all that, quoth Sancho, I should be glad your worship would desire Master Peter to ask his ape, whether all be true, which befell you in the cave of Montesinos, because, for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I take it to be all sham and lies, or at least a dream. It may be so, answered Don Quixote: but I will do what you advise me, since I myself begin to have some kind of scruples about it.

While they were thus confabulating, Master Peter came to look for Don Quixote, to tell him the show

was ready, desiring he would come to see it, for it deserved it. Don Quixote communicated to him his thought, and desired him to ask his ape presently, whether certain things, which befell him in the cave of Montesinos, were dreams or realities; for to his thinking, they seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering a word, went and fetched his ape, and, placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said: Look you, Master Ape, this knight would know, whether certain things, which befell him in a cave, called that of Montesinos, were real or imaginary. And making the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder; and seeming to chatter to him in his ear, Master Peter presently said: The ape says, that part of the things your worship saw, or which befell you, in the said cave, are false, and part likely to be true: and this is what he knows, and no more, as to this question; and if your worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to everything you shall ask him; for his virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time. Did I not tell you, quoth Sancho, it could never go down with me, that all your worship said, touching the adventures of the cave, was true—no, nor half of it? The event will show that, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for time, the discoverer of all things, brings everything to light, though it lie hid in the bowels of the earth; and, let this suffice at present, and let us go and see honest Master Peter's show; for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it. How, some? quoth Master Peter: sixty thousand novelties are contained in this puppet show of mine: I assure you, Señor Don Quixote, it is one of the top things to be seen that the world affords at this day; *Operibus credite, et non verbis*; and let us to work; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say and to show.

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came where the show was set out, stuck round with little wax candles, so that it made a delightful and shining

appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show, and before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter, and expounder of the mysteries of the piece. He had a white wand in his hand, to point to the several figures as they entered. All the folks in the inn being placed, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seated in the best places, the drugger-man [1] began to say what will be heard or seen by those who will be at the pains of hearing or seeing the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

Wherein is contained the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters, in truth sufficiently good.

Tyrians and Trojans were all silent: I mean, that all the spectators of the show hung upon the mouth of the declarer of its wonders, when from within the scene they heard the sound of a number of drums and trumpets, and several discharges of artillery; which noise was soon over, and immediately the boy raised his voice and said: This true history, here represented to you, gentlemen, is taken word for word from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which are in everybody's mouth, and sung by the boys up and down the streets. It treats how Don Gayferos [2] freed his wife Melisendra [3], who was a

[1] The interpreter.

[2] Identified with Gaifiers in the *Chanson de Roland*. Probably a transformation of the historic Waifarius, Duke of Aquitaine.

[3] A variant on the name of Charlemagne's daughter, Bellisent, in *Amis et Amile* and in *Otinol*. In the Catalan ballads she is called Lindaflor.

prisoner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansueña, now called Saragossa[1]; and there you may see how Don Gayferos is playing at tables[2], according to the ballad:

> Gayferos now at tables plays,
> Forgetful of his lady dear,[3] &c.

That personage, who appears yonder with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hands, is the emperor Charles the Great, the supposed father of Melisendra, who, being vexed to see the indolence and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and, pray, mark with what vehemency and earnestness he rates him, that one would think he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre: yea, there are authors who say he actually gave them, and sound ones too: and, after having said sundry things about the danger his honour ran, in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, it is reported, he said to him: 'I have told you enough of it, look to it'[4]. Pray observe, gentlemen, how the emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in a fret. See him now, impatient with choler, flinging about the board and pieces, and calling hastily for his armour; desiring Don Orlando his cousin to lend him his sword Durindana[5]; and then how Don Orlando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him company in that arduous enterprise; but the valorous enraged will not accept of it, saying that he alone is able to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth. Hereupon

[1] But in some of the Spanish ballads Sansueña retains its original meaning of Saxony.

[2] Tric-trac.

[3] Quoted from a copy of *Octavas á la prision de Melisendra*, printed as a broadside at Toledo in 1601.

[4] A line from a ballad by Cervantes's contemporary, Miguel Sanchez, *el divino*.

[5] Durendal in the *Chanson de Roland*: see the note on Durandarte in Chapter xxii, p. 180.

he goes in to arm himself for setting forward immediately. Now, gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower, which appears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of the Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia; and that lady who appears at yon balcony in a Moorish habit is the peerless Melisendra, casting many a heavy look towards the road that leads to France, and fixing her imagination upon the city of Paris and her husband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. Do you not see yon Moor, who, stealing along softly, and step by step, with his finger on his mouth, comes behind Melisendra? Behold how he gives her a smacking kiss full on her lips: observe the haste she makes to spit and wipe her mouth with her white shift-sleeves; and how she takes on, and tears her beauteous hair for vexation, as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe that great Moor in yonder gallery: he is Marsilio [1], the king of Sansueña; who, seeing the insolence of the Moor, though he is a relation of his, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, and to be led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers before to publish his crime, and the officers of justice with their rods behind; and now behold the officers coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed: for, among the Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us.

Here Don Quixote said with a loud voice; Boy, boy, on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals: for, to come at the truth of a fact, there is often need of proof upon proof. Master Peter also from behind said: Boy, none of your flourishes, but do what the gentleman bids you; for that is the surest way; sing your

[1] Marsiles in the *Chanson de Roland.*

song plain, and seek not for counterpoints; for they usually crack the strings. I will, answered the boy, and proceeded, saying:

The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascoigne cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shows herself from the battlements of the tower, with a calmer and more sedate countenance, and talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger; with whom she holds all that discourse and dialogue in the ballad, which says:

> If towards France your course you bend,
> Let me entreat you, gentle friend,
> Make diligent inquiry there
> For Gayferos my husband dear.[1]

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient to observe, how Don Gayferos discovers himself; and, by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive she knows him, and especially now that you see she lets herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her good spouse. But, alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses: for now comes Don Gayferos, and, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn, or not, lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force; and then at a spring sets her behind him on his horse astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall; because the lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse by his neighings, shows he is pleased with the burden of his valiant

[1] The Spanish ballad is based in part on the *Aye d'Avignon*.

master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye enjoy in perfect peace the remaining days (and may they be like Nestor's) of your lives! Here again Master Peter raised his voice, and said: Plainness, boy; do not encumber yourself; for all affectation is naught. The interpreter made no answer, but went on, saying: There wanted not some idle eyes, such as espy everything, to see Melisendra's getting down and then mounting; of which they gave notice to king Marsilio, who immediately commanded to sound the alarm: and pray take notice what a hurry they are in: how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques.

Not so, quoth Don Quixote; Master Peter is very much mistaken in the business of the bells: for the Moors do not use bells, but kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits: and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansueña is a gross absurdity. Which Master Peter overhearing, he left off ringing, and said; Señor Don Quixote, do not criticize upon trifles, nor expect that perfection, which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies acted almost everywhere, full of as many improprieties and blunders, and yet they run their career with great success, and are listened to, not only with applause, but with admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun. You are in the right, quoth Don Quixote; and the boy proceeded:

See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers: how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play,

and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle; I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle. Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled, and rising up, said in a loud voice: I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him! for, if you do, have at you. And so said, so done, he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring he planted himself close to the show, and with a violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others, laming this, and demolishing that; and, among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such a force, that, if Master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar-paste. Master Peter cried out, saying: Hold, Señor Don Quixote, hold, and consider, that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of paste-board: consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole livelihood. For all that Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling and redoubling, fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail. In short, in less than the saying two Credos, he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures, king Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in a consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house; the scholar was frighted, the page daunted, and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus

achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said: I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those, who are not, and will not be convinced, of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world; for had I not been present, what would have become of good Don Gayferos, and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ye, these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world! In God's name, let it live, and let me die, quoth Master Peter at this juncture, with a fainting voice, since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with king Rodrigo, 'yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day I have not a foot of land to call my own'[1]. It is not half an hour ago, nor scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who, i'faith, will make my teeth sweat for it, before I get him again; and all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine.

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what Master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him: Weep not, Master Peter, nor take on so; for you break my heart, and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so Catholic and scrupulous a Christian,

[1] A quotation from a ballad based on the *Cronica del rey Don Rodrigo* (a clever, mendacious work, an historical novel rather than authentic history), compiled by Pedro del Corral about 1443. The Spanish ballad is familiar in Lockhart's version: it is also represented by two lines in the *Bataille perdue* included in Victor Hugo's *Orientales*.

that, if he comes to reflect that he has done you any wrong, he knows how, and will certainly make you amends with interest. If Señor Don Quixote, quoth Master Peter, would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved, who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution. True, quoth Don Quixote; but as yet I do not know that I have anything of yours, Master Peter. How! answered Master Peter: what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them? Now am I entirely convinced, quoth Don Quixote at this juncture, of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and, presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that hear me, that whatever has passed at this time seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so: I took Melisendra to be Melisendra; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler; and, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those who fled; and with this good intention I did what you just now saw; if things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors; and notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See, Master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile. Master Peter made him a low bow, saying: I expected no less from the unexampled Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and

support of all the needy and distressed: and let Master Innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers, between your worship and me, of what the demolished figures are or might be worth.

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would; and then Master Peter, taking up Marsilio, king of Saragossa, without a head, said: You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state, and therefore I think, with submission to better judgements, you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half. Proceed, quoth Don Quixote. Then for this that is cleft from top to bottom, continued Master Peter, taking up the emperor Charlemagne, I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask. Not very little, quoth Sancho. Not very much, replied the innkeeper: but split the difference, and set him down five reals. Give him the whole five and a quarter, quoth Don Quixote; for, in such a notable mischance as this, a quarter more or less is not worth standing upon: and make an end, Master Peter; for it grows towards supper time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me. For this figure, quoth Master Peter, which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I must have, and can abate nothing of two reals and twelve maravedis. Nay, said Don Quixote, the devil must be in it, if Melisendra be not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the borders of France: for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop: and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, showing me here Melisendra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably she is solacing herself at full stretch with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, Master Peter, let us have plain dealing, and proceed. Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him: Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall

be well enough paid, and very well contented. Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters: and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, Master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. Give him them, Sancho, said Don Quixote, not for catching the ape, but to drink [1]. I would give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Doña Melisendra and Señor Don Gayferos are at this time in France, and among their friends. Nobody can tell us that better than my ape, said Master Peter: but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again.

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good company, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree. He who carried the lances and halberds went off before day, and, after it was light, the scholar and the page came to take their leaves of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, the other to pursue his intended journey; and Don Quixote gave him a dozen reals to help to bear his charges. Master Peter had no mind to enter into any more 'tell me's and I will you's' with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well; and therefore up he got before sun: and, gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, away he went in quest of adventures of his own. The innkeeper, who knew Don Quixote, was equally in admiration at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him

[1] *No para tomar el mono sino la mona*: the pun cannot be reproduced in English. *Tomar el mono* = to catch the monkey: *tomar la mona* = to get drunk.

very well; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, where we will leave them to give place to the relating several other things necessary to the better understanding this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII

Wherein is related, who Master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended.

Cid Hamet, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words; I swear as a Catholic Christian: to which his translator says, that Cid Hamet's swearing as a Catholic Christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, meant nothing more than that, as the Catholic Christian, when he swears, does, or ought to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote, and especially in declaring who Master Peter was, with some account of the divining ape, who surprised all the villages thereabouts with his divinations. He says then, that whoever has read the former part of this history, must needs remember that Gines de Pasamonte, to whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the Sable Mountain: a benefit for which afterwards he had small thanks, and worse payment, from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Gines de Pasamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and the not particularizing the when, nor the how, in the first part, through the neglect of the printer, made many ascribe the fault of the press to want of memory in the author[1]. But

[1] This passage proves that Cervantes had no responsi-

in short, Gines stole him, while Sancho Panza was asleep upon his back, making use of the same trick and device that Brunello did, who, while Sacripante lay at the siege of Albracca, stole his horse from between his legs; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been already related. This Gines then (being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his numberless rogueries and crimes, which were so many and so flagrant, that he himself wrote a large volume of them) resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Aragon, and covering his left eye, took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he perfectly understood. It fell out, that, lighting upon some Christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he bought that ape, which he taught, at a certain signal, to leap up on his shoulder, and, mutter something, or seem to do so, in his ear. This done, before he entered any town to which he was going with his show and his ape, he informed himself in the next village, or where he best could, what particular things had happened in such and such a place, and to whom; and bearing them carefully in his memory, the first thing he did was to exhibit his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but all pleasant, gay, and generally known. The show ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, telling the people, he divined all that was past and present: but as to what was to come, he did not pretend to any skill therein. He demanded two reals for answering each question, and to some he afforded it cheaper, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat; and coming sometimes to houses, where he knew what had happened to the people that lived in them, though they asked no question, because they would not pay him,

bility for the interpolations in the second edition of the First Part—in the twenty-third Chapter of which Gines de Pasamonte is named as the thief: see Part I, p. 200.

he gave the signal to his ape, and presently said, he told him such and such a thing, which tallied exactly with what had happened; whereby he gained infallible credit, and was followed by everybody. At other times, being very cunning, he answered in such a manner, that his answers came pat to the questions; and as nobody went about to sift, or press him to tell how his ape divined, he gulled everybody, and filled his pockets. No sooner was he come into the inn, but he knew Don Quixote and Sancho; which made it very easy for him to excite the wonder of Don Quixote, Sancho, and all that were present. But it would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote directed his hand a little lower, when he cut off king Marsilio's head, and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter. This is what offers concerning Master Peter and the ape.

And, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, he determined, before he went to Saragossa, first to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the parts thereabouts, since he had time enough and to spare before the tournaments began. With this design he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without lighting on anything worth recording, till the third day, going up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was marching that way, and he clapped spurs to Rosinante, and ascended the hill to see them; and, being got to the top, he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, above two hundred men armed with various weapons, as spears, crossbows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, with some guns, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near to the squadron, that he saw the banners distinctly, and distinguished their colours, and observed the devices they bore; especially one upon a banner or pennant of white satin, whereon was painted to the life an ass, of the little Sardinian breed, holding up its head, its mouth open, and its tongue out, in the act and posture, as it were,

of braying, and round it these two verses written in large characters:

The bailiffs twain
Bray'd not in vain.

From this motto Don Quixote gathered, that these folks must belong to the braying town, and so he told Sancho, telling him also what was written on the banner. He said also, that the person who had given an account of this affair, was mistaken in calling the two brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, they were not aldermen but bailiffs. To which Sancho Panza answered: That breaks no squares, sir; for it may very well be, that the aldermen who brayed, might, in process of time, become bailiffs of their town, and therefore may properly be called by both those titles; though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history, whether the brayers were bailiffs or aldermen, so long as they both brayed; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman. In conclusion, they found, that the town derided was sallied forth to attack another, which had laughed at them too much, and beyond what was fitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never loved to make one in these kind of expeditions. Those of the squadron received him amongst them, taking him for some one of their party. Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army gathered about him to look at him, being struck with the same admiration that everybody was the first time of seeing him. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent upon looking at him, without any one's speaking to him, or asking him any question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice, and said:

Good gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find it disgusts or tires you; for, if that happens

at the least sign you shall make, I will clap a seal on my lips, and gag upon my tongue. They all desired him to say what he pleased; for they would hear him with a very goodwill. With this licence Don Quixote proceeded, saying: I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession that of succouring those, who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn to revenge yourselves on your enemies. And, having often pondered your business in my mind, I find, that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted; for no one person can affront a whole town, unless it be by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing in particular who committed the treason, of which he accuses them. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, because he did not know, that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king; and therefore he challenged them all, and the revenge and answer belonged to them all; though it is very true, that Señor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and greatly exceeded the limits of challenging; for he needed not have challenged the dead, the waters, the bread, or the unborn, nor several other particularities mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for, when choler overflows its dam, the tongue has nó father, governor, nor bridle, to restrain it. This being so, then, that a single person cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, or a whole town, it is clear, there is no reason for your marching out to revenge such an affront, since it is really none. Would it not be pretty indeed, if those of the watch-making business should endeavour to knock everybody's brains out, who calls them by their trade? and would it not be pleasant, if the cheesemongers, the costermongers, the fishmongers, and soap-boilers[1],

[1] The soap-boilers have not been identified. But the

with those of several other names and appellations, which are in everybody's mouth, and common among the vulgar; would it not be fine indeed, if all these notable folks should be ashamed of their businesses, and be perpetually taking revenge, and making sackbuts of their swords upon every quarrel, though never so trivial? No, no, God neither permits nor wills it. Men of wisdom, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take arms, draw their swords, and hazard their lives and fortunes, upon four accounts: first, to defend the Catholic faith; secondly, to defend their lives, which is agreeable to the natural and divine law; thirdly, in defence of their honour, family, or estate; and fourthly, in the service of their king in a just war; and, if we may add a fifth (which may be ranked with the second) it is, in the defence of their country. To these five capital causes several others might be added, very just and very reasonable, and which oblige us to take arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, and things rather subjects for laughter and pastime, than for affronts, looks like acting against common sense. Besides, taking an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is acting directly against the holy religion we profess, whereby we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate us; a precept, which, though seemingly difficult, is really not so, to any but those who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, true

other nicknames, very loosely translated above, may be plausibly assigned as follows. Espartinas was called 'El Pueblo de La Reloja' because the inhabitants had provided the place with a pretentious clock-tower; the people of Valladolid were called 'Cazalleros' because the heretic Cazalla was burned there in 1554; those of Toledo were called 'Berengeros' because the egg-plant (*berengena*) grew plentifully in the neighbourhood; those of Madrid were called 'Ballenatos' (= whalemen) because the citizens were said to have mistaken a saddle floating down the river for a whale.

God and man, who never lied, nor could, nor can lie, and who is our legislator, has told us, 'his yoke is easy, and his burden light': and therefore he would not command us anything impossible to be performed. So that, gentlemen, you are bound to be quiet and pacified by all laws both divine and human.

The devil fetch me, quoth Sancho to himself, if this master of mine be not a tologue[1]; or, if not, he is as like one, as one egg is like another. Don Quixote took breath a little; and, perceiving that they still stood attentive, he had a mind to proceed in his discourse, and had certainly done so, had not Sancho's acuteness interposed; who, observing that his master paused awhile, took up the cudgels for him, saying: My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and, in all he handles or advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers' ends: and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, and I will bear the blame if you do amiss: besides, you are but just told, how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. I remember, when I was a boy I brayed as often as I pleased, without anybody's hindering me, and with such grace and propriety, that, whenever I brayed, all the asses of the town brayed: and for all that I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were very honest people; and, though for this rare ability I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours, I cared not two farthings. And to convince you that I speak the truth, do but stay and hearken; for this science, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten.

[1] In the original, Sancho flounders over *teólogo* = theologian.

Then, laying his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously, that the adjacent valleys resounded again. But one of those, who stood close by him, believing he was making a mock of them, lifted up a pole he had in his hand, and gave him such a polt with it, as brought Sancho Panza to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho so evil entreated, made at the striker with his lance; but so many interposed, that it was impossible for him to be revenged: on the contrary, finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, and a thousand crossbows presented, and as many guns levelled at him, he turned Rosinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, recommending himself to God with all his heart, to deliver him from this danger, fearing at every step, lest some bullet should enter at his back and come out at his breast; and at every moment he fetched his breath, to try whether it failed him or not. But those of the squadron were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not shoot after him. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, scarce come to himself, and suffered him to follow his master; not that he had sense to guide him; but Dapple naturally followed Rosinante's steps, not enduring to be a moment from him. Don Quixote, being got a good way off, turned about his head, and saw that Sancho followed; and, finding that nobody pursued him stopped till he came up. Those of the squadron stayed there till night, and, the enemy not coming forth to battle, they returned to their own homes, joyful and merry; and, had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Of things which, Ben Engeli says, he, who reads them, will know, if he reads them with attention.

When the valiant flies, it is plain he is overmatched; for it is the part of the wise to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people, and to the evil intentions of that resentful squadron, took to his heels, and, without bethinking him of Sancho, or of the danger in which he left him, got as far on as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed him athwart his beast, as has been said. At last he came up to him, having recovered his senses; and, at coming up, he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rosinante, all in anguish, all bruised, and all beaten. Don Quixote alighted to examine the wounds; but finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler he said: In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs show your skill in braying; where did you learn, that it was fitting to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braying, what a counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks, Sancho, that, instead of crossing your back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a scimitar. I am not now in a condition to answer, replied Sancho; for methinks I speak through my shoulders: let us mount, and be gone from this place: as for braying, I will have done with it; but I shall not with telling that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies. To retire is not to fly, answered Don Quixote; for you must know, Sancho, that the valour which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to their good fortune, than their

courage. I confess I did retire, but fled not; and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this histories are full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or pleasure to me, I omit at present.

By this time Sancho was mounted, with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise got upon Rosinante; and so fair and softly they took the way towards a grove of poplar, which they discovered about a quarter of a league off. Sancho every now and then fetched most profound sighs, and doleful groans. Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered, that he was in pain from the lowest point of his backbone to the nape of his neck, in such manner that he was ready to swoon. The cause of this pain, said Don Quixote, must doubtless be, that the pole they struck you with, being a long one, took in your whole back, where lie all the parts that give you pain, and, if it had reached farther, it would have pained you more. Before God, quoth Sancho, your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me, was the cause of my pain so hid, that it was necessary to tell me, that I felt pain in all those parts, which the pole reached? If my ankles ached, you might not perhaps so easily guess, why they pained me: but to divine, that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine, other men's harms hang by a hair: I descry land more and more every day, and what little I am to expect from keeping your worship company; for if this bout you let me be basted, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing, and other follies; which, if this time they have fallen upon my back, the next they will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian, and shall never do anything that is right while I live; I say again, it would be much better for me, to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be

following your worship through roads without a road, and pathless paths, drinking ill, and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire, seven foot of earth, and if that is not sufficient, take as many more: it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself out to your heart's content. I wish I may see the first, who set on foot knight-errantry, burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squire to such idiots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present: for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and because I know your worship knows a point beyond the devil in all you talk and think.

I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that now you are talking, and without interruption, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that comes into your thoughts, and whatever comes uppermost; for, so you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinences give me: and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God forbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands: see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much you could or ought to get each month, and pay yourself. When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well, said Sancho, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I cannot tell what I may get: though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be squire to a knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in fine, we who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the daytime, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed, which is more than I have done since I served your worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho's pots, and what I ate, drank, and slept, at Basilius's

house. All the rest of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of heaven, living upon bits of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking water, sometimes from the brook, and sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way.

I confess, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that all you say is true: how much think you I ought to give you more than Thomas Carrasco gave you? I think, quoth Sancho, if your worship adds two reals a month, I shall reckon myself well paid. This is to be understood as to wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your worship made of bestowing on me the government of an island, it would be just and reasonable you should add six reals more, which makes thirty in all. It is very well, replied Don Quixote: according to the wages you have allotted yourself, it is five-and-twenty days since we sallied from our town; reckon, Sancho, in proportion, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have already said, with your own hand. Body of me, quoth Sancho, your worship is clean out in the reckoning; for as to the business of the promised island, we must compute from the day you promised me, to the present hour. Why, how long is it I promised it you? said Don Quixote. If I remember right, answered Sancho, it is about twenty years and three days, more or less. Don Quixote gave himself a good clap on the forehead with the palm of his hand, and began to laugh very heartily, and said: Why, my rambling up and down the Sable Mountain, with the whole series of our sallies, scarce take up two months, and say you, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised you the island? Well, I perceive you have a mind your wages should swallow up all the money you have of mine: if it be so, and such is your desire, from henceforward I give it you, and much good may it do you; for so I may get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and penniless. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where have you seen or read, that any squire

to a knight-errant, ever presumed to article with his master, and say, so much and so much per month you must give me to serve you ? Launch, launch out, cut-throat scoundrel, and hobgoblin (for thou art all these) launch, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories, and, if you can find, that any squire has said or thought, what you have now said, I will give you leave to nail it on my forehead, and over and over to write fool upon my face in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and begone home ; for one single step further you go not with me. O bread ill-bestowed ! O promises ill-placed ! O man, that has more of the beast than of the human creature ! Now when I thought of settling you, and in such a way, that, in spite of your wife, you should have been styled Your lordship, do you now leave me ? now you are for going, when I have taken a firm and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world ? But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die ; for I verily believe, your life will reach its final period before you will perceive or be convinced that you are a beast.

Sancho looked very wistfully at Don Quixote all the while he was thus rating him : and so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and, with a doleful and faint voice, he said : Dear sir, I confess, that to be a complete ass, I want nothing but a tail : if your worship will be pleased to put me one on, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass, all the remaining days of my life. Pardon me, sir, have pity on my ignorance, and consider, that, if I talk much, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice : but, he who errs and mends, himself to God commends. I should wonder, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you show not yourself so fond of

your interest, but that you endeavour to enlarge your heart, take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though they are deferred, are not therefore desperate. Sancho answered, he would, though he should draw force from his weakness. Hereupon they entered the poplar-grove. Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for these kind of trees and such like have always feet, but never hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quixote passed it in his wonted meditations: but for all that they both slept, and at break of day they pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Ebro, where there befell them what shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.

In two days, after leaving the poplar-grove, Don Quixote and Sancho, travelling as softly as foot could fall, came to the river Ebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure, while he saw and contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal: which cheerful prospect brought to his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts; and particularly he mused upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos: for though Master Peter's ape had told him, that part of those things was true, and part false, he inclined rather to believe all true than false, quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all for falsehood itself.

Now, as they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small bark, without oars, or any sort of tackle, tied to the trunk of a tree, which grew on the

brink of the river. Don Quixote looked round about him everyway, and, seeing nobody at all, without more ado alighted from Rosinante, and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tie both the beasts very fast to the body of a poplar or willow, which grew there. Sancho asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying. Don Quixote answered: You are to know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world but to invite me to embark in it, in order to succour some knight, or other person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, when some knight happens to be engaged in some difficulty, from which he cannot be delivered, but by the hand of another knight. Then, though they are distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or furnish him with a boat to embark in; and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him, through the air, or over the sea, whither they list, and where his assistance is wanted. So that, O Sancho, this bark must be placed here for the selfsame purpose: and this is as true, as that it is now day; and, before it be spent, tie Dapple and Rosinante together, and the hand of God be our guide; for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to the contrary. Since it is so, answered Sancho, and that your worship will every step be running into these same (how shall I call them?) extravagances, there is no way but to obey, and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb: Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table. But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship, that to me this boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river; for here they catch the best shads in the world.

All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters with sufficient grief of his soul. Don Quixote bade him

be in no pain about forsaking those beasts: for he, who was to carry themselves through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them. I do not understand your longitudes, said Sancho, nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life. Longitude, replied Don Quixote, means length, and no wonder you do not understand it; for you are not bound to know Latin; though some there are, who pretend to know it, and are quite as ignorant as yourself. Now they are tied, quoth Sancho, what must we do next? What? answered Don Quixote: why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, embark ourselves, and cut the rope wherewith the vessel is tied. And, leaping into it, Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost: but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see Rosinante struggling to get loose; and he said to his master: The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rosinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness, which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, return us to your presence! And here he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote grew angry, and said: What are you afraid of, cowardly creature? What weep you for, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts you, soul of a house-rat? Or what want you, poor wretch, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke, sliding easily down the stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are got out already, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had here an astrolabe, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell you how many we have gone; though either I know little, or

we are already past, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the opposite poles at equal distances. And when we arrive at that line your worship speaks of, quoth Sancho, how far shall we have travelled ? A great way, replied Don Quixote: for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, the greatest geographer we know of, we shall have travelled one half, when we come to the line I told you of. By the lord, quoth Sancho, your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy (how d'ye call him ?) with his amputation, to vouch the truth of what you say.

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders as to the name and computation of the geographer Ptolemy, and said: You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs, by which the Spaniards, and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, discover whether they have passed the equinoctial line I told you of, is, that all the lice upon every man in the ship die, not one remaining alive; nor is one to be found in the vessel, though they would give its weight in gold for it; and therefore, Sancho, pass your hand over your thigh, and if you light upon anything alive, we shall be out of this doubt, and, if not, we have passed the line [1]. I believe nothing of all this, answered Sancho: but for all that I will do as your worship bids me, though I do not know what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with my own eyes, that we are not got five yards from the bank, nor fallen two yards below our cattle: for yonder stand Rosinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and, taking aim as I do now, I vow to God we do not stir nor move an ant's pace. Sancho, said Don Quixote, make the trial I bid you, and take no further care; for you know not what things colures are, nor what are

[1] Abraham Ortelius, in his *Theatrum orbis terrarum* (Antwerp, 1600), states that vermin die after the Azores are passed.

lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed; for, if you knew all these things, or but a part of them, you would plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving. And once more I bid you feel yourself all over, and fish: for I, for my part, am of opinion you are as clean as a sheet of paper, smooth and white. Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his left ham, and then lifted up his head, and, looking at his master, said: Either the experiment is false, or we are not arrived where your worship says, not by a great many leagues. Why, quoth Don Quixote, have you met with something then? Aye, several somethings, answered Sancho, and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down whose current the boat was gently gliding, not moved by any secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream of the water, then smooth and calm.

By this time they discovered certain large water-mills, standing in the midst of the river; and scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he said with a loud voice to Sancho: O friend, behold! yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither. What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, sir? quoth Sancho, do you not perceive that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn? Peace, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, for, though they seem to be mills, they are not so: I have already told you, that enchantments transform and change all things from their natural shape. I do not say they change them really from one thing to another, but only in appearance, as experience showed us in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes.

The boat being now got into the current of the river, began to move a little faster than it had done hitherto. The millers seeing it coming adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the mouth of the swift stream of the mill-wheels, several of them ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it; and their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made but an ill appearance; and calling out aloud, they said: Devils of men, where are you going? are ye desperate, that ye have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels? Did I not tell you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, at this juncture, that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? look what a parcel of murderers and felons come out against me: see what hobgoblins to oppose us, and what ugly countenances to scare us. Now ye shall see, rascals. And standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud, saying: Ill-led and worse-advised scoundrels, set at liberty and free the person you keep under oppression in this your fortress or prison, whether of high or low degree: for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom by order of the high heavens, the putting an happy end to this adventure is reserved. And, so saying, he clapped his hand to his sword, and began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing, but not understanding these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was just entering into the stream and eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed to heaven devoutly to deliver him from so apparent a danger; which it did by the diligence and agility of the millers, who setting their poles against the boat, stopped it; though not so dexterously, but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he knew how to swim like a goose; nevertheless the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and as it

were, craned them both up, they must have inevitably perished.

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, besought God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces: and, seeing it broke, they began to strip Sancho, and demand payment for it of Don Quixote, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen, he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person, or persons, who lay under oppression in their castle. What persons, or what castle do you mean, madman? answered one of the millers: would you carry off those, who came to grind their corn at our mills? Enough, thought Don Quixote to himself, it will be preaching in the desert, to endeavour, by treaty, to prevail with such mob to do anything that is honourable: and, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts, the one providing me a bark, and the other oversetting it: God help us! this world is nothing but machinations and tricks quite opposite one to the other: I can do no more. Then looking towards the mills, he raised his voice, and said: Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction; this adventure is kept and reserved for some other knight. Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying: A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital. The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so out of the fashion and semblance of other men, not being able to comprehend what Don Quixote drove at by his questions, and the

discourse he held with him: and looking upon them as madmen, they left them, and betook themselves to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXX

Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair huntress.

Sufficiently melancholy, and out of humour, arrived at their castle the knight and squire; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul to touch the capital of the money, all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much taken from the very apples of his eyes. In conclusion, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river: Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought, for the present, far enough off: for, as much a blockhead as he was, he saw well enough, that most, or all of his master's actions were extravagances, and waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts or discharges, to walk off some day or other, and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he feared.

It fell out then, that the next day, about sunset, and at going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw people at the farther side of it: and drawing near, he found they were persons taking the diversions of hawking. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth-of-silver. The lady herself was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of fancy, and so rich, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk: from whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be

a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was: and so he said to Sancho: Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beauty, and, if her highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command: and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs. You have hit upon the interlarder, quoth Sancho: why this to me? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life. Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea, replied Don Quixote, I know of none you have carried, at least none for me. That is true, answered Sancho; but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a dressing: I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of everything. I believe it, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: go in a good hour, and God be your guide.

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; and, alighting, and kneeling before her, he said: Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home, Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who not long ago was called he of the Sorrowful Figure, sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, goodwill, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty; which, if your ladyship grant him, you will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction.

Truly, good squire, answered the lady, you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require: rise up, for it is not

fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure (of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts) should remain upon his knees: rise, friend, and tell your master, he may come and welcome; for I and the duke, my spouse, are at his service, in a country seat we have here hard by. Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty, as at her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; and, if she did not call him the Knight of the Lions, he concluded it was because he had assumed it so very lately. The duchess (whose title is not yet known) said to him: Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours the person, of whom there goes about a history in print, called *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso? The very same, answered Sancho: and that squire of his, who is, or ought to be, in that same history, called Sancho Panza, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I mean in the press. I am very glad of all this, quoth the duchess: go, brother Panza, and tell your master, he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to me, which could give me greater pleasure. With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good humour, and her courtesy, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rosinante's mettle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand; who, having caused the duke her husband to be called, had been telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message; and they both, having read the first part of this history, and having learned by it the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, waited for him with the greatest pleasure, and desire to be acquainted with

him, and a purpose of carrying on the humour, and giving him his own way, treating him like a knight-errant all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, which they had read, and were also very fond of.

By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and making a show of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that, in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope-stirrups, in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself! but he hung by it with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rosinante's saddle, which was ill girthed, both he and the saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire, who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through this fall; and limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying: I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky: but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances. It could not be accounted unlucky, O valorous prince, answered Don Quixote, though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of that deep abyss: for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm: but whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at my lady duchess's, your worthy consort, and

worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy. Softly, dear Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, quoth the duke; for where lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised.

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer, he said: It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but where we are least aware, there starts the hare. I have heard say, that what they call nature is like a potter, who makes earthen vessels, and he, who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Don Quixote turned himself to the duchess, and said: I assure you, madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating, nor a more merry conceited squire, than I have; and he will make my words good, if your highness is pleased to make use of my service for some days. To which the duchess answered: I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant: it is a sign he is discreet: for pleasantry and good humour, Señor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles: and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him discreet. And a prate apace, added Don Quixote. So much the better, quoth the duchess; for many good things cannot be expressed in few words, and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. Of the Lions, your highness should say, quoth Sancho: the Sorrowful Figure is no more. Of the Lions then let it be, continued the duke: I say, come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights-errant, who come to it.

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well girthed

Rosinante's saddle, and Don Quixote, mounting upon him, and the duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. The duchess ordered Sancho to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon, and winding himself in among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune, to entertain in their castle such a knight-errant, and such an erred-squire.

CHAPTER XXXI

Which treats of many and great things.

Excessive was the joy which Sancho conceived to see himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the duchess's; expecting to find in her castle the same as at Don Diego's or Basilius's; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where, and whenever it presented. Now, the history relates, that, before they came to the pleasure-house, or castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; who arriving with the duchess at the castle gate, immediately there issued out two lackeys or grooms, clad in a kind of morning-gowns of fine crimson satin down to their heels; and taking Don Quixote in their arms, without being observed, said to him: Go, great sir, and take our lady the duchess off her horse. Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between them thereupon. But, in short, the duchess's positiveness got the better, and she would not alight, nor descend from her palfrey, but into the duke's arm, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a

burden. At length the duke came out, and took her off her horse: and at their entering into a large court-yard, two beautiful damsels came, and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and, in an instant, all the galleries of the courtyard were crowded with men- and women-servants belonging to the duke and duchess, crying aloud: Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant! And all or most of them sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote, and on the duke and duchess; at all which Don Quixote wondered; and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close to the duchess, and entered into the castle; but, his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who, among others, came up to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper: Mistress Gonzalez, or, what is your duenna-ship's name? Doña Rodriguez de Grijalva, answered the duenna: what would you please to have with me, brother? To which Sancho answered: Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine: and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world. If the master be as discreet as the man, answered the duenna, we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and make account, you and your beast, that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind offices. Why truly, answered Sancho, I have heard my master, who is the very mine-finder of histories, relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say, that ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse; and, as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for Señor Lancelot's steed. If you

are a buffoon, brother, replied the duenna, keep your jokes for some place where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing but a fig for them. That is pretty well, however, answered Sancho; for I am sure then it will be a ripe one, there being no danger of your losing the game of your years for want of a trick. You son of a whore, cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, whether I am old or no, to God I am to give an account, and not to you, rascal, garlic-eating stinkard. This she uttered so loud, that the duchess heard it, and turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed, and her eyes red as blood, asked her with whom she was so angry? With this good man here, answered the duenna, who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his that stands at the castle gate; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot, and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms called me old woman. I should take that for the greatest affront that could be offered me, answered the duchess; and, speaking to Sancho, she said: Be assured, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion than upon account of her years. May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper, answered Sancho, if I meant her any ill: I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to Señora Doña Rodriguez. Don Quixote, who overheard all, said: Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place? Sir, answered Sancho, every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there. To which the duke said: Sancho is very much in the right, and is not to be blamed in anything: Dapple shall have provender to his heart's

content; and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person.

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth-of-gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant. Don Quixote, being unarmed, remained in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his jaws meeting, and kissing each other on the inside: such a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him, had not taken care to contain themselves (that being one of the precise orders given them by their lord and lady) they had burst with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt; but he would by no means consent, saying, That modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give Sancho the shirt; and shutting himself up with him in a room, where stood a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt; and, finding himself alone with Sancho, he said to him: Tell me, modern buffoon, and antique blockhead, do you think it a becoming thing to dishonour and affront a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? Or are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly, who treat their owners elegantly? For the love of God, Sancho, refrain yourself, and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web you are spun. Look you, sinner, the master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his servants are civiller and better bred: and one of the greatest advantages great persons have over other men, is, that they employ servants as good as themselves. Did you not consider, pitiful thou, and unhappy me, that, if people perceive you are a gross peasant

or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to think I am some gross cheat, or some knight of the sharping order ? No, no, friend Sancho, avoid, avoid these inconveniences ; for whoever sets up for a talker and a railer, at the first trip, tumbles down into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle your tongue, consider, and deliberate upon your words, before they go out of your mouth ; and take notice, we are come to a place, from whence, by the help of God, and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three- or even five-fold in fortune and reputation. Sancho promised him faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word that was not to the purpose, and well considered, as he commanded him, and that he need be under no pain as to that matter, for no discovery should be made to his prejudice by him.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap, which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many on one side as the other, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, with the gentlemen-server, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the hall-door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who govern great men's houses ; one of those, who, not being princes born, know not how to instruct those that are how to demean themselves as such ; one of those, who would have the magnificence of the great measured by the narrowness of their own minds ; one of those, who, pretending to teach those they govern to be frugal, teach them to be misers. One of this sort, I say, was the grave

ecclesiastic, who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. A thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion; and, taking Don Quixote between them, they went and sat down to table. The duke offered Don Quixote the upper end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the duke prevailed upon him to accept it. The ecclesiastic seated himself over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see the honour those princes did his master, and, perceiving the many entreaties and ceremonies which passed between the duke and Don Quixote, to make him sit down at the head of the table, he said: If your honours will give me leave, I will tell you a story of a passage that happened in our town concerning places. Scarce had Sancho said this, when Don Quixote began to tremble, believing, without doubt, he was going to say some foolish thing. Sancho observed, and understood him, and said: Be not afraid, sir, of my breaking loose, or of my saying anything that is not pat to the purpose: I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me a while ago, about talking much or little, well or ill. I remember nothing, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: say what you will, so you say it quickly. What I would say, quoth Sancho, is very true, and, should it be otherwise, my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie. Lie as much as you will for me, Sancho, replied Don Quixote: I will not be your hindrance; but take heed what you are going to say. I have so heeded, and reheeded it, quoth Sancho, that all is as safe as the repique in hand, as you will see by the operation. It will be convenient, said Don Quixote, that your honours order this blockhead to be turned out of doors; for he will be making a thousand foolish blunders. By the life of the duke, quoth the duchess, Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I love him much; for I know he is mighty discreet. Many [discreet] years, quoth Sancho, may your holiness live, for the good opinion you have of me,

though it is not in me: but the tale I would tell is this:

A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family—for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Doña Mencia de Quiñones, who was daughter of Don Alonso de Marañon, Knight of the Order of Santiago, who was drowned in the Herradura[1]; about whom there happened that quarrel in our town some years ago, in which, as I take it, my master, Don Quixote, was concerned, and Tommy the madcap, son of Balvastro the smith, was hurt—Pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, by your life, that these gentlemen may not take me for some lying prating fellow. Hitherto, said the ecclesiastic, I take you rather for a prater, than for a liar: but henceforward I know not what I shall take you for. You produce so many evidences, and so many tokens, that I cannot but say, quoth Don Quixote, it is likely you tell the truth: go on, and shorten the story; for you take the way not to have done in two days. He shall shorten nothing, quoth the duchess; and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, though he have not done in six days; and should it take up so many, they would be to me the most agreeable of any I ever spent in my life.

I say then, sirs, proceeded Sancho, that this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left (for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his) invited a farmer, who was poor, but honest, to dinner. Proceed, friend, said the ecclesiastic, at this period; for you are going the way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world. I shall stop before we get half way thither, if it pleases God, answered Sancho; and so I proceed. This same farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house—God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same

[1] The Spanish fleet was wrecked, and some four thousand lives were lost, at the port of Herradura, near Málaga, in the memorable tempest of 1562.

token it is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, being at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque. Prithee, son, said the ecclesiastic, come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without burying the gentleman (unless you have a mind to make more burials) make an end of your tale. The business then, quoth Sancho, was this, that they being ready to sit down to table—methinks I see them now more than ever. The duke and duchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeasure the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho's tale; but Don Quixote was quite angry and vexed. I say then, quoth Sancho, that they both standing, as I have said, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gentleman to take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farmer to take it, saying he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good breeding, would by no means sit down, till the gentleman, in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, made him sit down by main force, saying: Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl; for let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee. This is my tale, and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty much to the purpose.

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was speckled with a thousand colours. The duke and duchess dissembled their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be quite abashed, he having understood Sancho's slyness: and to waive the discourse, and prevent Sancho's running into more impertinences, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished a great many. To which Don Quixote answered: My misfortunes, madam, though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and caitiffs, and have sent several; but where should they find her, if she be enchanted, and

transformed into the ugliest country-wench that can be imagined ? I know not, quoth Sancho Panza ; to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world : at least, in activity, or a certain spring she has with her, I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, lady duchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat. Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho ? quoth the duke. Seen her ? answered Sancho : who the devil but I was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment ? She is as much enchanted as my father.

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke was commonly reading ; and he had as frequently reproved him for so doing, telling him it was extravagance to read such extravagances : and, being assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much choler he said to the duke : Your excellency, sir, shall give an account to God for what this good man is doing. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him, I fancy, can hardly be so great an idiot as your excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and extravagances. And turning the discourse to Don Quixote, he said : And you, stupid wretch, who has thrust it into your brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize caitiffs ? Be gone in a good hour, and in such this is said to you ; return to your own house, and breed up your children, if you have any ; mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you, or know you not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found that there have been, or are, knights-errant ? Where are there any giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you ? Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man ; and, finding that he now held his

peace, without minding the respect due to the duke and duchess, with an ireful mien and disturbed countenance, he started up, and said—But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XXXII

Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events.

Don Quixote, then, standing up and trembling from head to foot, as if he had quicksilver in his joints, with precipitate and disturbed speech, said: The place where I am, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have, for men of your profession, restrain and tie up the hands of my just indignation: and therefore, as well upon the account of what I have said, as being conscious of what everybody knows, that the weapons of gownsmen are the same as those of women, their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well-meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language; at least the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed all the bounds of decent reprehension: for it is better to begin with mildness than asperity, and it is not right without knowledge of the fault, without more ado to call the offender madman and idiot. Tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, bidding me get me home, and take care of my house, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either? What? is there no more to do but to enter boldly in other men's houses, to govern the masters; and shall a poor pedagogue who never saw more of the world than what is contained within a district of twenty or

thirty leagues, set himself at random to prescribe laws to chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant ? Is it, then, an idle scheme and time thrown away, to range the world, not seeking its delights, but its austerities, whereby good men aspire to the seat of immortality ? If gentlemen, if persons of wealth, birth, and quality were to take me for a madman, I should look upon it as an irreparable affront: but to be esteemed a fool by pedants, who never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry, I value it not a farthing. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be heaven's goodwill. Some pass through the spacious field of proud ambition; others through that of servile and base flattery; others by the way of deceitful hypocrisy; and some by that of true religion: but I, by the influence of my star, take the narrow path of knight-errantry, for the exercise whereof I despise wealth, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolences, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins: I am in love, but only because knights-errant must be so; and, being so, I am no vicious lover, but a chaste Platonic one. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, and hurt to none. Whether he, who means thus, acts thus, and lives in the practise of all this, deserves to be called a fool, let your grandeurs judge, most excellent duke and duchess.

Well said, i'faith ! quoth Sancho: say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said, nor to be thought, nor to be persevered in, in the world: and besides this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there ever were, or are, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking of. Peradventure, quoth the ecclesiastic, you, brother, are that Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom your master has promised an island. I am so, answered Sancho, and am he who deserves one as well as any other he whatever. I am one of those, of whom they say, Associate with good men and thou wilt be one of them; and of those, of

whom it is said again; Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed; and, He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and if he lives and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern. That you shall not, friend Sancho, said the duke; for, in the name of Señor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value. Kneel, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you. Sancho did so. Which the ecclesiastic seeing, he got up from table in a great pet, saying: By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say, your excellency is as simple as these sinners: what wonder if they are mad, since wise men authorize their follies? Your excellency may stay with them, if you please; but, while they are in the house, I will stay in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy. And without saying a word, or eating a bit more, away he went, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not availing to stop him; though indeed the duke said not much, through laughter occasioned by his impertinent passion.

The laugh being over, he said to Don Quixote: Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so well for yourself that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for in this case: for though it has the appearance of an affront, it is by no means such, since, as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as you better know. It is true, answered Don Quixote, and the reason is, that whoever cannot be affronted, neither can he give an affront to anybody. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves though they are offended, so they cannot be affronted, because, as your excellency better knows, there is this difference between an injury and an affront: an affront comes from one, who can give it,

does give it, and then maintains it; an injury may come from any hand, without affronting. As for example, a person stands carelessly in the streets: ten others armed fall upon him and beat him: he claps his hand to his sword as he ought to do; but the number of his adversaries hinder him from effecting his intention, which is to revenge himself; this person is injured, but not affronted. Another example will confirm the same thing: a man stands with his back turned: another comes and strikes him with a cudgel, and runs for it when he has done; the man pursues him and cannot overtake him: he, who received the blows, received an injury, but no affront, because the affront must be maintained. If he, who struck him, though he did it basely and unawares, draws his sword afterwards, and stands firm, facing his enemy, he, who was struck, is both injured and affronted; injured, because he was struck treacherously, and affronted, because he who struck him maintained what he had done by standing his ground, and not stirring a foot. And therefore, according to the established laws of duel, I may be injured, but not affronted: for women and children cannot resent, nor can they fly, nor stand their ground. The same may be said of men consecrated to holy orders: for these three sorts of people want offensive and defensive weapons; and, though they are naturally bound to defend themselves, yet are they not to offend anybody. So that, though I said before, I was injured, I now say, in no wise; for he who cannot receive an affront can much less give one. For which reasons I neither ought nor do resent what that good man said to me: only I could have wished he had stayed a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in thinking and saying that there are no knights-errant now, nor ever were any in the world: for had Amadis, or any one of his numerous descendants, heard this, I am persuaded it would not have fared over well with his reverence. That I will swear, quoth Sancho: they would have given him such a slash, as would have cleft him from

top to bottom, like any pomegranate or over-ripe melon: they were not folks to be jested with in that manner. By my beads, I am very certain, had Reynaldos of Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a gag, that he should not have spoken a word more in three years. Aye, aye, let him meddle with them, and see how he will escape out of their hands. The duchess was ready to die with laughter at hearing Sancho's talk: and in her opinion she took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master, and there were several others at that time of the same mind.

At last Don Quixote was calm, and dinner ended: and taking away the cloth there entered four damsels: one with a silver ewer, another with a basin of silver, also, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands (for doubtless they were white) a washball of Naples soap. She with a basin drew near, and, with a genteel air and assurance, clapped it under Don Quixote's beard; who, without speaking a word, and wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could: and instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the washball damsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising great flakes of snow (for the lathering was not less white) not only over the beard, but over the whole face and eyes, of the obedient knight, insomuch that it made him shut them whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of all this, were in expectation what this extraordinary lavation would end in. The barber-damsel, having raised a lather a handful high, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her Señor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. All that were present, being many, beheld him, and seeing

him with a neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard all in a lather, it was a great wonder and a sign of great discretion, that they forbore laughing. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and laughter, not knowing what to do, whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in beholding Don Quixote in that pickle. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, and then she who carried the towels wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making a profound reverence, were going off. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called the damsel with the basin, saying: Come, and wash me too, and take care you have water enough. The arch and diligent wench came, and clapped the basin to the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote's, and very expeditiously washed and lathered him well, and leaving him clean and dry, they made their curtsies, and away they went. It was afterwards known, that the duke had sworn that, had they not washed him as they did Don Quixote, he would have punished them for their pertness, which they had discreetly made amends for by serving him in the same manner. Sancho was very attentive to the ceremonies of this washing, and said to himself: God be my guide! is it the custom, trow, of this place, to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much: and if they should give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour. What are you saying to yourself, Sancho? quoth the duchess. I say, madam, answered Sancho, that in other princes' courts I have always heard say, when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards; and therefore one must live long to see much: it is also said, he who lives a long life must pass through many evils; though one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than

a pain. Take no care, friend Sancho, quoth the duchess; for I will order my damsels to wash you too, and lay you a-bucking, if need be. For the present, I shall be satisfied as to my beard, answered Sancho: for the rest, God will provide hereafter. Hark you, sewer, said the duchess, mind what honest Sancho desires, and do precisely as he would have you. The sewer answered, that Señor Sancho should be punctually obeyed; and so away he went to dinner, and took Sancho with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of sundry and divers matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess entreated Don Quixote, since he seemed to have so happy a memory, that he would delineate and describe the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to what fame proclaimed of her beauty, she took it for granted, she must be the fairest creature in the world and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at hearing the duchess's request, and said: If I could pull out my heart and lay it before your grandeur's eyes here upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the labour of telling what can hardly be conceived; for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I go about to delineate and describe, one by one, the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea, it being a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an enterprise worthy to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the graving-tools of Lysippus, to paint and carve in pictures, marbles, and bronzes; and Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise them. What is the meaning of Demosthenian, Señor Don Quixote? quoth the duchess: it is a word I never heard in all the days of my life. Demosthenian rhetoric, answered Don Quixote, is as much as to say, the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero; who were the two greatest orators and rhetoricians in the world. That is true, said the duke, and you betrayed your ignorance in asking such a question;

but for all that Señor Don Quixote would give us a great deal of pleasure in painting her to us; for though it be but a rough draft, or sketch only, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy. So she would most certainly, answered Don Quixote, had not the misfortune, which lately befell her, blotted her idea out of my mind; such a misfortune, that I am in a condition rather to bewail than to describe her; for your grandeurs must know, that, going a few days ago to kiss her hands, and receive her benediction, commands, and licence for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted, and converted from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to a jumping Joan; and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a clownish wench of Sayago.[1] God be my aid, cried the duke at this instant, with a loud voice: who may it be that has done so much mischief to the world? who is it that has deprived it of the beauty that cheered it, the good humour that entertained it, and the modesty that did it honour? Who? answered Don Quixote: who could it be, but some malicious enchanter, of the many invisible ones that persecute me; that cursed race born into the world to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good and to brighten and exalt the actions of the wicked? Enchanters have hitherto persecuted me; enchanters still persecute me, and enchanters will continue to persecute me, till they have tumbled me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion; and they hurt and wound me in the most sensible part; since to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him. I have already often said it, and now repeat it, that a knight-errant without a mistress

[1] As already noted in Chapter xix, p. 152, Sayago lies between Zamora and Portugal.

is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without a body that causes it.

There is no more to be said, quoth the duchess; but for all that, if we are to believe the history of Señor Don Quixote, lately published with the general applause of all nations, we are to collect from thence, if I remember right, that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world, she being only an imaginary lady, begotten and born of your own brain, and dressed out with all the graces and perfections you pleased. There is a great deal to be said upon this subject, answered Don Quixote: God knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not in the world, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary: this is one of those things, the proof whereof is not to be too nicely inquired into. I neither begot, nor brought forth, my mistress, though I contemplate her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications, which may make her famous over the whole world; such as, the being beautiful without a blemish, grave without pride, amorous with modesty, obliging as being courteous, and courteous as being well bred; and finally, of high descent, because beauty shines and displays itself with greater degrees of perfection when matched with noble blood, than in subjects that are of mean extraction. True, quoth the duke; but Señor Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his exploits forces me to speak; for from thence may be gathered that, supposing it be allowed, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, or out of it, and that she is beautiful in the highest degree, as your worship describes her to us, yet in respect of high descent, she is not upon a level with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madásimas[1], and others of that sort, of whom histories are full, as your worship well knows.

[1] Oriana is the heroine in *Amadis de Gaula*: Alastrajarea also appears in the same romance. Don Quixote and Cardenio came to blows over Madásima in Part I, Chapter xxiv.

To this I can answer, replied Don Quixote, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works, that virtue ennobles blood, and that a virtuous person, though mean, is more to be valued than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments, which may raise her to be a queen, with crown and sceptre: for the merit of a beautiful virtuous woman extends to the working greater miracles, and though not formally, yet virtually she has in herself greater advantages in store. I say, Señor Don Quixote, cried the duchess, that you tread with great caution, and, as the saying is, with the plummet in hand; and, for my own part, henceforward I will believe and make all my family believe, and even my lord duke, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, and that she is this day living and beautiful, and especially well born and well deserving that such a knight as Señor Don Quixote should be her servant; which is the highest commendation I can bestow upon her. But I cannot forbear entertaining one scruple, and bearing I know not what grudge to Sancho Panza. The scruple is, the aforesaid history relates, that the said Sancho Panza found the said lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter from your worship, winnowing a sack of wheat; by the same token it says it was red; which makes me doubt the highness of her birth.

To which Don Quixote answered: Madam, your grandeur must know, that most or all the things, which befell me, exceed the ordinary bounds of what happen to other knights-errant, whether directed by the inscrutable will of the destinies, or ordered through the malice of some envious enchanter: and as it is already a thing certain, that, among all or most of the famous knights-errant, one is privileged from being subject to the power of enchantment; another's flesh is so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded; as was the case of the renowned Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, of whom it is related that he was invulnerable, excepting in the sole of his left foot, and in that only by the point of a great pin, and by no

other weapon whatever: so that, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him in Roncesvalles, perceiving he could not wound him with steel, he hoisted him from the ground between his arms, and squeezed him to death, recollecting the manner in which Hercules slew Antaeus, that fierce giant, who was said to be a son of the earth. I would infer from what I have said, that perhaps I may have some one of those privileges: not that of being invulnerable, for experience has often shown me, that I am made of tender flesh, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of not being subject to enchantment; for I have already found myself clapped into a cage, in which the whole world could never have been able to have shut me up, had it not been by force of enchantments: but, since I freed myself from thence, I am inclined to believe no other can touch me; and therefore these enchanters, seeing they cannot practice their wicked artifices upon my person, revenge themselves upon what I love best, and have a mind to take away my life by evil entreating Dulcinea, for whom I live; and therefore I am of opinion, that, when my squire carried her my message, they had transformed her into a country wench, busied in that mean employment of winnowing wheat. But I have before said, that the wheat was not red, nor indeed wheat, but grains of oriental pearl: and for proof hereof, I must tell your grandeurs, that, coming lately through Toboso, I could not find Dulcinea's palace; and that, Sancho my squire having seen her the other day in her own proper figure, the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a coarse ugly country wench, and not well spoken, whereas she is discretion itself: and since I neither am, nor in all likelihood can be, enchanted, she it is who is the enchanted, the injured, the metamorphosed and transformed: in her my enemies have revenged themselves on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears till I see her restored to her former state.

All this I have said, that no stress may be laid upon

what Sancho told of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing; for since to me she was changed, no wonder if she was metamorphosed to him. Dulcinea is well born, of quality, and of the genteel families of Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good: and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea has a large share in them, for whom her town will be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy was of Helen, and Spain has been for [La] Cava, though upon better grounds, and a juster title. On the other hand, I would have your grandeurs understand, that Sancho Panza is one of the most ingenious squires that ever served knight-errant: he has indeed, at times, certain simplicities so acute, that it is no small pleasure to consider, whether he has in him most of the simple or acute: he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and negligence enough to confirm him a dunce: he doubts of everything, and believes everything; when I imagine he is falling headlong into stupidity, he outs with such smart sayings as raise him to the skies. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot: and therefore I am in doubt, whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has favoured him with: though I perceive in him such a fitness for the business of governing, that, with a little polishing of his understanding, he would be as much master of that art, as the king is of his customs. Besides, we know by sundry experiences, that there is no need of much ability, nor much learning, to be a governor; for there are a hundred of them up and down that can scarcely read, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks. The main point is, that their intention be good, and that they desire to do everything right, and there will never be wanting counsellors to advise and direct them in what they are to do; like your governors, who being sword-men, and not scholars, have an assistant on the bench. My counsel to him would be: All bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues; with some other little matters, which lie in my breast, and shall out in proper

time, for Sancho's benefit, and the good of the island he is to govern.

Thus far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote proceeded in their discourse, when they heard several voices and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho came into the hall all in a chafe, with a dish-clout for a slabbering bib; and after him a parcel of kitchen-boys, and other lower servants. One of them carried a tray full of water, which, by its colour and uncleanness, seemed to be dish-water. He followed and persecuted him, endeavouring with all earnestness to fix it under his chin; and another scullion seemed as solicitous to wash his beard. What is the matter, brothers? quoth the duchess, what is the matter? what would you do to this good man? What! do you not consider that he is a governor elect? To which the roguish barber answered: Madam, this gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed, as is the custom, and as our lord the duke and his master have been. Yes, I will, answered Sancho in great wrath; but I would have cleaner towels, and clearer suds, and not such filthy hands; for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel-water, and I with the devil's lye. The customs of countries, and of princes' palaces, are so far good as they are not troublesome: but this custom of scouring here is worse than that of the whipping penitents. My beard is clean, and I have no need of such refreshings; and he, who offers to scour me, or touch a hair of my head (I mean of my beard), with due reverence be it spoken, I will give him such a dowse, that I will set my fist fast in his skull: for such ceremonies and soapings as these look more like gibes than courtesy to guests. The duchess was ready to die with laughing, to see the rage and hear the reasonings of Sancho. But Don Quixote was not over-pleased, to see him so accoutred with the nasty towel, and surrounded with such a parcel of kitchen-tribe: and so, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if begging leave to speak, he said to the

rabble with a solemn voice: Ho, gentlemen cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return from whence you came, or to any other place you list; for my squire is as clean as another man, and these trays are as painful to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice, and let him alone, for neither he nor I understand jesting. Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth, and proceeded, saying: No, no, let them go on with their jokes; for I will endure it as much as it is now night. Let them bring hither a comb, or what else they please, and let them curry this beard, and if they find anything in it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me crosswise.

Here the duchess, still laughing, said: Sancho Panza is in the right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall say: he is clean, and, as he says, needs no washing; and if he is not pleased with our custom, he is at his own disposal: and besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and careless, and I may say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage, and such a beard, your trays and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and basins of pure gold, and towels of Dutch diaper: but, in short, you are a parcel of scoundrels and ill-born, and cannot forbear showing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant. The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest, and so they took Sancho's dish-clout off his neck, and with some confusion and shame slunk away and left him: who, finding himself rid of what he thought an imminent danger, went and kneeled before the duchess, and said: From great folks great favours are to be expected: that which your ladyship has done me to-day, cannot be repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am; Sancho Panza is my name; married I am; children I have; and I serve as a squire: if with any one of these I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall not be slower in obeying,

than your ladyship in commanding. It appears plainly, Sancho, answered the duchess, that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself. I mean, it is evident, you have been bred in the bosom of Señor Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of complaisance, and the flower of ceremony, or cirimony, as you say. Well fare such a master, and such a man, the one the pole-star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squirely fidelity! Rise up, friend Sancho; for I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing with my lord duke to perform, as soon as possible, the promise he has made you of the government.

Thus ended the conversation, and Don Quixote went to repose himself during the heat of the day, and the duchess desired Sancho, if he had not an inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool hall. Sancho answered, that, though indeed he was wont to sleep four or five hours a day, during the afternoon heats of the summer, to wait upon her goodness, he would endeavour with all his might not to sleep at all that day, and would be obedient to her commands; and so away he went. The duke gave fresh orders about treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without deviating a tittle from the style in which we read the knights of former times were treated.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Of the relishing conversation which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remarked.

THE history then relates, that Sancho Panza did not sleep that afternoon, but, to keep his word, came with the meat in his mouth to see the duchess; who, being delighted to hear him talk, made him sit down by her on a low stool, though Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it: but the duchess would have him sit down as a governor, and talk as a squire, since in both those capacities he deserved the very stool of the champion Cid Diaz. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, obeyed, and sat down; and all the duchess's damsels and duennas got round about him, in profound silence, to hear what he would say. But the duchess spoke first, saying: 'Now we are alone, and that nobody hears us, I would willingly be satisfied by Señor Governor, as to some doubts I have arising from the printed history of the great Don Quixote: one of which is, that, since honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor carried her Don Quixote's letter, it being left in the pocket-book in the Sable Mountain, how durst he feign the answer, and the story of his finding her winnowing wheat, it being all a sham, and a lie, and so much for the prejudice of the good character of the peerless Dulcinea, and the whole so unbecoming the quality and fidelity of a trusty squire?

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and stepping softly, with his body bent, and his finger on his lips, he crept round the room, lifting up the hangings; and this being done, he presently sat himself down again, and said: Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company hears us, I will answer, without fear or emotion, to all

you have asked, and to all you shall ask me; and the first thing I tell you is, that I take my master, Don Quixote, for a downright madman, though sometimes he comes out with things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all that hears him, are so discreet, and so well put together, that Satan himself could not speak better; and yet for all that, in good truth, and without any doubt, I am firmly persuaded he is mad. Now, having settled this in my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe anything that has neither head nor tail, like the business of the answer to the letter, and another affair of some six or eight days standing, which is not yet in print: I mean the enchantment of my mistress Doña Dulcinea; for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though there is no more truth in it than in a story of a cock and a bull. The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest; and Sancho recounted the whole, exactly as it had passed, at which the hearers were not a little pleased, and the duchess, proceeding in her discourse, said: From what honest Sancho has told me, a certain scruple has started into my head, and something whispers me in the ear, saying to me: Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is a fool, an idiot, and a madman, and Sancho Panza his squire knows it, and yet serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises, without doubt, he must be more mad, and more stupid than his master; and, this being really the case, it will turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza you give an island to govern; for he who knows not how to govern himself, how should he know how to govern others? By my faith, madam, quoth Sancho, this same scruple comes in the nick of time: please your ladyship to bid it speak out plain, or as it lists; for I know it says true, and, had I been wise, I should have left my master long ere now; but such was my lot, and such my evil-errantry. I can do no more; follow him I must; we are both of the same town; I have eaten his bread; I love him;

he returns my kindness; he gave me his ass's-colts; and, above all, I am faithful; and therefore it is impossible anything should part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and, if your highness has no mind the government you promised should be given me, God made me of less, and it may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience; for, as great a fool as I am, I understand the proverb, The pismire had wings to her hurt; and it may perhaps be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven, than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France; and, In the dark all cats are grey; and, Unhappy is he, who has not breakfasted at three; and, No stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay; and, Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care; and, Four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenca are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and, At our leaving this world, and going into the next, the prince travels in as narrow a path as the day-labourer; and, The Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though the one be higher than the other; for, when we come to the grave, we must all shrink and lie close, or be made to shrink and lie close in spite of us; and so good night: and therefore I say again, that, if your ladyship will not give me the island, because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care a fig for it; and I have heard say, The devil lurks behind the cross; and, All is not gold that glitters; and, Wamba the husbandman was taken from among his ploughs, his yokes, and oxen, to be King of Spain; and, Roderigo was taken from his brocades, pastimes, and riches, to be devoured by snakes, if ancient ballads do not lie. How should they lie? said then the duenna Rodriguez, who was one of the auditors; for there is a ballad which tells us how king Roderigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that, two days after, the king said from within the tomb, with a mournful and low voice: Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part

by which I sinned most: and according to this, the gentleman has a great deal of reason to say, he would rather be a peasant than a king, if such vermin must eat him up.

The duchess could not forbear laughing to hear the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring to hear the reasonings and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said: Honest Sancho knows full well, that, whatever a knight once promises, he endeavours to perform it, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will make good his word as to the promised island, in spite of the envy and the wickedness of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of it, he shall find himself seated in the chair of state of his island and of his territory, and shall so handle his government as to despise for it one of brocade three stories high. What I charge him is, to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all loyal and well born. As to governing them well, answered Sancho, there is no need of giving it me in charge; for I am naturally charitable, and compassionate to the poor; and, None will dare the loaf to steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal; and, by my beads, they shall put no false dice upon me: I am an old dog, and understand *tus, tus*[1], and know how to snuff my eyes in proper time, and will not suffer cobwebs to get into my eyes; for I know where the shoe pinches. All this I say, that the good may be sure to have of me both heart and hand, and the bad neither foot nor footing; and, in my opinion, as to the business of governing, the whole lies in the beginning; and perhaps, when I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may itch after the office, and I may know more of it than of the labour of the field, to which I was bred. You are in the right, Sancho, quoth the duchess; for nobody is born learned,

[1] *Tus, tus*: words used to coax a dog to come nearer.

and bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But, to resume the discourse we were just now upon, concerning the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea; I am very certain, that Sancho's design of putting a trick upon his master, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, and that, if his master did not know her, it must proceed from her being enchanted, was all a contrivance of some one or other of the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for really, and in truth, I know from good authority, that the wench who jumped upon the ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, and that honest Sancho, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himself deceived; and there is no more doubt of this truth than of things we never saw; for Señor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who love us, and tell us plainly and sincerely, and without any tricks or devices, all that passes in the world: and believe me, Sancho, the jumping-wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is enchanted just as much as the mother that bore her; and, when we least think of it, we shall see her in her own proper form; and then Sancho will be convinced of the mistake he now lives in.

All this may very well be, quoth Sancho Panza; and now I begin to believe what my master told of Montesinos' cave, where he pretends he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the very same dress and garb I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own pleasure alone; whereas, as your ladyship says, all this must have been quite otherwise; for it cannot, and must not be presumed, that my poor invention should, in an instant, start so cunning a device, nor do I believe my master is such a madman as to credit so extravagant a thing, upon no better a voucher than myself. But, madam, your goodness ought not, therefore, to look upon me as an ill-designed person; for a dunce, like me, is not obliged to penetrate into the thoughts and crafty intentions of wicked enchanters. I invented that story to escape the chidings

of my master, and not with design to offend him; and if it has fallen out otherwise, God is in heaven, who judges the heart. That is true, quoth the duchess: but tell me, Sancho, what is it you were saying of Montesinos' cave? I should be glad to know it. Then Sancho related, with all its circumstances, what has been said concerning that adventure. Which the duchess hearing, she said: From this accident it may be inferred, that, since the great Don Quixote says he saw the very same country-wench, whom Sancho saw coming out of Toboso, without doubt it is Dulcinea, and that the enchanters hereabouts are very busy, and excessively curious. But I say, quoth Sancho Panza, if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is enchanted, so much the worse for her; and I do not think myself bound to engage with my master's enemies, who must needs be many and malicious: true it is, that she I saw was a country-wench; for such I took her, and such I judged her to be; and, if she was Dulcinea, it is not to be placed to my account, nor ought it to lie at my door. It would be fine, indeed, if I must be called in question at every turn, with, Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, and Sancho returned; as if Sancho were who they would, and not that very Sancho Panza, handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who is at least a candidate to be a bachelor at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, excepting when they have a mind to it, or when it turns to good account: so that there is no reason why anybody should fall upon me, since I have a good name; and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than great riches: case me but in this same government, and you will see wonders; for a good squire will make a good governor.

All that honest Sancho has now said, quoth the duchess, are Catonian sentences, or at least extracted from the very marrow of Michael Verino[1] himself—

[1] Author of the *Disticha* (Burgos, 1489). Verino died

'florentibus occidit annis': in short, to speak in his own way, A bad cloak often covers a good drinker. Truly, madam, answered Sancho, I never in my life drank for any bad purpose: for thirst it may be I have: for I am no hypocrite: I drink when I have a mind, and when I have no mind, and when it is given me, not to be thought shy or ill-bred; for when a friend drinks to one, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him? But though I put on the shoes, I do not dirty them. Besides, the squires of knights-errant most commonly drink water; for they are always wandering about woods, forests, meadows, mountains, and craggy rocks, without meeting the poorest pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it. I believe so too, answered the duchess: but, for the present, Sancho, go and repose yourself, and we will hereafter talk more at large, and order shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government.

Sancho again kissed the duchess's hand, and begged of her, as a favour, that good care might be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes. What Dapple? quoth the duchess. My ass, replied Sancho; for, to avoid calling him by that name, I commonly call him Dapple: and I desired this mistress duenna here, when I first came into the castle, to take care of him, and she was as angry, as if I had said she was ugly or old; though it should be more proper and natural for duennas to dress asses than to set off drawing-rooms. God be my help! how ill a gentleman of our town agreed with these madams! He was some country clown to be sure, quoth Doña Rodriguez; for, had he been a gentleman, and well born, he would have placed them above the horns of the moon. Enough, quoth the duchess; let us have no more of this; peace, Doña Rodriguez, and you, Señor Panza, be quiet; and leave the care of making much of your

in his eighteenth year at Salamanca: the duchess quotes from Politian's epitaph on him.

Dapple to me; for he, being a jewel of Sancho's, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye. It will be sufficient for him to lie in the stable, answered Sancho; for upon the apple of your grandeur's eye, neither he nor I are worthy to lie one single moment, and I would no more consent to it, than I would poniard myself: for, though my master says, that, in complaisance we should rather lose the game by a card too much than too little, yet, when the business is asses and eyes, we should go with compass in hand, and keep within measured bounds. Carry him, Sancho, quoth the duchess, to your government, and there you may regale him as you please, and set him free from further labour. Think not, my lady duchess, you have said much, quoth Sancho; for I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and, if I should carry mine, it would be no such new thing. Sancho's reasonings renewed the duchess's laughter and satisfaction; and, dismissing him to his repose, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed between them, and they two agreed to contrive and give orders to have a jest put upon Don Quixote, which should be famous, and consonant to the style of knight-errantry; in which they played him many, so proper, and such ingenious ones, that they are some of the best adventures contained in this grand history.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Giving an account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; which is one of the most famous adventures of this book.

GREAT was the pleasure the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and, persisting in the design they had of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance and face of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of Montesinos' cave, to dress up a famous one. But what the duchess most wondered at was, that Sancho should be so very simple, as to believe for certain, that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor in that business. And so, having instructed their servants how they were to behave, six days after, they carried Don Quixote a-hunting with a train of hunters and huntsmen, not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave Don Quixote a hunting suit, and Sancho another, of the finest green cloth: but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying, he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry wardrobes and sumpters about him. But Sancho took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho put on his new suit, and mounted Dapple, whom he would not quit, though they offered him a horse; and so he thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness and civility, held the reins of her palfrey, though the duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, where posting themselves, in places where the toils were to be pitched,

and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hallooing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, as well for the cry of the hounds, as the winding of the horns. The duchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew wild boars used to pass. The duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. And scarcely were they on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and tossing foam from his mouth. Don Quixote, seeing him, braced his shield, and laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The duke did the like, with his javelin in his hand. But the duchess would have advanced before them, if the duke had not prevented her. Only Sancho, at the sight of the fierce animal, quitted Dapple, and ran the best he could, and endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but could not: and, being got about half way up, holding by a bough, and striving to mount to the top, he was so unfortunate and unlucky, that the bough broke, and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended by a snag of the tree, without coming to the ground; and, finding himself in this situation, and that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to cry out so loud, and to call for help so violently, that all who heard him, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. In short, the tusked boar was laid at his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him; and Don Quixote, turning his head about at Sancho's cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward,

and close by him Dapple, who deserted him not in his calamity. And Cid Hamet Ben Engeli says he seldom saw Sancho Panza without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho; such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them. Don Quixote went and disengaged Sancho, who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, fell a-viewing the rent in the hunting suit, and it grieved him to the soul; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee-simple.

They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood; where they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuous and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donor. Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said: Had this been a hare-hunting, or a fowling for small birds, my coat would have been safe from the extremity it is now in: I do not understand what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast, who, if he reaches you with a tusk, it may cost you your life. I remember to have heard an old ballad sung to this purpose:

> May Favila's sad doom be thine,
> And hungry bears upon thee dine.

He was a Gothic king, quoth Don Quixote, who, going to hunt wild beasts, was devoured by a bear[1]. What I say, answered Sancho, is, that I would not have princes and kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure; which methinks ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature that has not committed any fault. You are mistaken, Sancho; it is quite otherwise, answered the duke; for the

[1] Favila was killed by a bear in 737. He was doubtless of Gothic descent, and, though the recognized Gothic dynasty ended with Roderick, the Gothic kingdom certainly survived in the north of Spain.

exercise of hunting wild beasts is the most proper and necessary for kings and princes of any whatever. Hunting is an image of war; in it there are stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades, to overcome your enemy without hazard to your person: in it you endure pinching cold, and intolerable heat; idleness and sleep are contemned; natural vigour is corroborated, and the members of the body made active: in short it is an exercise, which may be used without prejudice to anybody, and with pleasure to many; and the best of it is, that it is not for all people, as are all other country sports, excepting hawking, which is also peculiar to kings and great persons. And, therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and, when you are a governor, exercise yourself in hunting, and you will find your account in it. Not so, answered Sancho; the good governor, and the broken leg, should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come fatigued about business, to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations; at that rate the government might go to wreck. In good truth, sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions, than for governors. What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag at Easter, and at bowls on Sundays and holidays: as for your huntings, they befit not my condition, nor agree with my conscience. God grant you prove as good as you say; but saying and doing are at a wide distance, quoth the duke. Be it so, replied Sancho: The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn; and, God's help is better than rising early; and, The belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly: I mean, that, with the help of God, and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern better than a goss-hawk. Aye, aye, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they shall see whether I can bite or no. The curse of God and of all His saints light on thee, accursed Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: when will the day come, as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter one current and coherent sentence without proverbs? I beseech your grandeurs, let this block-

head alone: he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but between two thousand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpose and as well timed, as I wish God may grant him health, or me, if I desire to hear them. Sancho Panza's proverbs, quoth the duchess, though they exceed in number those of the Greek commentator [1], yet they are not to be less valued for the brevity of the sentences. For my own part, I must own, they give me more pleasure than any others, though better timed and better applied.

With these and the like entertaining discourses, they left the tent, and went into the wood to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night came on not so clear nor so calm as the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, required, but a kind of *clair obscur*, which contributed very much to help forward the duke and duchess's design. Now, night coming on, soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters; and presently were heard, on all sides, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a great body of horse was passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, almost blinded and stunned the eyes and ears of the bystanders, and even of all that were in the wood. Presently were heard infinite Lelilies [2] after the Moorish fashion, when they are just

[1] The allusion is to Hernan Nuñez, whose *Refranes* appeared posthumously in 1555. In the second edition of his commentary on Mena's *Laberinto* (Granada, 1505) he is called *cavallero de la orden de Santiago* and *comendador*: he became Professor of Greek at Salamanca in 1523, and was commonly known as the *Comendador griego*. When writing in Spanish, he added these two words to his signature—a mild academic joke, for, though a Knight of Santiago, he was not a Knight Commander, and had no right to the title. Hence, though *el Comendador griego* = the Greek Commander, the severe censures passed on the translator for his rendering lose much of their point.

[2] The Spanish equivalent of *Lâ ilâh illâ 'llâh*.

going to join battle. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, almost all at once, so fast and without any intermission, that he must have had no sense, who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was in astonishment, the duchess in a fright, Don Quixote in amaze, and Sancho Panza in a fit of trembling: in short, even they who were in the secret were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A postboy, habited like a devil, passed before them, winding, instead of a cornet, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. So ho, brother courier, quoth the duke, who are you? whither go you? and what soldiers are those who seem to be crossing this wood? To which the courier answered in a hoarse and dreadful voice, I am the devil, and am going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha: the people you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso in a triumphal chariot; she comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to inform Don Quixote how that same lady is to be disenchanted. If you were the devil, as you say, and as your figure denotes you to be, quoth Don Quixote, you would before now have known that same knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who stands here before you. Before God, and upon my conscience, replied the devil, I did not see him; for my thoughts are distracted about so many things, that I forgot the principal business I came about. Doubtless, quoth Sancho, this devil must needs be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; else he would not have sworn by God and his conscience: now, for my part, I verily believe there are some good folks in hell itself. Then the devil, without alighting, directing his eyes to Don Quixote, said: To you, Knight of the Lions (and may I see you between their paws), the unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos sends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him in the very place I meet you in; for he brings with him her whom

they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her: and this being all I came for, I must stay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this lord and lady. And so saying, he blew his monstrous horn, and turned his back, and away he went without staying for an answer from anybody. Every one admired afresh, especially Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and Don Quixote, for not being sure of the truth of what had happened to him in Montesinos' cave. While he stood wrapped up in these cogitations, the duke said to him: Does your worship, Señor Don Quixote, design to wait here? Why not? answered he: here will I wait intrepid and courageous, though all hell should come to assault me. Now, for my part, quoth Sancho, I will no more stay here to see another devil, and hear another such horn, than I would in Flanders.

Now the night grew darker, and numberless lights began to run about the wood, like those dry exhalations from the earth, which, glancing along the sky, seem to our sight as shooting stars. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-wagon, from whose harsh and continued creaking, it is said, wolves and bears fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To all this combustion was added another, which augmented the whole; which was, that it seemed as if there were four engagements, or battles, at the four quarters of the wood, all at one time: for here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite volleys of small shot: the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the Moorish Lelilies were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, and, above all, the frightful creaking of the wagons, formed altogether so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But Sancho's quite failed him,

and he fell down in a swoon upon the train of the duchess's robe; who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face; which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking wagons arrived at that stand. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large burning torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the wagon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram: for the wagon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly devils, habited in the same buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close, that he might not see them a second time. Now the wagon being come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and, standing upon his feet, with a loud voice he said: I am the sage Lirgandeo: and the wagon went forward without his speaking another word. After this there passed another wagon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned; who, making the wagon stop, with a voice as solemn as the other's, said: I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the Unknown[1]; and passed on. Then advanced another wagon with the same pace: but he, who was seated on the throne, was not an old man, like the two former, but a robust and ill-favoured fellow, who, when he came near, standing up, as the rest had done, said, with a voice more hoarse and more diabolical: I am Arcalaus the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his kindred; and on he went. These three wagons halted at a little distance, and the irksome jarring noise of their wheels ceased; and presently was heard another (not noise,

[1] For Alquife and Urganda see the notes in Part I, Chapter v, pp. 41–2.

but) sound, composed of sweet and regular music; at which Sancho was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign; and therefore he said to the duchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch: Where there is music, madam, there can be no harm. Nor where there are lights and brightness, answered the duchess. To which Sancho replied: The fire may give light, and bonfires may be bright, as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them: but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment. That we shall see presently, quoth Don Quixote, who listened to all that was said; and he said right, as is shown in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV

Wherein is continued the account of the method prescribed to Don Quixote for the disenchanting Dulcinea; with other wonderful events.

KEEPING exact time with the agreeable music, they perceived advancing towards them one of those cars they call triumphal, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen; and mounted upon each of them came a penitent of the light, clothed also in white, and a great wax torch lighted in his hand. The car was thrice as big as any of the former, and the sides and top were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, and all carrying lighted torches; a sight, which at once caused admiration and affright. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph, clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold tinsel; which made her appear, if not very rich, yet very gorgeous. Her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany; so that, without any impediment from its threads or plaits, you might discover through it the face of a very

beautiful damsel; and the multitude of lights gave an opportunity of distinguishing her beauty, and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years, nor to be under seventeen. Close by her sat a figure, arrayed in a gown of those they call robes of state, down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil. The moment the car came up, just over against where the duke and duchess and Don Quixote stood, the music of the waits ceased, and presently after that of the harps and lutes, which played in the car; and the figure in the gown standing up, and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, discovered plainly the very figure and skeleton of Death, so ugly that Don Quixote was startled, and Sancho affrighted at it, and the duke and duchess made a show of some timorous concern. This living Death, raised and standing up, with a voice somewhat drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner:

Merlin I am, miscall'd the devil's son
In lying annals, authoriz'd by time;
Monarch supreme and great depositary
Of magic art and Zoroastric skill;
Rival of envious ages, that would hide
The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,
Favor'd by me, and my peculiar charge.
Though vile enchanters, still on mischief bent,
To plague mankind their baleful art employ,
Merlin's soft nature, ever prone to good,
His power inclines to bless the human race.
In hell's dark chambers, where my busied ghost
Was forming spells and mystic characters,
Dulcinea's voice (peerless Tobosan maid)
With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears,
I knew her woe, her metamorphos'd form,
From high-born beauty in a palace graced,
To the loath'd features of a cottage wench.
With sympathizing grief I straight revolv'd
The numerous tomes of my detested art,
And, in the hollow of this skeleton
My soul enclosing, hither am I come,

To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.
O glory thou of all that case their limbs
In polish'd steel and fenceful adamant,
Light, beacon, polar star, and glorious guide
Of all, who, starting from the lazy down,
Banish ignoble sleep, for the rude toil,
And hardy exercise of errant arms;
Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,
Whose valiant deeds outstrip pursuing fame;
Would'st thou to beauty's pristine state restore
Th' enchanted dame, Sancho, thy faithful squire,
Must to his brawny buttocks bare expos'd,
Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply,
Such as may sting, and give him smarting pain.
The authors of her change have thus decreed,
And this is Merlin's errand from the shades.

I vow to God, quoth Sancho at this period, I say not three thousand, but I will as soon give myself three stabs as three lashes: the devil take this way of disenchanting: I cannot see what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God, if Señor Merlin can find out no other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for me. I shall take you, Don Peasant stuffed with garlic, quoth Don Quixote, and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and I say not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand and six hundred lashes will I give you, and those so well laid on, that you shall not be able to let them off at three thousand three hundred hard tugs: so answer me not a word; for I will tear out your very soul: which Merlin hearing, he said: It must not be so; for the lashes that honest Sancho is to receive must be with his goodwill, and not by force, and at what time he pleases, for there is no term set; but he is allowed, if he pleases, to save himself the pain of one half of this flogging by suffering the other half to be laid on by another hand, although it be somewhat weighty. Neither another's hand, nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed, shall touch

me, quoth Sancho. Did I bring forth the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my posteriors must pay for the transgressions of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, and stay, he can and ought to lash himself for her, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment; but for me to whip myself, I pronounce [1] it.

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the silvered nymph who sat close by the shade of Merlin, standing up, and throwing aside her thin veil, discovered a face in every one's opinion, more than excessively beautiful; and with a manly assurance, and no very amiable voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, she said, O unlucky squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and of bowels full of gravel and flints! had you been bid, nose-slitting thief, to throw yourself headlong from some high tower; had you been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; had anybody endeavoured to persuade you to kill your wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar; no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingness and aversion; but to make a stir about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every puny schoolboy receives every month, it amazes, stupefies, and affrights the tender bowels of all who hear it, and even of all who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, miserable and hard-hearted animal, cast, I say, those huge goggle eyes of thine upon the balls of mine compared to glittering stars, and you will see them weep, drop after drop, and stream after stream, making furrows, tracks, and paths, down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, subtle and ill-intentioned monster, at my blooming youth, still in its teens (for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty), pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench: and, if at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the

[1] Sancho blunders over 'renounce'.

particular favour of Señor Merlin here present, merely that my charms may soften you; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, untamed beast! lash that brawny flesh of thine, and rouse from base sloth that courage, which only inclines you to eat, and eat again; and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face; and if for my sake you will not be mollified, nor come to any reasonable terms, be so for the sake of that poor knight there by your side; your master, I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, expecting nothing but your rigid or mild answer, either to jump out of his mouth, or to return to his stomach.

Don Quixote, hearing this, put his finger to his throat to feel, and turning to the duke, said: Before God, sir, Dulcinea has said the truth; for here I feel my soul sticking in my throat like the stopper of a crossbow. What say you to this, Sancho? quoth the duchess. I say, madam, answered Sancho, what I have already said, that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them. Renounce, you should say, Sancho, quoth the duke, and not pronounce. Please, your grandeur, to let me alone, answered Sancho; for, at present, I cannot stand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or less; for these lashes which are to be given me, or I must give myself, keep me so disturbed that I know not what I say, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time calls me soul of a pitcher, and untamed beast; with such a beadroll of ill names that the devil may bear them for me. What! does she think my flesh is made of brass? or is it anything to me whether she be disenchanted, or no? Instead of bringing a basket of fine linen, shirts, nightcaps, and socks (though I wear none), to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when

she might have known the common proverb, that An ass laden with gold mounts nimbly up the hill; and, Presents break rocks; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly; and, One take is worth two I'll give thee's. Then my master, instead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says, if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they do not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were like drinking after cherries, a thing of course. Let them learn, let them learn, in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to have breeding; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time just ready to burst with grief to see my green jacket torn; and people come to desire me to whip myself, of my own goodwill, I having as little mind to it as to turn Indian prince. In truth, friend Sancho, quoth the duke, if you do not relent, and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government. It were good indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor; one who relents not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor at the entreaties of wise, awful, and ancient enchanters, and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or be no governor. My lord, answered Sancho, may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do? No, in nowise, quoth Merlin: Here, at this instant, and upon this spot, the business must be settled; or Dulcinea must return to Montesinos' cave, and to her former condition of a country wench; or else in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, where she must wait till the number of the lashes be fulfilled. Come, honest Sancho, quoth the duchess, be of good cheer, and show gratitude for the bread you have eaten of your master Don Quixote's, whom we are all bound to serve for his good qualities, and his high chivalries. Say, yes, son, to this whip-

ping bout, and the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear; for A good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know.

To these words Sancho answered with these extravagances; for speaking to Merlin, he said: Pray tell me, Señor Merlin, the court devil, who came hither, delivered my master a message from Señor Montesinos, bidding him wait for him here, for he was coming to give directions about the disenchantment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and to this hour we have neither seen Montesinos, nor any likeness of his: pray, where is he? To which Merlin answered: The devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great rascal: I sent him in quest of your master, with a message, not from Montesinos, but from me; for Montesinos is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say better, expecting his disenchantment; for the worst is still behind; if he owes you aught, or you have any business with him, I will fetch him hither, and set him wherever you think fit: and therefore come to a conclusion, and say yes to this discipline; and, believe me, it will do you much good, as well your soul as your body; for your soul, in regard of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can do you no harm. What a number of doctors there is in the world! the very enchanters are doctors, replied Sancho. But since everybody tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say, I am contented to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest that I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to what I thought, it seems she is in reality beautiful. I article likewise, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the

account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Señor Merlin, who knows everything, shall keep the account, and give me notice how many I want or have exceeded. As for the exceedings, there is no need of keeping account, answered Merlin; for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanted, and will come, in a most grateful manner, to seek honest Sancho, to thank, and even reward him for the good deed done. So that there need be no scruple about the surpluses or deficiencies; and heaven forbid I should cheat anybody of so much as a hair of their head. Go to, then, in God's name, quoth Sancho; I submit to my ill fortune; I say, I accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated.

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words when the music of the waits struck up, and a world of muskets were again discharged; and Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The duke and duchess, and all the bystanders, gave signs of being mightily pleased, and the car began to move on; and, in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low curtsy to Sancho. By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn came apace; the flowerets of the field expanded their fragrant bosoms, and erected their heads; and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and grey pebbles, went to pay their tribute to the rivers that expected them. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene; each singly, and all together, giving manifest tokens, that the day which trod upon Aurora's heels would be fair and clear. The duke and duchess, being satisfied with the sport, and having executed their design so ingeniously and happily, returned to their castle, with an intention of seconding their jest; since nothing real could have afforded them more pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Wherein is related the strange and never-imagined adventure of the Afflicted Matron, alias the Countess of Trifaldi; with a letter written by Sancho Panza to his wife Teresa Panza.

The duke had a steward, of a very pleasant and facetious wit, who represented Merlin, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure, composed the verses, and made a page act Dulcinea. And now, with the duke and duchess's leave, he prepared another scene, of the pleasantest and strangest contrivance imaginable.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho, whether he had begun the task of the penance he was to do for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He said, he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. The duchess desired to know with what he had given them. He answered, with the palm of his hand. That, replied the duchess, is rather clapping than whipping; and I am of opinion, Señor Merlin will hardly be contented at so easy a rate. Honest Sancho must get a rod made of briers, or of whipcord, that the lashes may be felt; for letters written in blood stand good, and the liberty of so great a lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased so easily, or at so low a price. And take notice, Sancho, that works of charity, done faintly and coldly, lose their merit, and signify nothing. To which Sancho answered: Give me, then, madam, some rod, or convenient bough, and I will whip myself with it, provided it do not smart too much; for I would have your ladyship know, that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folks' good. You say well, answered the duchess: to-morrow I will give

you a whip which shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were its own brother. To which Sancho said: Your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me, since I parted from her: here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your discretion would read it: for methinks it runs as becomes a governor, I mean, in the manner that governors ought to write. And who indited it? demanded the duchess. Who should indite it, but I myself, sinner as I am? answered Sancho. And did you write it? said the duchess. No, indeed, answered Sancho; for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark. Let us see it, said the duchess; for no doubt you show in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius. Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom, and the duchess, taking it in her hand, saw the contents were as follow:

Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

'If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted; if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present; another time you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all four like a cat. You shall be a governor's wife: see then whether anybody will tread on your heels. I here send you a green hunting suit, which my lady duchess gave me: fit it up, so that it may serve your daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say, in this country, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool, and I am not a whit short of him. We have been in Montesinos' cave, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three

thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to anybody; for, go to give counsel about what is your own, and one will cry, it is white, another, it is black. A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; for, I am told, all new governors go with the self-same intention. I will feel its pulse, and send you word whether you shall come and be with me, or no. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you: I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the great Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times, return her two thousand: for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before: but be in no pain, my dear Teresa: for he that has the repique in hand is safe [1], and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me: for I am told, if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it: and, if so, it would be no very good bargain; though the crippled and lame in their hands enjoy a kind of petty-canonry in the alms they receive: so that, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God make you so, as He easily can, and keep me to serve you.

'Your husband, the governor,
'Sancho Panza.

'From this castle the 20th of July, 1614.'

The duchess, having read the letter, said to Sancho: In two things the good governor is a little out of the way: the one, in saying, or insinuating, that this government is given him on account of the lashes he is to give himself; whereas he knows and cannot

[1] Preferably—'he who tolls the bell is in safety'.

deny it, that, when my lord duke promised it him, nobody dreamed of any such thing as lashes in the world: the other is, that he shows himself in it very covetous; and I would not have him be griping; Avarice bursts the bag, and, The covetous governor does ungoverned justice. That is not my meaning, madam, answered Sancho; and, if your ladyship thinks this letter does not run as it should do, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, and perhaps it may prove a worse, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, replied the duchess, this is a very good one, and I will have the duke see it.

Hereupon they went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and, after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's relishing conversation, on a sudden they heard the dismal sound of a fife, and also that of a hoarse and unbraced drum. They all discovered some surprise at the confused, martial, and doleful harmony; especially Don Quixote, who could not contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is enough to say, that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat: for the sound they heard was really and truly most horrid and melancholy. And, while they were thus in suspense, they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning robes, so long and extended, that they trailed upon the ground. They came beating two great drums, covered also with black. By their side came the fife, black and frightful like the rest. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, not clad, but mantled about, with a robe of the blackest dye, the train whereof was of a monstrous length. This robe was girt about with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a prodigious long beard

as white as snow. He marched to the sound of the drums, with much gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his stateliness, his blackness, and his attendants, might very well surprise, as they did, all who beheld him, and were not in the secret. Thus he came, with the state and appearance aforesaid, and kneeled down before the duke, who, with the rest, received him standing. But the duke would in nowise suffer him to speak, till he rose up. The monstrous spectre did so, and, as soon as he was upon his feet, he lifted up his veil, and exposed to view the horridest, the longest, the whitest, and best furnished beard, that human eyes till then had ever beheld; and straight he sent forth from his broad and ample breast, a voice grave and sonorous; and, fixing his eyes on the duke, he said: Most mighty and puissant sir, I am called Trifaldin of the White Beard; I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring your grandeur a message; which is, that your magnificence would be pleased to give her permission and leave to enter, and tell her distress, which is one of the newest and most wonderful, that the most distressed thought in the world could ever have imagined: but first she desires to know, whether the valorous and invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha resides in this your castle; in quest of whom she is come on foot, and without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya[1] to this your territory; a thing which may and ought to be considered as a miracle, or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She waits at the door of this fortress or country house, and only stays for your good pleasure to come in. Having said this, he hemmed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and with much tranquillity stood expecting the duke's answer, which was:

[1] Candy: it is mentioned in Chapter xxxviii (p. 305) as lying beyond Cape Comorin, but the geography of books of chivalry is eccentric and shifting.

It is now many days, honest Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, since we have had notice of the misfortune of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have occasioned to be called the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendous squire, she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself all kind of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to it by being a knight; for to such it particularly belongs to protect all sorts of women, especially injured and afflicted matrons, such as her ladyship. Trifaldin, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground, and, making a sign to the fife and drums to play, he walked out of the garden to the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in admiration at his figure and deportment.

The duke then, turning to Don Quixote, said: In short, renowned knight, neither the clouds of malice, or those of ignorance, can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days that your goodness has been in this castle, when, behold, the sorrowful and afflicted are already come in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, and not in coaches, nor upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find, in that strenuous arm of yours, the remedy for their troubles and distresses: thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth. I wish, my lord duke, answered Don Quixote, that the same ecclesiastic, who the other day expressed so much ill will and so great a grudge to knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes, whether or no such knights as those are necessary in the world; at least he would be made sensible, that the extraordinary afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, nor to those of country parish priests, nor to the

cavalier, who never thinks of stirring from his own town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather inquires after news to tell again, than endeavours to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or write of him. Remedy for distress, relief in necessities, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, are nowhere so readily to be found, as among knights-errant; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble that can befall me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she pleases: for I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.

CHAPTER XXXVII

In which is continued the famous adventure of the Afflicted Matron.

THE duke and duchess were extremely delighted to see how well Don Quixote answered their expectation; and here Sancho said: I should be loath that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, say, that, Where duennas have to do, no good thing can e'er ensue. Odds my life! what an enemy was that apothecary to them! and therefore, since all duennas are troublesome and impertinent, of what quality or condition soever they be, what must the afflicted be, as they say this same Countess Three-skirts or Three-tails is[1]; for in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are all one. Peace, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote; for, since this lady

[1] *Trifaldi* from *tres faldas* = three skirts.

duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those the apothecary has in his list. Besides, this is a countess; and when countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon queens and empresses; for in their own houses they command, and are served by other duennas. To this Doña Rodriguez, who was present, answered: My lady duchess has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, if fortune had pleased; but, Laws go on kings' errands: and let no one speak ill of duennas, especially of the ancient maiden ones; for though I am not of that number, yet I well know, and clearly perceive the advantage a maiden duenna has over a widow duenna; though a pair of shears cut us all out of the same piece. For all that, replied Sancho, there is still so much to be sheared about your duennas, as my barber tells me, that it is better not to stir the rice, though it burn to the pot. These squires, quoth Doña Rodriguez, are always our enemies; and as they are a kind of fairies that haunt the antechambers, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are not a few, they employ in speaking ill of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputations. But let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of their teeth, we shall live in the world, and in the best families too, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with a black weed, as people cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry on a procession day. In faith, if I might, and if I had time, I would make all here present, and all the world besides, know, that there is no virtue, but is contained in a duenna. I am of opinion, quoth the duchess, that my good Doña Rodriguez is in the right, and very much so: but she must wait for a fit opportunity to stand up for herself, and the rest of the duennas, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out that, which the great Sancho has in his breast. To which Sancho answered: Ever since the fumes of government have got into my head, I have lost the

megrims of squireship, and care not a fig for all the duennas in the world.

This dialogue about duennas had continued, had they not heard the drum and fife strike up again; by which they understood the Afflicted Matron was just entering. The duchess asked the duke, whether it was not proper to go and meet her, since she was a countess, and a person of quality. As she is a countess, quoth Sancho, before the duke could answer, it is very fit your grandeurs should go to receive her; but, as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step. Who bade you intermeddle in this matter, Sancho? said Don Quixote. Who, sir? answered Sancho: I myself, who have a right to intermeddle as a squire, who has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the best-bred knight courtesy ever produced: and in these matters, as I have heard your worship say, one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word to the wise. It is even so, as Sancho says, quoth the duke; we shall soon see what kind of a countess this is, and by that we shall judge what courtesy is due to her. And now the drums and fifes entered, as they did the first time. And here the author ended this short chapter, and began another with the continuation of the same adventure, being one of the most notable in the history.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

In which an account is given of the Afflicted Matron's misfortunes.

After the doleful music, there began to enter the garden twelve duennas, divided into two files, all clad in large mourning habits, seemingly of milled serge, with white veils of thin muslin, so long that only the border of the robe appeared. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, whom Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. She was clad in a robe of the finest serge; which had it been napped, each grain would have been the size of a good ronceval pea [1]. The train or tail (call it which you will) was divided into three corners, supported by three pages, clad also in mourning, making a sightly and mathematical figure, with the three acute angles, formed by the three corners; from which all that saw them concluded she was from thence called the Countess Trifaldi, as much as to say, the Countess of the Three Skirts: and Ben Engeli says, that was the truth of the matter, and that her right title was the Countess Lobuna, because that earldom produced abundance of wolves [2]; and had they been foxes instead of wolves, she would have been styled Countess Zorruna [3], it being the custom in those parts for the great persons to take their titles from the thing or things, with which their country most abounded. But this countess, in favour of the new cut of her train, quitted that of Lobuna, and took that of Trifaldi. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced at a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent like

[1] In the original *un garbanzo de los buenos de Martos* = one of the good Martos chick-peas. Martos is in Andalusia.

[2] *Lobo* = wolf.

[3] *Zorro* = fox.

Trifaldin's, but so close that nothing could be seen through them. Now, upon the appearance of this squadron of duennas, the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote, rose from their seats, as did all the rest who beheld this grand procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a passage, through which the Afflicted [One] advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand. Which the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they stepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather harsh and coarse, than fine and delicate, said: May it please your grandeurs to spare condescending to do so great a courtesy to this your valet; I mean your handmaid: for such is my affliction that I shall not be able to answer as I ought, because my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my understanding, I know not whither; and sure it must be a vast way off, since the more I seek it, the less I find it. He would want it, lady countess, quoth the duke, who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, without seeing any more, merits the whole cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies: and, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the duchess, who also received her with much civility. Don Quixote held his peace, and Sancho was dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of some one of her many duennas: but it was not possible, till they of their own accord unveiled themselves.

Now all keeping silence, and in expectation who should break it, the Afflicted Matron began in these words: Confident I am, most mighty lord, most beautiful lady, and most discreet bystanders, that my most miserable miserableness will find in your most valorous breasts a protection no less placid than generous and dolorous; for such it is, as is sufficient to mollify marbles, soften diamonds, and melt the steel of the hardest hearts in the world. But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I should be glad to be informed whether

the refinedissimo knight, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimo Panza, be in this bosom, circle, or company. Panza, said Sancho, before anybody else could answer, is here, and also Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, Afflictedissima Matronissima, say what you have a mindissima; for we are all ready and preparedissimos to be your servitorissimos. Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and directing his discourse to the Afflicted Matron, said: If your distresses, afflicted lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, behold mine, which though weak and scanty, shall be all employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of all sorts; and this being so, as it really is, you need not, madam, bespeak goodwill, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs; for you are within hearing of those, who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them. Which the Afflicted Matron hearing, she made a show as if she would prostrate herself at Don Quixote's feet; and actually did so, and, struggling to kiss them, said: I prostrate myself, O invincible knight, before these feet and legs as the bases and pillars of knight-errantry! these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortune hangs and depends, O valorous errant, whose true exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous ones of the Amadises, Esplandians, and Belianises! And leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and taking him by the hand, said: O thou the most trusty squire that ever served knight-errant, in the present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than the beard of my companion Trifaldin here present, well may'st thou boast, that in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve in miniature the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms in the world: I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodness, to become an importunate intercessor for me with thy lord, that he would

instantly favour the humblest and unhappiest of countesses. To which Sancho answered: Whether my goodness, madam, be or be not as long and as broad as your squire's beard, signifies little to me: so that my soul be bearded and whiskered [1], when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards, here below: but without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master, who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business, to favour and assist your ladyship in whatever he can. Unbundle your griefs, madam, and let us into the particulars; and leave us alone to manage, for we shall understand one another. The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at all this, as knowing the drift of this adventure; and commended in their thoughts the smartness and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, said:

Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues from Cape Comorin, was queen Doña Maguncia, widow of king Archipiela her lord and husband; from which marriage sprung the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom; which Infanta Antonomasia was educated under my care and instruction, as being the most ancient duenna, and of the best quality, among those that waited upon her mother. Now, in process of time, the young Antonomasia arrived to the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it a pitch higher: and, what is more, discertion itself was but a child to her, for she was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest creature in the world, and is so still, if envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not

[1] In Gaspar Lucas Hidalgo's *Diálogos de apacible entretenimiento* (Barcelona, 1605), Don Diego tells Doña Margarita that 'if we have moustaches on our soul, any other moustaches are of no consequence'. The saying was current before Cervantes's time and was popular long afterwards.

cut short her thread of life. But, sure, they have not done it; for heaven would never permit, that so much injury should be done to the earth, as to tear off such an unripe cluster from the fairest vine of the earth. Of this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite number of princes, as well natives as foreigners, grew enamoured. Among whom, a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his genteel finery, his many abilities and graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit: for I must tell your grandeurs, if it be no offence, that he touched a guitar so as to make it speak. He was, besides, a poet, and a fine dancer, and could make bird-cages so well, as to get his living by it, in case of extreme necessity. So many qualifications and endowments were sufficient to overset a mountain, and much more a tender virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accomplishments, would have signified little or nothing towards the conquest of my girl's fortress, if the robber and ruffian had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my goodwill, and suborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he imposed upon my understanding, and got from me my consent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets he presented me with. But that, which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a stanza, which I heard him sing one night, through a grate that looked into an alley where he stood; and, if I remember right, the verses were these:

The tyrant fair, whose beauty sent
The throbbing mischief to my heart,
The more my anguish to augment,
Forbids me to reveal the smart.[1]

[1] From a *barzeletta* of Serafino de' Ciminelli dall' Aquila.

The stanza seemed to me to be of pearls, and his voice of barley-sugar; and many a time since have I thought, considering the mishap I fell into, that poets, at least the lascivious, ought, as Plato advised, to be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; because they write couplets, not like those of the Marquess of Mantua [1], which divert, and make children and women weep, but such pointed things as, like smooth thorns, pierce the soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and unsinged. Another time he sung:

Come, Death, with gently-stealing pace,
And take me, unperceiv'd, away;
Nor let me see thy wish'd-for face,
Lest joy my fleeting life should stay.[2]

with other such couplets and ditties as enchant when sung, and surprise when written. Now, when they condescend to compose a kind of verses, at that time in fashion in Candaya, which they call roundelays, they presently occasion a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body, and, lastly, a kind of quicksilver of all the senses. And therefore I say, most noble auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the Isle of Lizards [3]: though in truth they are not to blame, but the simpletons who commend them, and the idiots who believe them: and, had I been the honest duenna

[1] See the note in Part I, Chapter v, p. 38.

[2] Slightly altered from the celebrated verses by the Comendador de Escribá first printed in Hernando del Castillo's *Cancionero General* (Valencia, 1511). Lope de Vega wrote a gloss on them; Calderon quotes them in *Las manos blancas no ofenden* and in *El Tetrarca de Jerusalem* (also known as *El mayor monstruo los celos*); and they have been admirably translated into English by Archdeacon Churton.

[3] Where criminals were interned in Antonio de Torquemada's *Jardin de flores curiosas*: see the note in Part I, Chapter vi, p. 45.

I ought, his nightly serenades had not moved me, nor had I believed those poetical expressions: Dying I live; in ice I burn; I shiver in flames; in despair I hope; I go, yet stay; with other impossibilities of the like stamp, of which their writings are full. And when they promise us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the hairs of the sun, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tibar [1], and the balsam of Pancaya [2]; they then give their pen the greatest scope, as it costs them little to promise what they never intend, nor can perform. But, woe is me, unhappy wretch! whither do I stray? what folly, or what madness hurries me to recount the faults of others, having so many of my own to relate? Woe is me again, unhappy creature! for not his verses, but my own simplicity, vanquished me: not the music, but my levity, my great ignorance, and my little caution, melted me down, opened the way, and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo; for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier. And so, I being the go-between, he was often in the chamber of the betrayed, not by him but me, Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful husband: for, though a sinner, I would never have consented, without his being her husband, that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string. No, no, marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me: only there was one mischief in it, which was, the disparity between them; Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have already said, of the kingdom. This intrigue lay concealed and wrapped up in the sagacity of my cautious management for some time, till I perceived it began to show itself in I know not what kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly; the apprehension whereof made us three lay our heads together; and the result was, that, before the unhappy

[1] A river in Africa.
[2] A province of Arabia Felix.

slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract, signed by the infanta and given him, to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in such strong terms, that the force of Sampson was not able to break through it. The business was put in execution; the vicar saw the contract, and took the lady's confession; she acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil of the court. Here Sancho said: What! are there court-alguazils, poets, and roundelays in Candaya too? if so, I swear I think the world is the same everywhere: but, Madam Trifaldi, pray make haste; for it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this so very long story. That I will, answered the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Wherein Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable history.

At every word Sancho spoke, the duchess was in as high delight as Don Quixote was at his wit's end; who commanding him to hold his peace, the Afflicted [One] went on, saying: In short, after many pros and cons, the infanta standing stiffly to her engagement, without varying or departing from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and gave her to him to wife: at which the queen, Doña Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days' time. She died then, I suppose, quoth Sancho. Most assuredly, answered Trifaldin; for in Candaya, they do not bury the living, but the dead. Master Squire, replied Sancho, it has happened ere now, that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead; and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned

away rather than have died; for, while there is life there is hope; and the infanta's transgression was not so great, that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married one of her pages, or any other servant of the family, as many others have done, as I have been told, the mischief had been without remedy; but she having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts as he is here painted to us, verily, verily, though perhaps it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people think: for, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lie, as bishops are made out of learned men, so kings and emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant. You are in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, is next oars to being the greatest lord in the world. But let Madam Afflicted proceed; for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind. The bitter behind! answered the countess: aye, and so bitter, that in comparison, wormwood is sweet, and rue savoury.

The queen being now dead, and not swooned away, we buried her; and scarcely had we covered her with earth and pronounced the last farewell, when *quis talia fando . . . temperet a lacrimis?* [1] upon the queen's sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno, her cousin-german, who besides being cruel, is an enchanter also. This giant, in revenge of his cousin's death, and in chastisement of the boldness of Don Clavijo, and the folly of Antonomasia, left them both enchanted by his art, upon the very sepulchre; her converted into a monkey of brass, and him into a fearful crocodile, of an unknown metal; and between them lies a plate of metal likewise, with letters engraved upon it in the Syriac language, which being rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contain this

[1] Condensed from Virgil, *Aeneid*, II, 6–8.

sentence: 'These two presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form, till the valorous Manchegan shall enter into single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.' This done, he drew out of the scabbard a broad and unmeasurable scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made show as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frighted to death, and my voice stuck in my throat: nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, with a trembling and doleful voice, I used such entreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of so rigorous a punishment. Finally, he sent for all the duennas of the palace, being those here present, and, after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed against the qualities of duennas, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and charging them with all that blame which I alone deserved, he said, he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with other lengthened pains, which should put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death: and in the very instant he had done speaking, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a pricking pain all over them, like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently.

Then the Afflicted, and the rest of the duennas, lifted up the veils which concealed them, and discovered their faces all planted with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some piebald: at which sight the duke and duchess seemed to wonder, Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed, and all present astonished; and the Trifaldi proceeded: Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon Malambruno punished us, covering the soft smoothness of our faces with the ruggedness of these bristles: would to heaven he had struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these brushes that overspread them! for, noble lords and lady, if we rightly con-

sider it (and what I am now going to say I would speak with rivers of tears, but that the consideration of our misfortune, and the seas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moisture, and dry as the beards of corn ; and therefore I will speak it without tears), I say then, whither can a duenna with a beard go ? what father or what mother will bewail her ? who will succour her ? for, even when her grain is the smoothest, and her face tortured with a thousand sorts of washes and ointments, scarcely can she find anybody to show kindness to her ; what must she do then, when her face is become a wood ? O ye duennas, my dear companions, in an unlucky hour were we born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us : and, so saying, she seemed to faint away.

CHAPTER XL

Of matters relating and appertaining to this adventure, and to this memorable history.

In reality and truth, all who delight in such histories as this, ought to be thankful to its original author, Cid Hamet, for his curious exactness in recording the minutest circumstances thereof, without omitting anything how trifling soever, but bringing everything distinctly to light. He paints thoughts, discovers imaginations, answers the silent, clears up doubts, resolves arguments ; and, lastly, manifests the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most celebrated author ! O happy Don Quixote ! O famous Dulcinea ! O facetious Sancho Panza ! Live each jointly and severally infinite ages, for the general pleasure and pastime of the living.

Now the story says, that, when Sancho saw the Afflicted [One] faint away, he said : Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors,

the Panzas, I swear, I never heard or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts. A thousand devils take thee (I would not curse anybody) for an enchanter, and a giant, Malambruno! couldst thou find no other kind of punishment to inflict upon these sinners, but that of bearding them? Had it not been better (I am sure it had been better for them) to have whipped off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have clapped them on beards? I will lay a wager, they have not wherewith to pay for shaving. That is true, sir, answered one of the twelve; we have not wherewith to keep ourselves clean; and therefore, to shift as well as we can, some of us use sticking-plasters of pitch; which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, we remain as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar: for, though there are women in Candaya, who go from house to house, to take off the hair of the body, and shape the eyebrows, and other jobs pertaining to women, we, who are my lady's duennas, would never have anything to do with them; for most of them smell of the procuress, having ceased to be otherwise serviceable: and if we are not relieved by Señor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves. Mine, quoth Don Quixote, shall be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than not free you from yours.

By this time the Trifaldi was come to herself, and said: The murmuring sound of that promise, valorous knight, in the midst of my swoon, reached my ears, and was the occasion of my coming out of it, and recovering my senses: and so once again I beseech you, illustrious errant, and invincible sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds. It shall not rest at me, answered Don Quixote; inform me, madam, what it is I am to do; for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you. The case is, answered the Afflicted [One], that, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is

five thousand leagues, one or two more or less; but if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must know also, that Malambruno told me, that, when fortune should furnish me with the knight our deliverer, he would send him a steed, much better, and with fewer vicious tricks, than a post horse returned to his stage; for it is to be that very wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona[1]. This horse is governed by a pin he has in his forehead, which serves for a bridle; and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself carried him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Peter, who was his friend; upon which he took great journeys, and stole, as has been said, the fair Magalona, carrying her behind him through the air, and leaving all that beheld him from the earth, staring and astonished: and he lent him to none but particular friends, or such as paid him a handsome price. Since the grand Peter to this time, we know of nobody that has been upon his back. Malambruno procured him by his art, and keeps him in his power, making use of him in the journeys he often takes through divers

[1] See the note in Part I, Chapter xlix, p. 522. Though the magic horse does not appear in *Pierres de Provenza y la linda Magalona*, the oriental story in which it figures was no doubt brought to Spain by the Arabs: it became known to the rest of Europe through Adenet le Roi's *Cléomadès* and Girard d'Amiens's *Méliacin*. Chaucer introduced a magic brass horse into *The Squire's Tale*, and every one remembers the allusion to it in *Il Penseroso* (109-115):—

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar King did ride.

parts of the world: to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosí: and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants any shoeing, and ambles such a pace through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry a dish-ful of water in his hand without spilling a drop, he travels so smooth and easy; which made the fair Magalona take great delight in riding.

To this Sancho said: For smooth and easy goings, commend me to my Dapple, though he goes not through the air; but by land, I will match him against all the amblers in the world. This set the company a-laughing, and the Afflicted [One] proceeded: Now this horse, if Malambruno intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be here within half an hour after it is dark; for he told me, that the sign, by which I should be assured of having found that knight I sought after, should be the sending me the horse to the place where the knight was, with conveniency and speed. And pray, quoth Sancho, how many can ride upon this same horse? Two persons, answered the Afflicted, one in the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and generally these two persons are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case. I should be glad to know, Madam Afflicted, quoth Sancho, what this horse's name is. His name, answered the Afflicted [One], is not Pegasus, as was that of Bellerophon; nor Bucephalus, as was that of Alexander the Great; nor Brigliadoro, as was that of Orlando Furioso; nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan; nor Frontino, which was Rogero's: nor is it Böotes nor Pyrithöus, as they say the horses of the sun are called: neither is he called Orelia, the horse which the unfortunate Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted, in that battle wherein he lost his kingdom and life. I will venture a wager, quoth Sancho, since they have given him none of those famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master's horse Rosinante,

which in propriety exceeds all that have been hitherto named. True, answered the bearded countess, but still it suits him well: for he is called Clavileño[1] the Winged; which name answers to his being of wood, to the peg in his forehead, and to the swiftness of his motion; so that, in respect of his name, he may very well come in competition with the renowned Rosinante. I dislike not the name, replied Sancho: but with what bridle, or with what halter, is he guided? I have already told you, answered the Trifaldi, that he is guided by a peg, which the rider turning this way and that, makes him go either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth; or in the middle region, which is what is generally aimed at, and is to be kept to in all well-ordered actions.

I have a great desire to see him, answered Sancho; but to think that I will get upon him, either in the saddle, or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm tree. It were a good jest indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than the very silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion: in faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off anybody's beard; let every one shave as he likes best; I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey: besides, I am out of the question; for I can be of no service towards the shaving of these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my lady Dulcinea. Indeed but you can, friend, answered the Trifaldi, and of so much service, that without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all. In the king's name, quoth Sancho, what have squires to do with their master's adventures? must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? Body of me! did the historians but say, 'Such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such an one,

[1] *Clavo* = nail, *leño* = wood.

his squire, without whom it had been impossible for him to finish it', it were something; but you shall have them dryly write thus: 'Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, achieved the adventure of the six goblins'; without naming his squire, who was present all the while, as if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my lord and lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may it do him; for I will stay here by my lady duchess: and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find Madam Dulcinea's business pretty forward; for I intend, at idle and leisure whiles, to give myself such a whipping-bout that not a hair shall interpose.

For all that, honest Sancho, quoth the duchess, you must bear him company, if need be, and that at the request of good people; for it would be a great pity the faces of these ladies should remain thus bushy through your needless fears. In the king's name once more, replied Sancho, were this piece of charity undertaken for modest, sober damsels, or for poor innocent hospital girls, a man might venture upon some pains-taking; but, to endure it to rid duennas of their beards, with a murrain to them, I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly. You are upon very bad terms with the duennas, friend Sancho, quoth the duchess, and are much of the Toledan apothecary's mind: but in troth you are in the wrong; for I have duennas in my family fit to be patterns to all duennas: and here stands Doña Rodriguez, who will not contradict me. Your excellency may say what you please, quoth [the] Rodriguez; for God knows the truth of everything, and, good or bad, bearded or smooth, such as we are our mothers brought us forth, like other women; and since God cast us into the world, He knows for what; and I rely upon His mercy, and not upon anybody's beard whatever.

Enough, Mistress Rodriguez, quoth Don Quixote; and, Madam Trifaldi and company, I trust in God, that He will look upon your distresses with an eye of

goodness; and as for Sancho, he shall do what I command him. I wish Clavileño were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it; for I am confident, no razor would more easily shave your ladyships' beards, than my sword shall shave off Malambruno's head from his shoulders: for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time. Ah! quoth the Afflicted [One], at this juncture, valorous knight, may all the stars of the celestial regions behold your worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse into your heart all prosperity and courage, to be the shield and refuge of our reviled and dejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by squires, and scoffed at by pages. Ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her age, does rather profess herself a nun, than a duenna. Unfortunate we the duennas! though we descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our mistresses will never forbear 'thouing' us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant Malambruno, who, though thou art an enchanter, are very punctual in thy promises, send us now the incomparable Clavileño, that our misfortune may have an end; for, if the heats come on, and these beards of ours continue, woe be to us. The Trifaldi uttered this with so deep a concern, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and even made Sancho's overflow; and he purposed in his heart to accompany his master to the farthest part of the world, if on that depended the clearing of those venerable faces of their wool.

CHAPTER XLI

Of the arrival of Clavileño, with the conclusion of this prolix adventure.

In the meanwhile night came on, and with it the point of time prefixed for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileño: whose stay perplexed Don Quixote very much, thinking that, since Malambruno delayed sending him, either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or Malambruno durst not encounter him in single combat. But, behold, on a sudden, four savages enter the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said: Let him, who has courage to do it, mount this machine. Not I, quoth Sancho; for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight: and the savage proceeded, saying: and let the squire, if he has one, get up behind, and trust the valorous Malambruno; for no other body's sword or malice shall hurt him: and there is no more to do, but to screw the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear them through the air to the place where Malambruno expects them: but lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered until the horse neighs, which is to be the signal of his being arrived at his journey's end. This said, leaving Clavileño, with courteous demeanour they returned by the way they came.

As soon as the Afflicted [One] espied the horse, almost with tears, she said to Don Quixote: Valorous knight, Malambruno has kept his word; here is the horse; our beards are increasing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more for you to do but to mount, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy

beginning to your new journey. That I will, with all my heart, and most willingly, Madam Trifaldi, quoth Don Quixote, without staying to procure a cushion, or put on my spurs, to avoid delay; so great is the desire I have to see your ladyship and all these duennas shaven and clean. That will not I, quoth Sancho, with a bad or a good will, or anywise; and, if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these madams some other way of smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the air: besides, what will my islanders say, when they hear that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? And another thing; it being three thousand leagues from thence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the giant be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back, and by that time I shall have neither island nor islanders in the world that will know me; and, since it is a common saying, The danger lies in the delay, and, When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter, these gentlewomen's beards must excuse me: St. Peter is well at Rome; I mean, that I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and from the master of which I expect so great a benefit as to be made a governor. To which the duke said: Friend Sancho, the island I have promised you is not a floating one, nor will it run away: it is so fast rooted in the abyss of the earth, that it cannot be plucked up, nor stirred from the place where it is, at three pulls: and since you know there is no kind of office of any considerable value but is procured by some kind of bribe, more or less, what I expect for this government is, that you go with your master Don Quixote to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileño with the expedition his speed promises, or the contrary fortune betides you, and you come back on foot, turned pilgrim, from house to house, and from inn to inn, return when you

will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor; and my goodwill shall be always the same: and to doubt this truth, Señor Sancho, would be doing a notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you. No more, good sir, quoth Sancho; I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back: let my master get up; let these eyes of mine be hoodwinked, and commend me to God; and pray tell me, when we are in our altitudes, may I not pray to God, and invoke the angels to protect me? To which the Trifaldi answered: You may pray to God, Sancho, or to whom you will; for, though Malambruno be an enchanter, he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, great precaution, and without disturbing anybody. Come on, then, quoth Sancho; God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta[1] help me! Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills, said Don Quixote, I never saw Sancho in so much fear as now; and were I as superstitious as other people, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me: but, come hither, Sancho; for, with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with you in private.

Then going aside with Sancho among some trees in the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him: You see, brother Sancho, the long journey we are going to undertake, and God knows when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure business will afford us; and therefore my desire is, that you retire to your chamber as if to fetch something necessary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give yourself if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand three hundred you stand engaged for; for, Well begun is half ended. Before God, quoth Sancho, your worship is stark mad: this is just the saying; You see I am in haste, and you charge me with a maidenhead: now that I am just going to sit down

[1] See Chapter xxii, p. 179.

upon a bare board, would you have me gall my buttocks ? verily, verily, your worship is in the wrong ; let us now go and trim these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such dispatch to get out of debt, that your worship shall be contented, and I say no more. Don Quixote answered : With this promise then, honest Sancho, I am somewhat comforted, and believe you will perform it ; for, though you are not over wise, you are true blue. I am not blue, but brown, quoth Sancho ; but though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise.

Upon this they came back, in order to mount Clavileño ; and, at getting up, Don Quixote said : Hoodwink yourself, and get up, Sancho ; for whoever he be that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us, considering the little glory he will get by deceiving those who confide in him : but, suppose the very reverse of what we imagine should happen, no malice can obscure the glory of having attempted the exploit. Let us be gone, sir, quoth Sancho ; for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount you, sir, and hoodwink first ; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain, he, who is to be in the saddle must get up first. That is true, replied Don Quixote ; and, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted [One] to cover his eyes close ; which being done, he uncovered them again, and said : If I remember right, I have read in Virgil that story of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and filled with armed knights, who afterwards proved the final destruction of Troy ; and therefore it will not be amiss to see first what Clavileño has in his belly. There is no need of that, said the Afflicted [One] ; for I am confident that Malambruno has nothing of the trickster or traitor in him : your worship, Señor Don Quixote,

may mount without fear, and upon me be it if any harm happens to you. Don Quixote considered, that to talk any more of his security would be a reflection upon his courage; and so without further contest, he mounted Clavileño, and tried the pin, which screwed about very easily; and having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph, painted or woven in some antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

By little and little, and much against his will, Sancho got up behind, adjusting himself the best way he could upon the crupper, which he found not over soft, and begged the duke, if it were possible, to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, or from one of the page's beds; the horse's crupper seeming rather to be of marble than of wood. To this the Trifaldi replied, that Clavileño would not endure any kind of furniture upon him; but that he might sit sideways like a woman, and then he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho did so, and bidding adieu, he suffered his eyes to be blindfolded. But, soon putting by the bandage, and looking sorrowfully and with tears upon all the folks in the garden, he begged them to assist him, in that danger, with two Paternosters and as many Ave-Marias, as they wished God might provide somebody to do the like good office for them in the like extremity. To which Don Quixote said: Thief, are you upon the gallows, or at the last gasp, that you have recourse to such doleful prayers? Are you not, poor-spirited and dastardly creature, in the same place which the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be Queen of France, if histories lie not? And I! who sit by you, may I not vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat that I now press? Cover, cover your eyes, heartless animal, and suffer not your fear to escape out of your mouth, at least in my presence. Hoodwink me then, answered Sancho, and, since you have no mind I should commend myself to

God, nor that others do it for me, what wonder if I am afraid lest some legion of devils may be lurking hereabouts, to hang us first, and try us afterwards [1].

They were now hoodwinked, and Don Quixote, perceiving he was fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg; and scarcely had he put his fingers to it, when all the duennas and the standers by lifted up their voices, saying: God be your guide, valorous knight! God be with you, intrepid squire! now, now, you mount into the air, breaking it with more swiftness than an arrow; now you begin to surprise and astonish all who behold you upon the earth: sit fast, valorous Sancho; for you totter: beware lest you fall; for your fall will be worse than that of the daring youth, who aspired to rule the chariot of his father the sun! Sancho heard the voices, and, nestling closer to his master, and embracing him with his arms, said: How can they say, sir, we have got so high, when their voices reach us, and they seem to be talking here hard by us? Never mind that, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for, as these matters and these flights are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear anything a thousand leagues off: but do not squeeze me so hard; for you will tumble me down: and, to say the truth, I do not see why you are so disturbed and frighted; for I can safely swear, I never was upon the back of an easier-paced steed in all the days of my life: methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend; for, in short, the business goes as it should, and we have the wind in our poop. That is true, answered Sancho; for on this side the wind blows so strong that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me. And indeed it was; for they were airing him with several huge pair of bellows; and so well was this adventure concerted by the duke, the duchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now, feeling the wind, said: Without all doubt, Sancho, we must by

[1] Literally, 'devils hereabouts whisk us off to Peralvillo'—near Ciudad Real, where heretics were executed.

this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and, if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg so as not to mount where we shall be scorched.

While they were thus discoursing, some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane, at some distance, began to warm their faces. Sancho, feeling the heat, said: May I be hanged if we are not already at that same fireplace, or very near it; for it has singed a great part of my beard; and, sir, I am just going to peep out, and see whereabouts we are. By no means, answered Don Quixote; remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva, whom the devils carried through the air riding on a cane with his eyes shut; and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is a street of that city, and saw all the tumult, assault, and death of the constable of Bourbon; and the next morning he returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. He said likewise, that, during his passage through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes; and so he did, and found himself to his thinking so near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; and that he durst not look down towards the earth for fear of being giddy[1]. So that, Sancho, we must not uncover our faces; for he, who has taken upon him the charge of us, will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point, and soaring aloft to a certain height, to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. And though to us it does not seem more than half an hour since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way. I know nothing as to that, answered Sancho Panza; I can only say

[1] When tried at Cuenca in 1528 for practising the black art, Eugenio Torralva pretended that he had done all these things.

that, if Madam Magallanes or Magalona was contented to ride upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been of the tenderest.

All this discourse of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and all that were in the garden; with which they were extremely delighted: and being now willing to put an end to this strange and well-concerted adventure, they clapped some lighted flax to Clavileño's tail; and that instant, he, being full of squibs and crackers, blew up with a strange noise, and threw to the ground Don Quixote and Sancho, half-singed. By this time the Trifaldi, with the whole bearded squadron of duennas were vanished, and all that remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho got up, in but indifferent plight, and, looking about them on all sides, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden, from whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretched upon the ground. But their wonder was increased, when, on one side of the garden, they perceived a great lance, sticking in the earth, and a smooth piece of white parchment hanging to it by two green silken strings; upon which was written, in large letters of gold, what follows:

'The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and company, only by attempting it. Malambruno is entirely satisfied, and desires no more; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean, and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine estate; and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself in the arms of her beloved turtle: for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters.'

Don Quixote, having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly, that it spoke of the

disenchantment of Dulcinea, and, giving abundance of thanks to heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit, with so little danger, reducing thereby the venerable faces of the duennas to their former complexion, he went where the duke and duchess lay; being not yet come to themselves; and, pulling the duke by the arm, he said: Courage, courage, my good lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as yon register plainly shows. The duke by little and little, like one awaking out of a sound sleep, came to himself, and in like manner the duchess, and all that were in the garden, with such show of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut, and presently, with open arms, embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest knight that ever lived. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted [One], to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it, as her gallant presence seemed to promise: but he was told, that as Clavileño came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, disappeared, and their beards vanished roots and all.

The duchess inquired of Sancho, how it fared with him in that long voyage? To which Sancho answered: I perceived, madam, as my master told me, that we were passing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little; and, though my master, whose leave I asked, would not consent to it, I, who have I know not what spice of curiosity, and a desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly, and without being perceived by anybody, shoved up the handkerchief near my nostrils, and thence looked down towards the earth; and methought it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it little bigger than hazel-nuts: judge you, madam, how high we must have been then. To this, quoth the duchess: Take care, friend Sancho,

what you say; for it is plain you saw not the earth, but the men only that walked upon it! for if the earth appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must needs cover the whole earth. That is true, answered Sancho, but, for all that, I had a side view of it, and saw it all. Take heed, Sancho, said the duchess; for, by a side view, one does not see the whole of what one looks at. I do not understand these kind of views, replied Sancho: I only know it is fit your ladyship should understand, that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked: and, if you do not believe this, neither will your ladyship believe me, when I tell you, that thrusting up the kerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near heaven, that from me to it was not above a span and a half; and I can take my oath, madam, that it is hugeous big: and it so fell out, that we passed by where the seven little she-goats are [1]; and, upon my conscience and soul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them, but I had a longing desire to divert myself with them a while, and had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what do I? why, without saying a word to anybody, not even to my master, fair and softly, I slipped down from Clavileño, and played with those she-goats, which are like so many violets, about the space of three-quarters of an hour: and all the while Clavileño moved not from the place, nor stirred a foot. And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats, quoth the duke, how did Señor Don Quixote amuse himself? To which Don Quixote answered: As these and the like accidents are out of the order of nature, no wonder Sancho says what he does: for my own part I can say, I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither heaven nor earth, nor sea, nor sands: it is very true, I was sensible that I passed through

[1] The Pleiades.

the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but that we passed beyond, I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that heaven, where the seven goats Sancho speaks of are, without being burnt; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams. I neither lie, nor dream, answered Sancho: do but ask me the marks of those same goats, and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or not. Tell us then, Sancho, quoth the duchess. They are, replied Sancho, two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured. A new kind of goats those same, quoth the duke: in our region of the earth we have no such colours; I mean goats of such colours. The reason is plain, quoth Sancho: there must be a difference between the goats of heaven, and those of earth. Prithee, Sancho, said the duke, was there ever a he-goat among them? No, sir, answered Sancho; for, they told me, none pass beyond the horns of the moon. They would not ask Sancho any more questions about his journey, perceiving he was in a humour of rambling all over the heavens, and giving an account of what passed there, without stirring from the garden.

In fine, this was the conclusion of the adventure of the Afflicted Matron, which furnished the duke and duchess with matter of laughter, not only at that time, but for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long: and Don Quixote, coming to Sancho, whispered him in the ear, saying: Sancho, since you would have us believe all you have seen in heaven, I expect you should believe what I saw in Montesinos' cave;—I say no more.

CHAPTER XLII

Of the instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza, before he went to govern the island, with other matters well considered.

THE duke and duchess were so satisfied with the happy and glorious success of the adventure of the Afflicted [One], that they resolved to carry the jest still further, seeing how fit a subject they had to pass it on for earnest: and so, having projected the scheme and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the day following Clavileño's flight, the duke bade Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to go to be a governor; for his islanders already wished for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made his bow, and said: Ever since my descent from heaven, and since from its lofty summit I beheld the earth, and observed it to be so small, the great desire I had of being a governor is in part cooled: for what grandeur is it to command on a grain of mustard-seed, or what dignity or dominion is there in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts, for methought the whole earth was nothing more? If your lordship would be pleased to give me some small portion of heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will than the biggest island in the world. Look you, friend Sancho, answered the duke, I can give away no part of heaven, though no bigger than one's nail; for God has reserved the disposal of those favours and graces in His power. But what I can give you, I give you; and that is an island ready made, round and sound, and well proportioned, and above measure fruitful and abundant, where, if you manage dexterously, you may, with the riches of the earth, purchase

the treasures of heaven. Well then, answered Sancho, let this island come; for it shall go hard but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to heaven: and think not it is out of covetousness, that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but for the desire I have to taste how it relishes to be a governor. If once you taste it, Sancho, quoth the duke, you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing is it to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an emperor (for doubtless he will be one, in the way his affairs are) no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart, to have been so long a time without being one. Sir, replied Sancho, I am of opinion it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep. Let me be buried with you, Sancho, for you know something of everything, answered the duke; and I doubt not you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. Let this suffice for the present; and take notice that, to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things necessary for your departure. Let them dress me, quoth Sancho, how they will; for, howsoever I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza. That is true, said the duke; but our dress must be suitable to the employment or dignity we are in: for it would be preposterous for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain; for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms. Letters, answered Sancho, I know but little of; for I can scarcely say the A, B, C; but it is sufficient to have the Christus[1] to be a good governor: and, as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and God be my guide. With so good a memory, quoth the duke, Sancho can never err.

[1] The Christ-cross-row, or cross at the beginning of the alphabet.

By this time Don Quixote came up, and learning what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, with the duke's leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, purposing to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Being come into the apartment, he shut the door after him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down by him, and, with a composed voice, said to him: Infinite thanks give I to heaven, friend Sancho, that, first, and before I have met with any good luck myself, good fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you. I, who had made over my future good success for the payment of your past services, find myself still at the beginning of my advancement, whilst you, before the due time, and against all rule of reasonable expectation, find yourself in full possession of your wishes. Others bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they aim at: another comes, and, without knowing how or which way, carries that employment or office against all other pretenders. And this makes good the saying: in pretensions, luck is all. You, who in respect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without rising early or sitting up late, and without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on you, see yourself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I say, O Sancho, that you may not ascribe the favour done you to your own merit, but give thanks, first to heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, and, in the next place, to the grandeur inherent in the profession of knight-errantry. Now, your heart being disposed to believe what I have been saying, be attentive, son, to me, your Cato [1], who will be your counsellor, your north star and guide, to conduct and steer you safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea, wherein you

[1] Dionysius Cato, author of the *Disticha*: see the note in Part I (Preface), p. 5.

are going to be engulfed ; for offices and great employments are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

First, My son, fear God ; for, to fear Him is wisdom, and, being wise, you cannot err.

Secondly, Consider who you were, and endeavour to know yourself, which is the most difficult point of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of yourself will keep you from puffing yourself up, like the frog, who strove to equal herself to the ox ; for the consideration of your having been a swineherd in your own country will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet. True, answered Sancho ; when I was a boy, I kept swine ; but afterwards, when I grew towards man, I looked after geese, and not after hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose ; for all governors are not descended from the loins of kings. Granted, replied Don Quixote ; and therefore those, who are not of noble descent, should accompany the gravity of the office they bear with a kind of gentle sweetness, which, guided by prudence, exempts them from that ill-natured murmuring, which no state of life can well escape.

Value yourself, Sancho, upon the meanness of your family, and be not ashamed to own you descend from peasants ; for when people see that you yourself are not ashamed, nobody else will endeavour to make you so ; and think it greater merit to be a virtuous mean man, than a proud sinner ; infinite is the number of those, who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both papal and imperial ; and of this truth I could produce examples enough to tire you.

Look you, Sancho, if you take virtue for a mean, and value yourself upon doing virtuous actions, you need not envy lords and princes ; for blood is inherited, but virtue acquired ; and virtue has an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.

This being so, as it really is, if peradventure one of your kindred comes to see you, when you are in your island, do not despise nor affront him, but receive,

cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing, you will please God, who will have nobody despise His workmanship; and you will act agreeably to well-disposed nature.

If you take your wife along with you (and it is not proper for those who govern, to be long without one), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for, many times, all that a discreet governor can acquire is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

If you chance to become a widower (a thing which may happen), and your station entitles you to a better match, seek not such a one as may serve you for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in [1]: for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the General Judgement, and shall pay fourfold after death for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

Be not governed by the law of your own will, which is wont to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from you, than the informations of the rich.

Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

When equity can, and ought to take place, lay not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for the reputation of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

If perchance the rod of justice be warped a little, let it not be by the weight of a gift, but that of mercy.

If it happens, that the cause of your enemy comes before you, fix not your mind upon the injury done you, but on the merits of the case.

Let not private affection blind you in another man's

[1] An old joke at the expense of mendicant friars—'I won't have it, I won't have it; but throw it in my hood'.

cause; for the errors you shall commit thereby are often without remedy, and if there should be one, it will be at the expense both of your reputation and fortune.

If a beautiful woman comes to demand justice, turn away your eyes from her tears, and your ears from her sighs, and consider at leisure the substance of her request, unless you have a mind your reason should be drowned in her tears, and your integrity in her sighs.

Him you are to punish with deeds, do not evil entreat with words; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear, without the addition of ill language.

In the criminal, who falls under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable man, subject to the condition of our depraved nature; and, as much as in you lies, without injuring the contrary party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of His mercy is more pleasing and attractive in our eyes, than that of His justice.

If, Sancho, you observe these precepts and these rules, your days will be long, and your fame eternal, your recompense full, and your felicity unspeakable. You shall match your children as you please; they and your grandchildren shall inherit titles; you shall live in peace, and in favour with all men; and, at the end of your life, death shall find you in a sweet and mature old age, and your eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of your grandchildren's children.

What I have hitherto taught you, Sancho, are documents for the adorning of your mind: listen now to those which concern the adornments of the body[1].

[1] Don Quixote's instructions to Sancho Panza appear to be suggested by the *Diálogo de Mercurio y Caron* of Juan de Valdés.

CHAPTER XLIII

Of the second instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza.

Who that had heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote's, but would have taken him for a prudent and intelligent person? But, as it has been often said in the progress of this grand history, he talked foolishly only when chivalry was the subject, and in the rest of his conversation showed himself master of a clear and agreeable understanding; insomuch that his actions perpetually bewrayed his judgement, and his judgement his actions. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, he showed a great deal of pleasantry, and pushed his discretion and his madness to a high pitch.

Sancho listened to him most attentively, endeavouring to preserve his instructions in memory, like one that intended to observe them, and by their means, hoped to be safely delivered of the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, Sancho, in the first place, I enjoin you to be cleanly, and to pare your nails, and not let them grow, as some do, whose ignorance has made them believe, that long nails beautify the hands; as if that excrement and excrescence were a nail, whereas it is rather the talon of a lizard-hunting kestrel; a swinish and monstrous abuse!

Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho! for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind, unless the discomposure and negligence fall under the article of cunning and design, as was judged to be the case of Julius Caesar.

Feel, with discretion, the pulse of what your office may be worth, and, if it will afford your giving liveries to your servants, give them such as are decent and

useful, rather than showy and modish: and divide between your servants and the poor; I mean, if you can keep six pages, clothe but three, and three of the poor; and thus you will have pages for heaven and for earth too; a new way of giving liveries, which the vain-glorious never thought of.

Eat neither garlic nor onion, lest people guess, by the smell, at your peasantry. Walk leisurely, and speak deliberately; but not as to seem to be hearkening to yourself, for all affectation is bad.

Eat little at dinner, and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the forge of the stomach.

Be temperate in drinking, considering that excess of wine neither keeps secrets, nor performs promises.

Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of your mouth at once, nor to eruct before company. I do not understand your eructing, quoth Sancho. To eruct, said Don Quixote, means to belch, a filthy, though very significant word; and therefore your nice people have recourse to the Latin, and, instead of to 'belch', say, to 'eruct', and, instead of 'belchings', 'eructations': and though some do not understand these terms, it is no great matter; for, by usage, they will come hereafter to be understood; and this is to enrich language, over which the vulgar and custom bear sway. In truth, sir, quoth Sancho, one of the counsels and instructions, I intend to carry in my memory, shall be this, of not belching; for I am wont to do it very frequently. Eructing, Sancho, and not belching, quoth Don Quixote. 'Eructing' it shall be henceforward, and, in faith, I will not forget it.'

Likewise, Sancho, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont: for, though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes, than sentences. God alone can remedy that, quoth Sancho; for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and, when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they jostle which shall get out

first: but my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though it be not always very pat. But, for the future, I will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place: for, In a plentiful house supper is soon dressed; and, He that cuts does not deal; and, He that has the repique is safe; and, To spend and to spare, require judgement. So, so, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; thrust in, rank, and string on your proverbs, nobody is going about to hinder you. My mother whips me, and I tear on. I am warning you to abstain from proverbs, and in an instant you pour forth a litany of them, which square with what we are upon as much as, Over the hills and far away. Look you, Sancho, I do not say a proverb is amiss when skilfully applied; but to accumulate, and string them at random, renders a discourse flat and low.

When you are on horseback, sit not leaning your body backwards over your saddle, nor carry your legs stiff-stretched, and straddling from the horse's belly: nor yet dangle them so, as if you were still upon Dapple; for sitting a horse makes some look like gentlemen, others like grooms.

Let your sleep be moderate; for he who is not up with the sun, does not enjoy the day: and take notice, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and sloth, her opposite, never reached the end of a good wish.

The last article of advice I shall at this time give you, though it concerns not the adorning of the body, yet I would have you bear it carefully in mind; for I believe it will be of no less use to you than those I have already given you. It is this: Never set yourself to decide contests about families, at least by comparing them, since perforce one must have the advantage; and he who is postponed will hate you, and he who is preferred will not reward you.

Your habit shall be breeches and stockings, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer; but for trousers or trunk-hose, think not of them; for they are not becoming either to cavaliers or governors.

This is all that occurs to me at present, by way of advice to you: as time goes on, and according to the occasions, such shall my instructions be, provided you take care to inform me of the state of your affairs. Sir, answered Sancho, I see very well, that all your worship has been saying is good, holy, and profitable: but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it? It is true, I shall not forget what you have said about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again if I may: but for your other gallimaufries, quirks, and quillets, I neither do, nor ever shall remember any more of them, than of last year's clouds; and therefore it will be necessary to give me them in writing; for, though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may inculcate them into me whenever there shall be need. Ah! sinner that I am! answered Don Quixote; how ill does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write! for you must know, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of these two things; either that he sprung from very mean and low parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse, that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and therefore I would by all means have you learn to write your name, if possible. I can sign my name very well, answered Sancho; for, when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a woolpack, which, I was told, spelt my name: but, at the worst, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and make another sign for me: for there is a remedy for everything but death; and I, having the command of the staff, will do what I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c., you know[1], and I, being a governor, am surely something more than mayor. Let them come and play at bo-peep. Aye, aye, let them slight and backbite me: They may come for wool, and be sent back shorn; and, Whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him; and,

[1] 'Goes confidently into court' is the rest of the proverb.

The rich man's blunders pass for maxims in the world; and I, being a governor, and consequently rich, and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my defects. No, no, Get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies. As much as you have, so much you are worth, said my grandam; and, There is no revenging yourself upon a rich man. Oh! God's curse light on you, cried out Don Quixote at this instant; sixty thousand devils take you, and your proverbs! You have been stringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the rack with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows: upon their account, your subjects will strip you of your government, or at least conspire against you. Tell me, where find you them, ignorant? or how apply you them, dunce? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I sweat and labour as if I were digging.

Before God, master of mine, replied Sancho, your worship complains of very trifles. Why the devil are you angry, that I make use of my own goods? for I have no other, nor any stock, but proverbs upon proverbs: and just now I have four that present themselves pat to the purpose, and sit like pears in a pannier: but I will not produce them; for, To keep silence well is called Sancho[1]. That you will never do, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for you are so far from keeping silence well, that you are an arrant prate-apace, and an eternal babbler. But, for all that, I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to you just now, so pat to the purpose; for I have been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I can think of none. Can there be better, quoth Sancho, than, Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth; and to get out of my house, what would you have with my wife? there is no

[1] Another form of this proverb is—'To keep silence well is called holy' (*santo*); but it had assumed the above shape long before *Don Quixote* was written.

reply; and, Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher: all which fit to a hair. Let no one contest with his governor, or his governor's substitutes; for he will come off by the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth: but though they be not eye-teeth, so they be teeth, it matters not. To what a governor says, there is no replying; for it is like, Get you out of my house, what business have you with my wife? Then, as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see into it. So that he who sees a mote in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own; that it may not be said of him, The dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed: and your worship knows well, that, The fool knows more in his own house, than the wise in another man's. Not so, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or another's; for knowledge is not a structure to be erected upon so shallow a foundation as folly. And so much for that, Sancho; for if you govern ill, yours will be the fault, but the shame will be mine. But I comfort myself, that I have done my duty in advising you as seriously and as discreetly as I possibly could: and so I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise. God speed you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion I have, that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy: which I might prevent, by letting the duke know what you are, and telling him, that all that paunchgut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and sly remarks. Sir, replied Sancho, if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment; for I love the little black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor Sancho can upon capon and partridge. Besides, while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your worship reflects, you will find

it was your worship that put me upon the scent of governing; for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard; and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go, Sancho, to heaven, than a governor to hell. Before God, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in your intention; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs; for heaven constantly favours a good intention. And so let us go to dinner; for I believe the lord and lady stay for us.

CHAPTER XLIV

How Sancho Panza was carried to his government, and of the strange adventure which befell Don Quixote in the castle.

We are told that in the original of this history, it is said, Cid Hamet coming to write this chapter, the interpreter did not translate it, as he had written it: which was a kind of complaint the Moor made of himself, for having undertaken a history so dry, and so confined, as that of Don Quixote, thinking he must be always talking of him and Sancho, without daring to launch into digressions and episodes of more weight and entertainment. And he said, that to have his invention, his hand, and his pen, always tied down to write upon one subject only, and to speak by the mouths of few characters, was an insupportable toil, and of no advantage to the author; and that, to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the first part, made use of the artifice of introducing novels, such

as that of *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of *The Captive*; which are in a manner detached from the history; though most of what is related in that part are accidents which happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not be omitted. He also thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to Don Quixote's exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haste, or with disgust, not considering how fine and artificial they were in themselves, as would have been very evident, had they been published separately, without being tacked to the extravagances of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho. And therefore, in this second part, he would introduce no loose nor unconnected novels; but only some episodes, resembling them, and such as flow naturally from such events as the truth offers; and even these, with great limitation, and in no more words than are sufficient to express them: and, since he restrains and confines himself within the narrow limits of the narration, though with ability, genius, and understanding, sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he desires his pains may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applause, not for what he writes, but what he has omitted to write: and then he goes on with his history, saying:

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day he gave the instructions to Sancho, gave them him in writing, that he might get somebody to read them to him: but scarcely had he delivered them to Sancho, when he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the duchess; and they both admired afresh at the madness and capacity of Don Quixote; and so, going on with their jest, that evening they despatched Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place, which, to him, was to be an island. The person who had the management of the business, was a steward of the duke's, a person of pleasantry and discretion (for there can be no true pleasantry without discretion), and who had already personated the

Countess Trifaldi, with the humour already related; and with these qualifications, and the instructions of his lord and lady how to behave to Sancho, he performed his part to admiration. Now it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on this same steward, but he fancied he saw in his face the very features of the Trifaldi; and, turning to his master, he said: Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place where I stand, for an honest man and a believer, or your worship shall confess to me, that the countenance of this same steward of the duke's is the very same with that of the Afflicted [One]. Don Quixote beheld him attentively, and, having viewed him, said to Sancho: There is no need of the devil's running away with you, Sancho, either as an honest man, or a believer; for, though I know not what you mean, I see plainly the steward's face is the same with the Afflicted [One's], and yet the steward is not the Afflicted [One]; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these inquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to pray to our Lord, to deliver us from wicked wizards and enchanters. It is no jesting matter, sir, replied Sancho; for I heard him speak before, and methought the Trifaldi's voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more; but I will not fail to be upon the watch henceforward, to see whether I can discover any other sign, to confirm or remove my suspicion. Do so, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, and give me advice of all you discover in this affair, and all that happens to you in your government.

At length Sancho set out with a great number of followers. He was habited like one of the gown, having on a wide surtout of murry-coloured camlet, with a cap of the same, and mounted *á la gineta* upon a mule. And behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he

was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor of Germany.

At taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering. Now, loving reader, let honest Sancho depart in peace, and in a good hour, and expect two bushels of laughter from the accounts how he demeaned himself in his employment; and, in the meantime, attend to what befell his master that night; which, if it does not make you laugh, you will at least open your lips with the grin of a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with admiration or laughter.

It is related then, that scarcely was Sancho departed, when Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition, and, had it been possible for him to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he certainly would have done it. The duchess soon perceived his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: if for the absence of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels enough in her house, ready to serve him to his heart's desire. It is true, madam, answered Don Quixote, that I am concerned for Sancho's absence; but that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad; and, of all your excellency's kind offers, I accept and choose that only of the goodwill with which they are tendered; and for the rest I humbly beseech your excellency, that you would be pleased to consent and permit, that I alone may wait upon myself in my chamber. Truly, Señor Don Quixote, quoth the duchess, it must not be so; but you shall be served by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers. To me, answered Don Quixote, they will not be flowers, but very thorns, pricking me to the soul; they shall no more come into my chamber, nor anything like it, than they shall fly. If your grandeur would continue your favours to me, without my deserving them, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself within

my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty; a practice that I would not forgo, for all your highness's liberality towards me. In short I will sooner lie in my clothes, than consent to let anybody help to undress me. Enough, enough, Señor Don Quixote, replied the duchess: I promise you, I will give orders that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of Señor Don Quixote's decency; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your worship, sir, may undress and dress by yourself your own way, when and how you please; for nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find all the necessary utensils; so that you may sleep with the doors locked, and no natural want need oblige you to open them. A thousand ages live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and be her name extended over the whole globe of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a knight; and may indulgent heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a lady! To which Don Quixote said: Your highness has spoken like yourself, and from the mouth of such good ladies nothing that is bad can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more happy, and more known in the world, by the praises your grandeur bestows on her, than by those of the most eloquent on earth. Señor Don Quixote, replied the duchess, the hour of supper draws near, and the duke may be staying for us: come, sir, let us sup, and to bed betimes; for your yesterday's journey from Candaya was not so short, but it must have somewhat fatigued you. Not at all, madam, answered Don Quixote; for I can safely swear to your excellency, that in all my life I never bestrode a soberer beast, nor of an easier pace, than Clavileño; and I cannot imagine what possessed Malambruno to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him so, without

more ado. We may suppose, answered the duchess, that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi, and her companions, and to other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having carried him up and down from country to country, he burnt Clavileño; and thus, with his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, has eternalized the valour of the grand Don Quixote de la Mancha. Don Quixote gave thanks afresh to the duchess, and, when he had supped, he retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let anybody come in to wait upon him; so afraid was he of meeting with temptations to move or force him to transgress that modest decency he had preserved towards his lady Dulcinea, bearing always in mind the chastity of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knights-errant. He shut his door after him, and by the light of two wax candles, pulled off his clothes; and, at stripping off his stockings (O mishap unworthy of such a personage!) forth burst, not sighs, nor anything else that might discredit his cleanliness, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk; I say, green, because his stockings were green.

Here Ben Engeli exclaims, and, writing on, says: O poverty! poverty! I cannot imagine what moved the great Córdovan poet to call thee 'a holy, thankless gift'.[1] I, though a Moor, know very well, by the intercourse I have had with the Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. But for all that, I say, a man must have a great share of the grace of God, who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be

[1] *Dádiva santa desagradecida*: from *El Laberinto de la Fortuna*, written about 1444, by Juan de Mena.

that kind of it, of which one of their greatest saints speaks, saying: 'possess all things as not possessing them'.[1] And this is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty (which is that I am speaking of), why dost thou choose to pinch gentlemen, and such as are well born, rather than other people? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear one button of their coats of silk, one of hair, and one of glass? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill ironed, and worse starched?—By this you may see the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch. Then he goes on—Wretched, well-born gentleman! who is administering jelly-broths to his honour, while he is starving his carcass, dining with his door locked upon him, and making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he walks out into the street, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this cleanliness. Wretched he, I say, whose skittish honour is always ready to start, apprehensive that everybody sees, a league off, the patch upon his shoe, the sweating through of his hat, the threadbareness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach.

All these melancholy reflections recurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking: but his comfort was, that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to put on next day. Finally, he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour; which is one of the greatest signs of misery a gentleman can give in the course of his tedious neediness. He put out the lights: the weather was hot, and he could not sleep: he got out of bed, and opened the casement of a grate-window, which looked into a fine garden, and, at opening it, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively; and those below raised their voices so high, that he

[1] St. Paul, 2 Cor. vi. 10 confused with 1 Cor. vii. 30.

could distinguish these words: Press me not, O Emerencia, to sing; for you know, ever since this stranger came into this castle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep. Besides, my lady sleeps not sound, and I would not have her find us here for all the treasure of the world. But, suppose she should sleep, and not awake, my singing will still be in vain, if this new Aeneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, sleeps on, and awakes not to hear it. Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora, answered the other; for doubtless the duchess, and everybody else in the house, is asleep, excepting the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose; for even now I heard him open his casement, and, without doubt, he must be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp; and, if the duchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather. This is not the point, O Emerencia, answered Altisidora, but that I am afraid my song should betray my heart, and so I might be taken for a light longing hussy by those who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love. But come what will; better a blush in the face, than a blot in the heart. And presently she began to touch a harp most sweetly. Which Don Quixote hearing, he was surprised; and, in that instant, came into his mind an infinite number of adventures of the like kind, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and faintings away, of which he had read in his idle books of chivalry. He straight imagined that some damsel of the duchess's was fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. He was a little afraid of being captivated, but resolved in his own thoughts not to yield; and so, commending himself, with all his soul and with all his might, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and, to let them know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze; at which the damsels were not a little glad, desiring nothing more than that Don Quixote should

hear them. Now the harp being tuned and put in order, Altisidora began this song:

SONG

Gentle knight, La Mancha's glory,
Famed in never-dying story
Of a purer, finer mould,
Than Arabia's finest gold:
Thou that, in thy downy bed,
Wrapt in Holland sheets, art laid,
And with out-stretch'd legs art yawning,
Or, asleep till morrow's dawning;—
Hear a woful maid complaining,
Who must die by thy disdaining,
Since thy eyes have scorch'd her soul,
And have burnt it to a coal,
If the aim of thy adventures
In relieving damsels centres,
Canst thou wound a tender maid,
And refuse thy wonted aid?
Tell, O tell me, I conjure thee,
So may heav'nly help secure thee,
Wert thou born where lions roar
On remotest Afric's shore?
Wert thou some bleak mountain's care,
And did'st suck, thy nurse, a bear?
Fair Dulcinny, tall and slender,
Well may boast thy heart's surrender,
Since those charms must stand confessed,
That could tame a tiger's breast:
And henceforth she shall be known
From the Tagus to the Rhone.
Could I take Dulcinny's place,
And but swap with hers my face,
O! I'd give my Sunday's suit,
And fring'd petticoat to boot.
Happy she that, in those arms
Clasp'd, enjoys thy manly charms,
Or but, sitting by thy bed,
Chafes thy feet, or rubs thy head!
Ah! I wish and ask too much:
Let me but thy great toe touch;

'Twere to humble me a blessing,
And reward beyond expressing.
Oh! how I would lavish riches,
Satin vests and damask breeches,
To adorn and dress my dear!
Oh! what night-caps he should wear.
I'm a virgin, neat and clean,
And, in faith, not quite fifteen;
Tall and straight, and very sound,
And my ringlets brush the ground.
Though my mouth is somewhat wide,
In my coral teeth I pride;
And the flatness of my nose
Here for finish'd beauty goes.
How I sing, I need not say,
If perchance thou hear'st this lay:—
These, and twenty graces more-a
Court thee to Altisidora.

Here ended the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant, that no damsel can see me but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky, that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy? Queens, what would ye have with her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Damsels, from fourteen to fifteen, why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph, glory, and plume herself in the lot, which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint: to her I am honey, and to the rest of ye aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well born; and the rest of her sex, foul, foolish, fickle, and base born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair, on whose account I was buffeted in the

castle of the enchanted Moor [1]. Boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth.

This said, he clapped to the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed; where, at present, we will leave him, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is desirous of beginning his famous government.

CHAPTER XLV

How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it.

O THOU perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet motive of wine-cooling bottles; here Thymbraeus, there Phoebus; here archer, there physician; father of poesy, inventor of music; thou who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest! To thee, I speak, O sun, by whose assistance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza; for, without thee, I find myself indolent, dispirited, and confused!

I say then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best the duke had. They gave him to understand, that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate [2]. At his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the magistrates, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and the people gave

[1] Maritornes in Part I, Chapters xvi–xvii.
[2] *Barato* = cheap.

demonstrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, held in admiration all that were not in the secret, and even those that were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair, and the duke's steward said to him: It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he, who comes to take possession of this famous island, is obliged to answer to a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult; and, by his answer, the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming.

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, because he could not read, he asked what that painting was on the wall. He was answered: Sir, it is there written, on what day your honour took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: This day (such a day of the month and year) Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy it. And, pray, quoth he, who is it they call Don Sancho Panza? Your lordship, answered the steward; for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island. Take notice, brother, quoth Sancho, Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Doñas; and I fancy there are more Dons than stones in this island, but enough; God knows my meaning, and perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these Dons, that overrun the

country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as gnats. On with your question, Master Steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or not sorry.

At this instant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said: My lord governor, I, and this countryman, come before your worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me: Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap? I, measuring the piece, answered, Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right), that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bade me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of Yes's, till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it. Is all this so, brother? demanded Sancho. Yes, answered the man: but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me. With all my heart, answered the tailor, and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying: Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make; and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade. All that were present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little, and said: I am of opinion, there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided

very equitably off-hand; and therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that. If the sentence he afterwards passed[1] on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the bystanders, this excited their laughter. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next that presented themselves before him were two ancient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: My lord, sometime ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I was loath to put him to a greater strait to pay me, than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says, I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me; and I having no witnesses of the loan, or he of the payment, I entreat your worship will take his oath; and, if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world. What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff? quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: I confess, my lord, he did lend me the money; and, if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him. The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, as if it encumbered him; and presently

[1] The original contains no word corresponding to 'afterwards'. Evidently, owing to some confusion in the paging of Cervantes's manuscript, or to some misunderstanding on the part of the printer, the order of Sancho's decisions has been inverted. The author clearly intended that judgement in the case of the caps should be given last of all.

laid his hand upon the cross of the wand, and said, it was true, indeed, he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for, but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; and because, he supposed, he had forgot it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the great governor seeing, he asked the creditor, what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth; for he took him to be an honest man, and a good Christian; and that he himself must have forgot when, and where, the money was returned; and that, from thenceforward, he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, he continued, as it were, full of thought, a short space, and then, lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly, and Sancho, seeing him, said: Give me that staff, honest friend, for I have occasion for it. With all my heart, answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said: Go about your business, in God's name, for you are paid. I, my lord, answered the old man; what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns? Yes, quoth the governor, or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom. Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns in gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him, whence he had collected, that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered, that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath, and swearing that he had

really and truly restored them into his own hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered, that God Almighty often directs the judgements of those who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads: besides, he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case; and, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length, both the old men marched off, the one ashamed, and the other satisfied: the bystanders were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself, whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, but there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man, clad like a rich herdsman. She came crying aloud: Justice, my lord governor, justice; if I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven: lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body as if it had been a dish-clout, and, woe is me, has robbed me of what I have kept above these three-and-twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners. I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briers, that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me. It remains to be examined, quoth Sancho, whether this gallant's hands are clean or no; and, turning to the man, he asked him what he had to say, and what answer to make to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: Sirs, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine, and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and, what between dues and exactions, the officers took from

me little less than they were worth. I was returning home, and by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely; but she, not contented, laid hold on me, and has never let me go till she has dragged me to this place: she says I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies: and this is the whole truth. Then the governor asked him if he had any silver money about him. He said, Yes, he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. He ordered him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. He did so, trembling. The woman took it, and, making a thousand curtsies, after the Moorish manner, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands; but first she looked to see if the money that was in it was silver. She was scarcely gone out, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were gone after his purse: Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or no, and come back hither with it. This was not said to the deaf or the stupid; for instantly he flew after her like lightning, and went about what he was bid. All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit; and presently after came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, so tightly she defended it, crying out: Justice from God and the world! see, my lord governor, the impudence, and want of fear of this varlet, who, in the midst of the town, and of the street, would take from me the purse your worship commanded to be given me. And has he got it? demanded the governor. Got it? answered the woman, I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse.

A pretty baby I should be, indeed: other-guise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools: pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion; my soul and body shall sooner part. She is in the right, quoth the man, and I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her; and so he left her. Then said the governor to the woman: Give me that purse, virtuous virago. She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the forceful, but not forced damsel: Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much courage and resolution in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Begone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes: begone instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussy! The woman was confounded, and went away, hanging down her head, and discontented; and the governor said to the man: Honest man, go home, in the name of God, with your money, and from henceforward, unless you have a mind to lose it, take care not to yoke with anybody. The countryman gave him thanks after the clownishest manner he could, and went his way[1]; and the bystanders were in fresh admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor. All which, being noted down by his historiographer, was immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for it with a longing impatience. And here let us leave honest Sancho; for his master, greatly disturbed at Altisidora's music, calls in haste for us.

[1] An oriental story brought to Spain by the Arabs. It was a great favourite with mediaeval collectors of *exempla*, but Cervantes may have read it in *El Norte de los Estados* (Burgos, 1550), by Fray Francisco de Osuna.

CHAPTER XLVI

Of the dreadful bellringing and cattish consternation Don Quixote was put into in the progress of the enamoured Altisidora's amour.

We left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. He carried them with him to bed; and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep, or take the least rest. To these was added the disaster of the stocking. But as time is swift, and no bar can stop him, he came riding upon the hours, and that of the morning posted on apace. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he forsook his downy pillow, and in haste put on his chamois doublet, and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and clapped on his head a green velvet cap, trimmed with silver lace. He hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder-belt. On his wrist he wore a large rosary, which he always carried about him. And with great state and solemnity he marched towards the ante-chamber, where the duke and duchess, who were ready dressed, expected him: and as he passed through a gallery, Altisidora, and the other damsel, her friend, stood purposely posted, and waiting for him. As soon as Altisidora espied Don Quixote, she pretended to faint away, and her companion caught her in her lap, and in a great hurry was unlacing her stays. Don Quixote, seeing it, drew near to them, and said: I very well know whence these accidents proceed. I know not from whence, answered her friend; for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this family, and I have never heard so much as an Oh! from her since I have known her; ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all ungrateful. Leave this place, Señor Don Quixote; for the poor girl will not come to herself so long as your worship stays here. To which Don

Quixote answered: Be pleased, madam, to give orders that a lute be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this poor damsel the best I am able; for, in the beginning of love, to be early undeceived is the readiest cure. And so saying, away he went, to avoid the observation of those who might see him there. He was hardly gone, when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion: By all means let him have the lute; for doubtless he intends us some music, and it cannot be bad if it be his. They presently went, and gave the duchess an account of what had passed, and of Don Quixote's desiring a lute; and she, being exceedingly rejoiced thereat, concerted with the duke and her damsels how they might play him some trick, which would be more merry than mischievous. And, being pleased with their contrivance, they waited for night, which came on as fast as the day had done, which they spent in relishing conversation with Don Quixote. That same day the duchess dispatched one of her pages, being he who in the wood had personated the figure of the enchanted Dulcinea, to Teresa Panza, with her husband Sancho Panza's letter, and a bundle he had left to be sent, charging him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass. This being done, and eleven o'clock at night being come, Don Quixote found in his chamber a lute. He touched it; he opened his casement, and perceived that the people were walking in the garden: and having again run over the strings of the instrument, and tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed, and cleared his pipes, and then, with a hoarse though not unmusical voice, he sang the following song, which he himself had composed that day:

THE SONG

Love, with idleness its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end;
But let business and employment
Fill up ev'ry careful moment,

These an antidote will prove
'Gainst the pois'nous arts of love,
Maidens, that aspire to marry,
In their looks reserve should carry;
Modesty their price should raise,
And be herald of their praise.
Knights, whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modest only choose,
When they tie the nuptial noose.
Love, that rises with the sun,
With his setting beams is gone;
Love, that guest-like visits hearts,
When the banquet 's o'er, departs;
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the soul,
Its affections to control.
Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitless are a rival's pains.
O'er a finished picture who
E'er a second picture drew?
Fair Dulcinea, queen of beauty,
Rules my heart, and claims its duty
Nothing there can take her place;
Nought her image can erase.
Whether fortune smile or frown,
Constancy 's the lover's crown;
And, its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his song, to which stood attentive the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the folks of the castle, when, on a sudden, from an open gallery directly over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above a hundred bells were fastened; and immediately after them was emptied a great sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The noise of the jangling of the bells, and the mewing of the cats, was so great, that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jest, were frightened thereat, and

Don Quixote himself was in a panic: and fortune so ordered it, that two or three of the cats got in at the casement of his chamber, and scouring about from side to side, one would have thought a legion of devils was broke loose in it. They extinguished the lights that were burning in the chamber, and endeavoured to make their escape. The cord to which the bells were fastened was let down and pulled up incessantly. Most of the folks of the castle, who were not in the secret, were in suspense and astonishment. Don Quixote got upon his feet; and, laying hold on his sword, he began to make thrusts at the casement, and cried out aloud: Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters! avaunt, ye rabble of wizards! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no force nor effect. And, turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he gave several cuts at them. They took to the casement, and got out at it all but one, which, finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote's slashing, flew at his face, and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth; the pain whereof made him roar as loud as he was able. Which the duke and duchess hearing, and guessing the occasion, they ran in all haste up to his chamber, and opening it with a master-key, they found the poor gentleman striving with all his might to disengage the cat from his face. They entered with lights, and beheld the unequal combat. The duke ran to part the fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud: Let no one take him off; leave me to battle with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; for I will make him know the difference betwixt him and me, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is. But the cat, not regarding these menaces, growled on, and kept its hold. At length the duke forced open its claws, and threw it out at the window.

Don Quixote remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, though greatly dissatisfied that they would not let him finish the combat he had so toughly maintained against that caitiff

enchanter. They fetched some oil of Aparicio [1], and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds; and, while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice: All these misadventures befall you, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain: and God grant that Sancho your squire may forget to whip himself, that this same beloved Dulcinea of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever enjoy her, or approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live, who adore you. To all this Don Quixote returned no other answer than a profound sigh, and then stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the duke and duchess for their assistance, not as being afraid of that cattish, bellringing, necromantic crew, but as he was sensible of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. The duke and duchess left him to his rest, and went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke; for they did not think this adventure would have proved so heavy and so hard upon Don Quixote; for it cost him five days' confinement to his bed; where another adventure befell him more relishing than the former, which his historian will not relate at present, that he may attend Sancho Panza, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government.

[1] *Aparicio* = *hypericum* (St. John's wort).

CHAPTER XLVII

Giving a further account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.

THE history relates, that they conducted Sancho Panza from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant and splendid table: and soon as Sancho entered the hall, the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which Sancho received with great gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table: for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing, on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth, which covered several fruits, and a great variety of eatables. One, who looked like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's[1] part, set a plate of fruit before him: but scarcely had he eaten a bit, when he of the wand touching the dish with it, the waiters snatched it away from before him with great haste. But the sewer set another dish of meat in its place. Sancho was going to try it, but before he could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho, seeing it, was surprised, and, looking about him, asked, if this repast was to be eaten like a show of sleight of hand. To which he of the wand replied: My lord governor, here must be no other kind of eating but such as is usual and customary in other islands, where there are governors. I, sir,

[1] 'Sewer', O.Fr. *asseour*, 'one who sets meat on a table'. See *The Babees Book*, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island, for serving the governors of it in that capacity; and I consult their healths much more than my own, studying night and day, sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure him when he is sick: and my principal business is, to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, and be hurtful to his stomach. And therefore I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist: and that other dish of meat I also ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst; for he who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture in which life consists. Well then, quoth Sancho; yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm? To which the doctor answered: My lord governor shall not eat a bit of them while I have life. Pray, why not? quoth Sancho. The physician answered: Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of medicine, says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*; that is to say, All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all. If it be so, quoth Sancho, pray see, Señor Doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it without conjuring it away with your wand: for by the life of the governor, and as God shall give me leave to use it, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, though it be against the grain of Señor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say, is rather the way to shorten my life, than to lengthen it. Your worship is in the right, my lord governor, answered the physician, and therefore I am of opinion, you should not eat of yon stewed conies, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, perhaps, you might pick a bit, were it not a-la-dobed; but as it is, not a morsel. Said

Sancho: That great dish smoking yonder, I take to be an *olla podrida*, and, amidst the diversity of things contained in it, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome. *Absit*, quoth the doctor; far be such a thought from us: there is not worse nutriment in the world than your *olla podridas*: leave them to prebendaries and rectors of colleges, or for country weddings; but let the tables of governors be free from them, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside; and the reason is, because simple medicines are more esteemed than compound, by all persons, and in all places; for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by altering the quantities of the ingredients. Therefore what I would advise at present for Señor Governor's eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about a hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered: My lord governor, I am called doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero: I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera [1], lying between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor's degree in the university of Osuna [2]. To which Sancho, burning with rage, answered: Why then, Señor Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal-Agüero [3], native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caracuel, to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate in Osuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take

[1] There is actually a village of Tirteafuera (= take thyself off) in the position mentioned by Pedro Recio de Agüero.

[2] The degrees of such minor Universities as those of Osuna and Sigüenza were the subjects of many small witticisms: see Part I, Chapter i, p. 11.

[3] '*Mal-Agüero*' = Evil Omen.

a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant: as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let Pedro Recio quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head; and if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public.' And give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans.

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out, came back and said: A courier is arrived from my lord duke, and must certainly have brought some despatches of importance. The courier entered sweating and in a hurry, and pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: 'To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the Island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's'. Which Sancho hearing, he said: Which is my secretary here? One of those present, answered: I am he, sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscainer. With that addition, quoth Sancho, you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself: open the packet, and see what it contains. The newborn secretary did so, and, having cast his eye over the contents, he said, it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter:

'It is come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island, intend, one of these nights, to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island to take away your life, because they are in fear of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgement.

'Your friend, THE DUKE.

'From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.'

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and, turning to the steward, he said: The first thing to be done is, to clap doctor Recio into prison; for if any person has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths, by hunger. Said the steward: It is my opinion, your honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table; for it was presented by some nuns; and it is a saying, The devil lurks behind the cross. I grant it, quoth Sancho; and, for the present, give me only a piece of bread, and some four pounds of grapes: no poison can be conveyed in them; for, in short, I cannot live without eating: and, if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them; and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle by a special messenger to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be

her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread; and, like a good secretary, and a staunch Biscainer, you may add what you please, or what will turn to best account; and pray, take away the cloth, and give me something to eat; for I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters, that shall attack me, or my island.

Now a page came in, and said: Here is a countryman about business, who would speak with your lordship concerning an affair, as he says, of great importance. A strange case this, quoth Sancho, that these men of business should be so silly as not to see that such hours as these are not proper for business! What! belike, we who govern, and are judges, are not made of flesh and bones, like other men? Are we made of marble stone, that we must not refresh at times, when necessity requires it? Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. Bid this honest man come in for this once; but first see that he be not one of the spies, or one of my murderers. No, my lord, answered the page; he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow; and I know little, or he is as harmless as a piece of bread. You need not fear, quoth the steward, while we are present. Is it not possible, sewer, quoth Sancho, now that the doctor Pedro Recio is not here, for me to eat something of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion? To-night, at supper, quoth the sewer, amends shall be made for the defects of dinner, and your lordship shall have no cause to complain. God grant it, answered Sancho.

Then came in the countryman, who was of a goodly presence; and one might see, a thousand leagues off, that he was an honest, good soul. The first thing he said, was: Which is the lord governor here? Who should [be], answered the secretary, but he who is

seated in the chair? I humble myself in his presence, quoth the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise, and tell his business. The countryman did so, and then said: My lord, I am a countryman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real. What! another Tirteafuera? quoth Sancho: say on, brother; for let me tell you, I know Miguel Turra very well: it is not so far from our town. The business is this, sir, proceeded the peasant. By the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Catholic Roman Church, I have two sons, bred scholars: the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her, by purging her when she was with child; and, if it had been God's will the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate. So that, quoth Sancho, if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not now been a widower! No, certainly, my lord, answered the peasant. We are much the nearer, replied Sancho: go on, brother, for this is an hour rather for bed than business. I say then, quoth the countryman, that this son of mine, who is to be the bachelor, fell in love, in the same village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal, or any other descent, but because all of that race are subject to the palsy[1]; and to mend the name, they call them Perlerines; though to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field; but, on the left, she is not quite so fair; for, on that side, she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox; and, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say, they are not pits, but sepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers

[1] *Perláticos* from *perlesia* = paralysis.

are buried. She is so cleanly, that, to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so crooked up, that it seems to be flying from her mouth: and for all that she looks extremely well; for she has a large mouth; and, did she not lack half a score or a dozen teeth and grinders, she might pass, and make a figure, among ladies of the best fashion. I say nothing of her lips; for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips, as they do yarn, one might make a skein of them: but, being of a different colour from what is usually found in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are marbled with blue, green, and orange-tawny. And pray, my lord governor, pardon me, if I paint so minutely the parts of her, who, after all, is to be my daughter; for I love her, and like her mightily. Paint what you will, quoth Sancho; for I am mightily taken with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than your portrait. It shall be always at your service, answered the peasant; and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now; and, I assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her genteelness, and the tallness of her person, you would admire; but that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her mouth: though for all that, you may see plainly, that, could she but stand upright, she would touch the ceiling with her head. And she would ere now have given her hand to my bachelor, to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk: nevertheless, her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make.

So far so good, quoth Sancho; and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot: what is it you would be at? come to the point, without so many windings and turnings, so many fetches and digressions. What I desire, my lord, answered the countryman, is, that your lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to

the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments; for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarcely a day in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running; but he is as good-conditioned as an angel; and, did he not buffet, and give himself frequent cuffs, he would be a very saint. Would you have anything else, honest friend? replied Sancho. One thing more I would ask, quoth the peasant, but that I dare not; yet out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my lord, I could be glad your worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my bachelor: I mean, towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law. Well, quoth Sancho, see if you would have anything else, and be not ashamed to tell it. No, for certain, answered the peasant: and scarcely had he said this, when the governor, getting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, said: I vow to God, Don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not get you gone, and instantly avoid my presence, with this chair will I crack your skull: son of a whore, rascal, painter for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard? and, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerines? Begone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. You are no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and a half, and you would have me have six hundred ducats? The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and

seemingly afraid, lest the governor should execute his threat; for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his passion, and peace be with him and company; and let us turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up, and under cure of his cattish wounds, of which he was not quite healed in eight days, in one of which there befell him what Cid Hamet promises to relate, with that punctuality and truth with which he relates everything belonging to the history, be it never so minute.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Of what befell Don Quixote with Doña Rodriguez, the duchess's duenna; together with other accidents worthy to be written, and had in eternal remembrance.

Above measure discontented and melancholy was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, having his face bound up, and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat; misfortunes incident to knight-errantry. During six days he appeared not in public; on one night of which, lying awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he suffered from Altisidora, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber door with a key, and presently imagined that the enamoured damsel was coming to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. No, said he (believing what he fancied, and so loud as to be overheard), not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail with me to cease adoring her who is engraven and imprinted in the bottom of my heart, and in the inmost recesses of my entrails; whether, my dearest lady,

you be now transformed into a garlic-eating country wench, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus, weaving tissue-webs with gold and silken twist; or whether you are in the power of Merlin or Montesinos: wherever you are, mine you are, and wherever I am, yours I have been, and yours I will remain. The conclusion of these words, and the opening of the door were at the same instant. Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and moustaches bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his moustaches, to keep them from flagging and falling down. In which guise he appeared the most extraordinary phantasm imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and when he expected to see the poor captivated and sorrowful Altisidora enter, he perceived approaching a most reverend duenna, in a long white veil that covered her from head to foot. She carried between the fingers of her left hand half a lighted candle, and held her right hand over it, to shade her face, and keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced very slowly, and trod very softly. Don Quixote observed from his watchtower, and perceiving her figure, and noting her silence, he fancied some witch or sorceress was come in that disguise to do him some shrewd turn, and began to cross himself apace. The apparition kept moving forward, and, when it came to the middle of the room, it lifted up its eyes, and saw in what a hurry Don Quixote was crossing himself, and, if he was afraid at seeing such a figure, she was no less dismayed at sight of his, and seeing him so lank and yellow, with the quilt, and the bandages, which disfigured him, she cried out: Jesus! what do I see? With the fright, the candle fell out of her hand, and, finding herself in the dark, she turned about to be gone, and, with the fear, treading on her skirts, she tumbled, and fell down. Don Quixote, trembling with affright, began to say: I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me who thou art,

and what thou wouldst have with me, if thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will do all I can for thee; for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all the world; for that purpose I took upon me the profession of knight-errantry, an employment which extends to the doing good even to souls in purgatory. The bruised duenna, hearing herself thus exorcized, guessed at Don Quixote's fear by her own, and, in a low and doleful voice, answered: Señor Don Quixote (if peradventure your worship be Don Quixote), I am no phantom, nor apparition, nor soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to think, but Doña Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady duchess, and am come to your worship with one of those cases of necessity, your worship is wont to remedy. Tell me then, Señora Doña Rodriguez, quoth Don Quixote, does your ladyship, peradventure, come in quality of procuress? If you do, I give you to understand I am fit for nobody's turn, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Señora Doña Rodriguez, on condition you waive all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return hither, and we will discourse of whatever you please to command, with exception, as I told you, to all kind of amorous excitements. I bring messages, good sir! answered the duenna: your worship mistakes me very much: I am not yet so advanced in years, to be forced to betake myself to so low an employment: for, God be praised, my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, excepting a few usurped from me by catarrhs, so common in this country of Aragon. But stay a little, sir, till I go and light my candle, and I will return instantly, to relate my griefs to your worship, as to the redresser of all the grievances in the world. And without staying for an answer, she went out of the room, leaving Don Quixote in expectation of her return.

Straight a thousand thoughts crowded into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion he had done ill, and judged worse, to expose himself

to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his lady, and he said to himself: Who knows but the devil, who is subtle and designing, means to deceive me now with a duenna, though he has not been able to effect it with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, or countesses? For I have often heard ingenious people say, The devil, if he can, will sooner tempt a man with a flat-nosed than a hawk-nosed woman; and who can tell but this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence, may awake my desires, which are now asleep, and, in my declining years, make me fall where I never yet stumbled? In such cases, it is better to fly than stand the battle. But sure I am not in my right senses to talk so idly: for it is impossible that a white-veiled, lank, and bespectacled duenna should move or excite a wanton thought in the lewdest breast in the world. Is there a duenna upon earth that has tolerable flesh and blood? Is there a duenna upon the globe that is not impertinent, wrinkled, and squeamish? Avaunt then, ye rabble of duennas, useless to any human pleasure! O how rightly did that lady act, of whom it is said, that she had, at the foot of her state sofa, a couple of statues of duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin cushions as if they were at work; which statues served every whit as well for the dignity of her state-room as real duennas. And so saying, he jumped off the bed, designing to lock his door, and not let Señora Rodriguez enter. But before he could shut it, Señora Rodriguez was just returned with a lighted taper of white wax; and seeing Don Quixote so much nearer, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages and night-cap, she was again frighted, and, retreating two or three steps, she said: Sir Knight, am I safe? for I take it to be no very good sign of modesty that your worship is got out of bed. I should rather ask you that question, madam, answered Don Quixote, and therefore I do ask, if I am safe from being assaulted and ravished? By whom, and from whom, Sir Knight, do you expect this security? answered the duenna.

By you, and from you, replied Don Quixote; for I am not made of marble, nor you, I suppose, of brass: nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and somewhat more, as I imagine, and we are in a room closer and more secret than the cave in which the bold and traitorous Aeneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. But, madam, give me your hand; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, besides what that most reverend veil inspires. And so saying, he kissed his right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet, he would have given the better of his two vests to have seen these two walking from the door to the bedside, handing and handed so ceremoniously.

In short, Don Quixote got into bed, and Doña Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down her candle. Don Quixote covered himself up close, all but his face, and, they both having paused a while, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, saying: Now, Señora Doña Rodriguez, you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels: for you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds. I believe it, answered the duenna; for none but so Christian an answer could be expected from your worship's gentle and pleasing presence.

The business then is, Señor Don Quixote, that, though your worship sees me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Aragon, and in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo [1], and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which

[1] As distinguished from the Asturias of Santander; but the term Asturias no longer extends to Santander.

reduced them, I know not which way, to untimely poverty, carried me to the court of Madrid, where, for peace sake, and to prevent greater inconveniences, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady: and I would have your worship know, that, in making needle-cases and plain work, I was never outdone by anybody in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country; and, in a few years after, I believe, they went to heaven; for they were very good and Catholic Christians. I remained an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and short commons, usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. About that time, without my giving any encouragement for it, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me; a man in years, with a fine beard, and of a comely person, and above all, as good a gentleman as the king himself; for he was a highlander [1]. We did not carry on our amour so secretly, but it came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Roman Church; from which marriage sprang a daughter, to finish my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in childbed (for I went my full time, and was safely delivered), but because my husband died soon after of a certain fright he took; and had I but time to tell the manner how, your worship, I am sure, would wonder.

Here she began to weep most tenderly, and said: Pardon me, good Señor Don Quixote; for I cannot command myself; but as often as I call to mind my unhappy spouse, my eyes are brimful. God be my aid! with what stateliness did he use to carry my lady behind him on a puissant mule, black as the very jet; for in those times coaches and side-saddles were not in fashion, as it is said they are now, and the ladies rode behind their squires. Never-

[1] The natives of the Montaña prided themselves on their descent from the Christians who alone held out against the Moors after the death of Roderick.

theless, I cannot help telling you the following story, that you may see how well-bred, and how punctilious my good husband was. At the entrance into St. James's Street in Madrid, which is very narrow, a judge of one of the courts happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him, and, as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule about, as if he designed to wait upon him. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low voice: What are you doing, blockhead? am not I here? The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said: Keep on your way, sir; for it is my business rather to wait upon my lady Doña Casilda; that was my mistress's name. My husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention to wait upon the judge: which my lady perceiving, full of choler and indignation, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it into his back: whereupon my husband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the judge and his officers. The gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people that stood there, were all in uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot, and my husband went to a barber-surgeon's, telling him he was run quite through and through the bowels. The courteousness and breeding of my spouse was rumoured abroad, insomuch that the boys got it, and teased him with it in the streets; and, upon this account, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady turned him away; the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow, and helpless, with a daughter upon my hands, who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good workwoman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was then newly married to my lord duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, together with my daughter, where, in process of time, she grew up, and with her all the accomplishments in the world. She sings like any lark, dances quick

as thought, capers as if she would break her neck, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like any usurer. I say nothing of her cleanliness; for the running brook is not cleaner: and she is now, if I remember right, sixteen years of age, five months, and three days, one more or less. In a word, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives not far off in a village of my lord duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine; and, to be short, I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promise of being her husband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuses to perform it. And, though my lord duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this same young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchsafe to hear me; and the reason is, because the cozening knave's father is rich, and lends him money, and is bound for him on all occasions; therefore, he will not disoblige nor offend him in any wise. Now, good sir, my desire is, that your worship take upon you the redressing this wrong, either by entreaty, or by force of arms; since all the world says, your worship was born in it to redress grievances, to right the injured, and succour the miserable. And be pleased, sir, to consider my daughter's fatherless condition, her genteelness, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned; for, on my soul and conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe; and one of them, called Altisidora, who is reckoned to be the liveliest and gracefullest of them all, falls above two leagues short, in comparison with my daughter; for you must know, dear sir, that all is not gold that glitters; and this same little Altisidora has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty: besides, she is none of the soundest; for her breath is so strong, there is no enduring to be a moment near her. Nay, even my lady duchess herself—but mum for that; for they say walls have ears.

What of my lady duchess? quoth Don Quixote. Tell me, Madam Rodriguez, by my life. Thus conjured, replied the duenna, I cannot but answer to whatever is asked me, with all truth. Your worship, Señor Don Quixote, must have observed the beauty of my lady duchess; that complexion like any bright and polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one, and the moon in the other; and that stateliness with which she treads, or rather disdains the very ground she walks on, that one would think she went dispensing health wherever she passes. Let me tell you, sir, she may thank God for it in the first place, and next, two issues she has, one in each leg, which discharge all the bad humours, of which the physicians say she is full. Holy Mary! quoth Don Quixote, is it possible my lady duchess has such drains? I should never have believed it, had the bare-footed friars themselves told it me; but since Madam Doña Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But such issues, and in such places, must distil nothing but liquid amber: verily I am now convinced, that this making of issues is a matter of great consequence in respect to health.

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when, with a great bounce, the chamber door flew open; the surprise at which made Doña Rodriguez let fall her candle out of her hand, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is; and presently the poor duenna found herself gripped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not squall, and another person, very nimbly, without speaking a word, whipped up her petticoats, and with a slipper, as it seemed, gave her so many slaps, that it would have moved one's pity: and though it did that of Don Quixote, he stirred not from the bed, and, not knowing the meaning of all this, he lay still and silent, fearing lest that round and sound flogging should come next to his turn. And his fear proved not in vain; for the silent executioners, leaving the duenna, who durst not cry out, well curried, came to Don Quixote; and,

turning down the bed-clothes, they pinched him so often and so hard, that he could not forbear going to fisticuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted some half an hour: the phantoms went off: Doña Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and, bewailing her misfortune, marched out at the door, without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sad and sorely bepinched, confused and pensive, remained alone; where we will leave him, impatient to learn who that perverse enchanter was that had handled him so roughly. But that shall be told in its proper place; for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and the method of the history requires it.

CHAPTER XLIX

Of what befell Sancho Panza as he was going the round of his island.

We left the grand governor moody and out of humour at the knavish picture-drawing peasant, who, instructed by the steward, and he by the duke, played off Sancho; who, maugre his ignorance, rudeness, and insufficiency, held them all back, and said to those about him, and to doctor Pedro Recio, who, when the secret of the duke's letter was over, came back into the hall: I now plainly perceive, that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, if they would be insensible of importunities of your men of business, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will of it, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and dispatched; and if the poor judge does not hear and dispatch them, either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving them audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish

man of business, impertinent man of business, be not in such haste; wait for the proper season and conjuncture for negotiation: come not at dinner-time, nor at bed-time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what their nature requires; except only poor I, who do not so by mine, thanks to Señor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms that this kind of dying is in order to live: God grant the same life to him and all those of his tribe; I mean, bad physicians; for good ones deserve palms and laurels. All who knew Sancho Panza were in admiration to hear him talk so elegantly, and could not tell what to ascribe it to, unless that offices and weighty employments quicken and enliven some understandings, as they confound and stupefy others. In short, doctor Pedro Recio Agüero de Tirteafuera promised he should sup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor rested satisfied, and expected with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of supper; and though time, to his thinking, stood stock still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, and they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions and calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However, he laid about him, with more relish, than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos; and in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said: Look you, Master Doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tit-bits; for it will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goats' flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if perchance you give it court kickshaws, it receives them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What Master Sewer here may do, is, to get me some of those eatables you call your *olla podridas*, and the stronger they are the better: and you may insert and stuff in them whatever you will:

for so it be an eatable, I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends; and let nobody play upon me; for either we are, or we are not: and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight, it is day for everybody. I will govern this island, without losing my own right, or taking away another man's, and let every one keep a good look out, and mind each man his own business; for I would have them to know, the devil is in the wind [1], and, if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Aye, aye, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you. Certainly, my lord governor, quoth the sewer, there is reason in all your worship says, and I dare engage in the name of all the islanders of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and goodwill; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do or to think anything that may redound to the disservice of your worship. I believe it, answered Sancho, and they would be fools, if they did or thought otherwise. And I tell you again to take care for my sustenance, and for my Dapple's, which is what is most important in this business; and when the hour comes, we will go the round; for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of filth, of vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. For you must understand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a beehive, which eat the honey that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is to protect the peasants, preserve to the gentry their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and above all, to have regard to religion, and to the honour of the religious. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brain to no purpose? My lord governor, quoth the steward, speaks so well, that I

[1] Literally 'the devil is at Cantillana'—a hamlet near Seville. The connexion between the devil and Cantillana is obscure.

wonder to hear a man, so void of learning as your worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, and all so sententious and instructive, and so far beyond all that could be expected from your worship's former understanding by those who sent us, and by us, who are come hither. But every day produces new things; jests turn into earnest, and jokers are joked upon.

The night came, and, the governor having supped with the licence of Señor Doctor Recio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the care of recording his actions, together with serjeants and notaries, enough to have formed a middling battalion. In the midst of them marched Sancho, with his white rod of office; and having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting; who, seeing the officers coming, desisted, and one of them said: Help, in the name of God and the king! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and set upon them in the streets? Hold! honest man, quoth Sancho, and tell me what is the occasion of this fray; for I am the governor. The other, his antagonist, said: My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter: Your honour must understand, that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house yonder over the way, above a thousand reals, and God knows how; and I, being present, gave judgement in his favour, in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience. Up he got with his winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of present, as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction, such as I am, who stand by, ready at all adventures to back unreasonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, he pocketed up his money, and went out of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and, with good words and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but eight reals, since he

knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing; and this knave, as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals. Judge, my lord governor, how little shame, and how little conscience he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound. What say you to this, friend? quoth Sancho. The other answered that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to give him any more than four reals; for he was often giving him something, and they, who expect the benevolence, should be mannerly, and take with a cheerful countenance whatever is given them, and not stand upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings were unfairly gotten; and, for demonstration of his being an honest man, and no cheat as the other alleged, there could be no stronger proof than his refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on, who know them. That is true, quoth the steward; be pleased, my lord governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men. What shall be done is this, answered Sancho: You, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your hackster here immediately a hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you, sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these hundred reals instantly, and, sometime to-morrow, get out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the next life; for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me; and let no man reply, lest I punish him severely. The one disbursed; the other received: the one went out of the island; the other went home to his house; and the governor said: It shall cost me a fall, or

I will demolish these gaming houses; for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial. This, at least, quoth one of the scriveners, your honour cannot put down; for a great person keeps it, and what he loses in the year is beyond comparison more than what he gets by the cards. Your worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm, and cover more abuses: for in those, which belong to persons of quality, notorious cheats dare not put their tricks in practice; and, since the vice of play is become a common practice, it is better it should go forward in the houses of people of distinction, than in those of mean quality, where they take in unfortunate bubbles after midnight, and strip off their very skin. Well, Master Notary, quoth Sancho, there is a great deal to be said on this subject.

And now up came a serjeant, having laid hold of a young man, and said: My lord governor, this youth was coming towards us; but, as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and began to run like a stag; a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, and, had he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him. Why did you fly, young man, quoth Sancho. The youth replied: My lord, to avoid answering the multitude of questions officers are wont to ask. What trade are you of? quoth Sancho. A weaver, answered the youth. And what do you weave? quoth Sancho. Iron heads for spears, an it please your worship. You are pleasant with me, and value yourself on being a joker, quoth Sancho: it is very well; and whither were you going? To take the air, sir, replied the lad. And, pray, where do people take the air in this island? said Sancho. Where it blows, answered the youth. Good, quoth Sancho, you answer to the purpose, you are a discreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to jail. Here, lay hold on him, and carry him to prison: I will make him sleep there to-night without air. Before God, quoth the youth, your honour can no

more make me sleep there, than you can make me a king. Why cannot I make you sleep in prison? demanded Sancho: have I not power to confine or release you, as I please? How much power soever your worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison. Why not? replied Sancho: away with him immediately, where he shall see his mistake with his own eyes; and, lest the jailer should put his interested generosity in practise, I will sconce him in the penalty of two thousand ducats, if he suffers you to stir a step from the prison. All this is matter of laughter, answered the youth: the business is, I defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison. Tell me, devil, quoth Sancho, have you some angel to deliver you, and unloose the fetters I intend to have clapped on you? My lord governor, answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, let us abide by reason, and come to the point. Supposing your worship orders me to jail, and to be loaded with chains and fetters, and clapped into the dungeon, with heavy penalties laid upon the jailer, if he lets me stir out; and let us suppose these orders punctually obeyed: yet, for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or no? No, certainly, said the secretary, and the man has carried his point. So that, quoth Sancho, you would forbear sleeping only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine? No, my lord, said the youth, not even in thought. Then, God be with you, quoth Sancho; go home to sleep, and I wish you a good night's rest; for I will not endeavour to deprive you of it: but I would advise you, for the future, not to be so jocose with officers of justice; for you may meet with one that may lay the joke over your noddle.

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round, and, a little while after, came a couple of serjeants, who had hold of a man, and

said: My lord governor, this here, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and no ugly one either, in man's clothes. They lifted up two or three lanterns to her face, by the light of which they discovered that of a woman, seemingly sixteen years of age, or thereabouts. Her hair was tucked up under a network caul of gold and green silk, and she herself beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot, and saw she had on a pair of flesh-coloured stockings, with garters of white taffeta, and tassels of gold and seed-pearl: her breeches were of green and gold tissue, and she had on a loose coat of the same, under which she wore a very fine waistcoat of white and gold stuff. Her shoes were white, and such as men wear. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many rings, and those very good ones. In a word everybody liked the maiden; but none of them all knew her, and the inhabitants of the town said, they could not imagine who she should be. They who were in the secret of the jests put upon Sancho, admired the most; for this adventure was not of their contriving, and therefore they were in suspense, expecting the issue of this unforeseen accident. Sancho was struck with the beauty of the young lady, and asked her who she was, whither she was going, and what had moved her to dress herself in that habit. She, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a modest bashfulness, answered: Sir, I cannot declare so publicly what I am so much concerned to keep a secret: only one thing I must assure you, that I am no thief, nor criminal person, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of a certain jealousy has made break through the respect due to modesty. The steward, hearing this, said to Sancho: My lord governor, order all your attendants to go aside, that this lady may speak her mind with less concern. The governor did so, and they all went aside, excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary. Then the damsel proceeded, saying: I, gentlemen, am daughter to Pedro Perez

Mazorca, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house. This will not pass, madam, said the steward; for I know Pedro Perez very well, and am sure he has no child, son nor daughter; and, besides your saying he is your father, you immediately add that he comes often to your father's house. I took notice of that, quoth Sancho. Indeed, gentlemen, answered the damsel, I am in such confusion, that I know not what I say: but the truth is, I am daughter to Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know. This may pass, answered the steward; for I know Diego de la Llana, that he is a gentleman of quality, and rich, and has a son and a daughter; and, since he has been a widower, nobody in all this town can say they have seen the face of his daughter; for he keeps her so confined, that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her; and report says she is extremely handsome. That is true, answered the damsel, and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies, or no, as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, are judges, since you have seen me: and then she began to weep most bitterly. Which the secretary perceiving, he whispered the sewer, and said very softly: Without doubt, something of importance must have been the occasion, that so considerable a person, as this young lady, has left her own house, in such a dress, and at such an hour. No doubt of that, answered the sewer; besides, this suspicion is confirmed by her tears. Sancho comforted her the best he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter, without fear; for they would all endeavour to serve her with great sincerity, and by all possible ways.

The case is, gentlemen, replied she, that my father has kept me locked up these ten years past: for so long has my mother been under ground. Mass is said in our house in a rich chapel, and, in all this time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night; nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor

even men, excepting my father and brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say he was my father, to conceal the truth. This confinement, and denying me leave to go out, though but to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much. I had a mind to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, thinking this desire was no breach of that decency young ladies ought to preserve toward themselves. When I heard talk of bull-feasts, of darting canes [1] on horseback, and the representation of plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others that I had never seen: which he used to do in the best manner he could: and all this did but inflame the desire I had of seeing them. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother—O that I had never prayed nor entreated him! and then she fell to weeping again. The steward said to her: Proceed, madam, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you; for your words and tears hold us all in suspense. I have but few words left to speak, answered the damsel, though many tears to shed; for such misplaced desires as mine can be atoned for no other way.

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer, who held up his lantern again, to have another view of her; and he fancied the tears she shed were dewdrops of the morning, or even orient pearls; and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. The governor was out of all patience at the girl's dilatory manner of telling her story, and bade her keep them no longer in suspense: for it grew late, and they had a great deal more of the town to go over. She, between interrupted sobs, and broken sighs, said: All my misfortunes and unhappiness is only this, that I desired my brother to dress me in

[1] Reed javelins: the Moors are said to have introduced this sport into Spain.

his clothes, and carry me out, some night or other, when my father was asleep, to see the town. He, importuned by my entreaties, condescended to my desire, and, putting me on this habit, and dressing himself in a suit of mine, which fits as if it were made for him (for he has not one hair of a beard, and one would take him for a very beautiful young girl), this night, about an hour ago, we got out of our house; and, guided by our footboy and our own unruly fancies, we traversed the whole town: and, as we were returning home, we saw a great company of people, and my brother said to me: Sister, this must be the round; put wings to your feet, and fly after me, that they may not know us, or it will be worse for us. And, so saying, he turned his back, and began, not to run, but to fly. In less than six steps I fell down through the fright, and at that instant the officer of justice coming up, seized and brought me before your honour; where my indiscreet longing has covered me with shame before so many people. In effect, then, madam, quoth Sancho, no other mishap has befallen you, nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story carry you from home. No other thing, said she, has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case, but merely a desire of seeing the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town.

The coming up of two serjeants, one of whom had overtaken and seized her brother, as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what the damsel had said. The youth had on nothing but a rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle, with a border of gold; no head-dress nor ornament, but his own hair, which was so fair and curled, that it seemed so many ringlets of fine gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer, took him aside, and, without letting his sister hear, they asked him how he came to be in that disguise. He, with no less bashfulness and concern, told the same story his sister had done; at which the enamoured sewer was much pleased. But

the governor said: Really, gentlefolks, this is a very childish trick, and, to relate this piece of folly, there needed not half so many tears and sighs: had you but said, our names are so and so, we got out of our father's house by such a contrivance, only out of curiosity, and with no other design at all, the tale had been told, and all these weepings and wailings, and takings-on at this rate, might have been spared. That is true, answered the damsel; but the confusion I was in was so great, that it did not suffer me to demean myself as I ought. There is no harm, answered Sancho: we will see you safe to your father's; perhaps he has not missed you; and henceforward be not so childish, nor so eager to see the world; for, The maid that is modest, and a broken leg, should stay at home; and, The woman and the hen are lost by gadding abroad; and, She who desires to see, desires no less to be seen. I say no more. The youth thanked the governor for the favour he intended them, in seeing them safe home, and so they bent their course that way; for the house was not far off. When they were arrived, the brother threw up a little stone to a grated window, and that instant, a servant-maid, who waited for them, came down, and opened the door, and they went in, leaving every one in admiration at their genteelness and beauty, as well as at their desire of seeing the world by night, and without stirring out of the town: but they imputed all to their tender years. The sewer's heart was pierced through and through, and he proposed within himself to demand her, the next day, of her father in marriage, taking it for granted he would not refuse him, as being a servant of the duke's. Sancho too had some thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter Sanchica, and determined to bring it about the first opportunity, fancying to himself, that no match would be refused the governor's daughter. Thus ended that night's round, and two days after the government too, which put an end to all his designs and expectations, as shall hereafter be shown.

CHAPTER L

In which is declared who were the enchanters and executioners that whipped the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with the success of the page, who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife.

Cid Hamet, the most punctual searcher after the very atoms of this true history, says, that when Doña Rodriguez went out of her chamber to go to Don Quixote's, another duenna, who lay with her, perceived it; and, as all duennas have the itch of listening after, prying into, and smelling out things, she followed her so softly, that good Rodriguez did not perceive it: and, as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not be wanting in the general humour of all duennas, which is to be tell-tales, away she went that instant, to acquaint the duchess, that Doña Rodriguez was then actually in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess acquainted the duke with it, and desired his leave, that she and Altisidora might go and see what was the duenna's business with Don Quixote. The duke gave it her; and they both, very softly, and step by step, went and posted themselves close to the door of Don Quixote's chamber, and so close, that they overheard all that was said within: and, when the duchess heard the duenna expose the fountains [1] of her issues, she could not bear it, nor Altisidora either; and so, brimful of choler, and longing for revenge, they bounced into the room, and pinched Don Quixote, and whipped the duenna, in the manner above related; for affronts, levelled against the beauty and vanity of woman, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a desire of revenging themselves.

[1] Literally 'the Aranjuez of her issues'—Aranjuez, the country residence of the kings of Spain, being famous for its fountains.

The duchess recounted to the duke all that had passed; with which he was much diverted; and the duchess, proceeding in her design of making sport with Don Quixote, dispatched the page, who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the project of her disenchantment, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter (for Sancho was so taken up with his government, that he had quite forgot it), and with another from herself, and a large string of rich corals by way of present.

Now the history tells us, that the page was very discreet and sharp, and being extremely desirous to please his lord and lady, he departed, with a very good will, for Sancho's village, and, being arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom he demanded, if they could tell him, whether one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived in that town. At which question, a young wench, who was washing, started up, and said: That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master. Come then, damsel, quoth the page, and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a present for her from that same father of yours. That I will with all my heart, sir, answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age; and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without putting anything on her head or feet (for she was bare-legged and dishevelled), she ran skipping along before the page's horse, saying: Come along, sir; for our house stands just at the entrance of the village, and there you will find my mother, in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while. I bring her such good news, quoth the page, that she may well thank God for it. In short, with jumping, running, and capering, the girl came to the village, and, before she got into the house, she called aloud at the door: Come forth, mother Teresa, come forth, come forth; for here is a gentleman, who brings letters and other

things from my good father. At which voice her mother Teresa Panza came out, spinning a distaff full of tow, having on a grey petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, with a grey bodice also, and her smock sleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though she seemed to be above forty; but was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut. She, seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, said: What is the matter, girl? what gentleman is this? It is a humble servant of my lady Doña Teresa Panza, answered the page. And, so saying, he flung himself from his horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before the lady Teresa, saying: Be pleased, Señora Doña Teresa, to give me your ladyship's hand to kiss, as being the lawful and only wife of Señor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria. Ah, dear sir, forbear, do not so! answered Teresa; for I am no court dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor at all. Your ladyship, answered the page, is the most worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased, madam, to receive this letter, and this present. Then he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, each bead in gold; and, putting it about her neck, he said: This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here, and these corals, are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship. Teresa was amazed, and her daughter neither more nor less, and the girl said: May I die, if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this business, and has given my father the government, or earldom, he so often promised him. It is even so, answered the page; and for Señor Don Quixote's sake, my lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as you will see by this letter. Pray, young gentleman, quoth Teresa, be pleased to read it; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a tittle. Nor I neither, added Sanchica: but stay a little, and I will go and

call somebody that can, though it be the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father. There is no need of calling anybody, quoth the page; for though I cannot spin, I can read, and will read it. So he read it: but it having been inserted before, it is purposely omitted here. Then he pulled out that from the duchess, which was as follows:

'Friend Teresa,

'The good qualities, both of integrity and capacity, of your husband Sancho, moved and induced me to desire the duke my spouse, to give him the government of one of the many islands he has. I am informed he governs like any hawk; at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleased; and I give great thanks to heaven, that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the said government. For, let me tell madam Teresa, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor nowadays, and God make me as good as Sancho governs well. I send you hereby, my dear, a string of corals, set in gold. I wish they were of oriental pearl: but whoever gives thee an egg, has no mind to see thee dead. The time will come, when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchica your daughter, and tell her from me to get herself ready; for I mean to marry her toppingly, when she least thinks of it. I am told the acorns of your town are very large: pray send me some two dozen of them; for I shall esteem them very much as coming from your hand; and write to me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare; and if you want anything, you need but open your mouth, and your mouth shall be measured. So God keep you.

'From this place.

'Your loving Friend,

'The Duchess.'

Ah! quoth Teresa, at hearing the letter, how good, how plain, how humble a lady! Let me be buried with such ladies as this, and not with such gentlewomen as this town affords, who think, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not blow upon them: and they go to church with as much vanity as if they were very queens. One would think they took it for a disgrace to look upon a countrywoman; and you see here how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha. As to the acorns, sir, I will send her ladyship a pocketful, and such as, for their bigness, people may come to see and admire from far and near. And for the present, Sanchica, see and make much of this gentleman: take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince; for the good news he has brought us, and his own good looks, deserve no less; and in the meanwhile, I will step and carry my neighbours the news of our joy, and especially to our father the priest, and to Master Nicholas the barber, who are and always have been, your father's great friends. Yes, mother, I will, answered Sanchica: but, hark you, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my lady duchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you. It is all for you, daughter, answered Teresa; but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart. You will be no less cheered, quoth the page, when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a habit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting match, and has sent it all to Señora Sanchica. May he live a thousand years, answered Sanchica, and the bearer neither more nor less, aye, and two thousand if need be.

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck, and playing as she went along with her fingers upon the letters, as if

they had been a timbrel. And accidentally meeting the priest, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance, and say: In faith we have no poor relations now! we have got a government! aye, aye, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me! I will make her know her distance! What is the matter, Teresa Panza? what extravagances are these? and what papers are those? demanded the priest. No other extravagances, quoth she, but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these about my neck are true coral; the Ave-Marias and the Paternosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governess. God be our aid, Teresa, replied they: we understand you not, nor know what you mean. Believe your own eyes, answered Teresa, giving them the letters. The priest read them so as that Sampson Carrasco heard the contents: and Sampson and the priest stared at each other, as surprised at what they read. The bachelor demanded, who had brought those letters. Teresa answered, if they would come home with her to her house, they should see the messenger, who was a youth like any golden pine-tree; and that he had brought her another present, worth twice as much. The priest took the corals from her neck, and viewed and reviewed them; and being satisfied they were right, he began to wonder afresh, and said: By the habit I wear, I know not what to say, nor what to think of these letters, and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other hand I read that a duchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns. Make these things tally, if you can, quoth Carrasco: but let us go and see the bearer of this packet, who may give us some light into these difficulties which puzzle us. They did so, and Teresa went back with them.

They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to fry, and pave it with eggs[1], for the page's dinner; whose aspect

[1] In Spain the eggs are fried on top of the bacon.

and good appearance pleased them both very much. After they had saluted him, and he them, Sampson desired him to tell them news, both of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for, though they had read Sancho's and the duchess's letters, still they were confounded, and could not devise what Sancho's government could mean, and especially of an island, most or all those in the Mediterranean belonging to his majesty. To which the page answered: That Señor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no manner of doubt; but whether it be an island that he governs, or not, I concern not myself at all; let it suffice, that it is a place containing above a thousand inhabitants. As to the acorns, I say, my lady duchess is so humble and affable, that her sending to beg acorns of a countrywoman is nothing; for ere now, she has sent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. For you must know, gentlemen, that the ladies of Aragon, though of as great quality, are not so haughty, nor so ceremonious, as the ladies of Castile: they treat people more upon the level.

While they were in the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchica, with a lap full of eggs, and said to the page: Pray, sir, does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose? I never observed that, answered the page; but doubtless he does. God's my life! replied Sanchica, what a sight must it be to see my father with laced breeches! Is it not strange that, ever since I was born, I have longed to see my father with his breeches laced to his girdle? I warrant you will, if you live, answered the page: before God, if his government lasts but two months, he is in a fair way to travel with a cape to his cap. The priest and the bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke jestingly: but the fineness of the corals, and the hunting suit which Sancho had sent (for Teresa had already shown them the habit), undid all. Nevertheless, they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's longing, and more, when Teresa said: Master Priest, do so much as inquire, if anybody be going to Madrid

or Toledo, who may buy me a farthingale round and completely made, and fashionable, and one of the best that is to be had; for, verily, verily, I intend to honour my husband's government as much as I can; and, if they vex me, I will get me to this court myself, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them there; for she, who has a governor for her husband, may very well have one and maintain it too. Aye, marry, quoth Sanchica, and would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks, that saw me seated in that coach with my lady mother, should say: Do but see such a one, daughter of such a one, stuffed with garlic; how she sits in state, and lolls in her coach like the pope's lady[1]! But let them jeer, so they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. A bad year and a worse month to all the murmurers in the world; and, if I go warm, let folks laugh. Say I well, mother? Aye, mighty well, daughter, answered Teresa: and my good man Sancho foretold me all this, and even greater good luck; and you shall see, daughter, it will never stop till it has made me a countess; for to be lucky, the whole business is to begin: and as I have often heard your good father say (who, as he is yours, is also the father of proverbs), When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter; so, when a government is given you, seize it; when they give you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whistle to you with a good gift, snap at it: No, no, sleep on, and do not answer to the lucky hits, and the good fortune, that stand calling at the door of your house. And what care I? added Sanchica; let who will say, when they see me step it stately, and bridle it, The higher the monkey climbs, the more he exposes his bald buttocks, and so forth.

The priest hearing this, said: I cannot believe but that all of this race of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their bellies: I never saw

[1] Literally 'like a female pope'.

one of them who did not scatter them about, at all times, and in all the discourses they ever held I believe so too, quoth the page; for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step; and though many of them are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly. You persist then in affirming, sir, quoth the bachelor, that this business of Sancho's government is real and true, and that these presents and letters are really sent by a duchess? For our parts, though we touch the presents, and have read the letters, we believe it not, and take it to be one of our countryman Don Quixote's adventures, who thinks everything of this kind done by way of enchantment: and therefore I could almost find in my heart to touch and feel your person, to know whether you are a visionary messenger, or one of flesh and bones. All I know of myself, gentlemen, answered the page, is, that I am a real messenger, and that Señor Sancho Panza actually is a governor; and that my lord duke and my lady duchess can give, and have given the said government; and I have heard it said, that the said Sancho Panza behaves himself most notable in it. Whether there be any enchantment in this, or not, you may dispute by yourselves; for by the oath I am going to take, which is by the life of my parents, who are living, and whom I dearly love, I know nothing more of the matter. It may be so, replied the bachelor: but *dubitat Augustinus*. Doubt who will, answered the page, the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always get above a lie, like oil above water; and, if you will not believe, *operibus credite et non verbis*. Come one of you, gentlemen, along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears. That jaunt is for me, quoth Sanchica: take me behind you, sir, upon your nag; for I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father. The daughters of governors, said the page, must not travel alone, but attended with coaches and litters, and good store of servants. Before God,

answered Sanchica, I can travel as well upon an ass's colt, as in a coach; I am none of your tender squeamish folks. Peace, wench, quoth Teresa; you know not what you say, and the gentleman is in the right; for, According to reason, each thing in its season: when it was Sancho, it was Sancha; and when governor, madam. Said I amiss? Madam Teresa says more than she imagines, quoth the page; and pray, give me to eat, and dispatch me quickly; for I intend to return home this night. To which the priest said: Come, sir, and do penance with me; for Madam Teresa has more goodwill than good cheer, to welcome so worthy a guest. The page refused at first, but at length thought it most for his good to comply, and the priest very willingly took him home with him, that he might have an opportunity of inquiring at leisure after Don Quixote and his exploits. The bachelor offered Teresa to write answers to her letters; but she would not let him meddle in her matters, for she looked upon him as somewhat of a wag; and so she gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a young noviciate friar, who could write; who wrote for her two letters, one for her husband, and the other for the duchess, and both of her inditing; and they are none of the worst recorded in this grand history, as will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER LI

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other entertaining events.

Now appeared the day succeeding the night of the governor's round; which the sewer passed without sleeping, his thoughts being taken up with the countenance, air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; and the steward spent the remainder of it in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho Panza said and did, equally wondering at his deeds and sayings; for his words and actions were intermixed with strong indications both of discretion and folly. In short, [the] Señor Governor got up, and by the direction of doctor Pedro Recio, they gave him, to break his fast, a little conserve, and four draughts of cold water; which Sancho would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But, seeing it was more by force than goodwill, he submitted to it with sufficient grief to his soul, and toil to his stomach: Pedro Recio making him believe, that to eat but little, and that of slight things quickened the judgement, which was the properest thing that could be for persons appointed to rule, and bear offices of dignity; in which there is not so much occasion for bodily strength, as for that of the understanding. By means of this sophistry, Sancho endured hunger to a degree, that inwardly he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

However, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgement that day, and the first thing that offered, was a question proposed by a stranger; the steward and the rest of the assistants being present all the while. It was this: My lord; a main river divides the two parts of one lordship—pray, my lord, be attentive, for it is a case of importance, and some-

what difficult; I say then, that upon this river stood a bridge, and at the head of it a gallows, and a kind of courthouse, for a seat of judicature, in which there were commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, of the bridge, and of the lordship: which law was in this form: Whoever passes over this bridge, from one side to the other, must first take an oath, from whence he comes, and what business he is going about; and if he swears true, they shall let him pass; but if he tells a lie, he shall die for it upon yonder gallows, without any remission. Tnis law, and the rigorous conditions thereof, being known, several persons passed over; for by what they swore it was soon perceived they swore the truth, and the judges let them pass freely. Now it fell out, that a certain man, taking the oath, swore, and said, by the oath he had taken, he was going to die upon the gallows, which stood there, and that this was his business, and no other. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said: If we let this man pass freely, he swore a lie, and by the law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die on that gallows, and having sworn the truth, by the same law he ought to go free. It is now demanded of my lord governor, how the judges shall proceed with this man; for they are still doubtful and in suspense, and being informed of the acuteness and elevation of your lordship's understanding, they have sent me to beseech your lordship, on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and doubtful a case. To which Sancho answered: For certain, these gentlemen the judges, who sent you to me, might have saved themselves and you the labour, for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me; nevertheless, repeat me the business over again, that I may understand it; perhaps I may hit the mark. The querist repeated what he had said once or twice, and Sancho said: In my opinion the affair may be briefly resolved, and it is thus: The man swears he is going to die

upon the gallows, and, if he is hanged, he swore the truth, and by the law established ought to be free, and to pass the bridge; and if they do not hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law he ought to be hanged. It is just as [the] Señor Governor says, quoth the messenger, and nothing more is wanting to the right stating and understanding of the case. I say then, replied Sancho, that they let pass that part of the man that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore a lie: and thus the condition of the passage will be literally fulfilled. If so, Señor Governor, replied the querist, it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, the false and the true: and, if he is cut asunder, he must necessarily die, and so there is not a tittle of the law fulfilled, and there is an express necessity of fulfilling the law. Come hither, honest man, answered Sancho: either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death, as to let him live and pass the bridge; for, if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him: and this being so, as it really is, I am of opinion, that you tell those gentlemen who sent you to me, that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they let him pass freely; for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write: and, in this case, I speak not of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given me, among many others, by my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out to be governor of this island; which was, that when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should incline and lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, in which it comes in so pat. It does so, answered the steward, and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could not have given a better judgement, than that now given by the great Panza: and, let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order that [the] Señor Governor shall dine to-

day much to his satisfaction. That is what I desire, and let us have fair play, quoth Sancho. Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will dispatch them in the snuffing of a candle.

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience to starve so discerning a governor; especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission.

It fell out then, that, having dined that day against all the rules and aphorisms of doctor Tirteafuera, at taking away the cloth, a courier came in with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho bade the secretary read it first to himself, and, if there was nothing in it that required secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and, glancing it over, said: Well may it be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed and written in letters of gold; and the contents are these:

Don Quixote de la Mancha's letter to Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria.

'When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard news of your negligence and impertinences, I have had accounts of your discretion; for which I give particular thanks to heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and make wise men of fools. I am told, you govern as if you were a man, and are a man as if you were a beast—such is the humility of your demeanour. But I would have you take notice, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the sake of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the decent adorning of the person, in weighty employments, must be conformable to what those offices require, and not according to the measure of what a man's own humble condition inclines him to. Go well clad; for a broomstick well dressed does not appear a broomstick. I do not mean, that you should wear jewels or fine clothes,

nor, being a judge, that you should dress like a soldier; but that you should adorn yourself with such a habit as suits your employment, and such as is neat and handsomely made. To gain the goodwill of the people you govern, two things, among others, you must do: One is, to be civil to all (though I have already told you this); and the other is, to take care that there be plenty, since nothing is so discouraging to the poor as hunger, and dearness of provisions. Publish not many edicts, and when you do, see that they are good ones, and, above all, that they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are as if they had not been made, and serve only to show, that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority sufficient to make them, had not the courage to see them put in execution: and laws that intimidate at their publication, and are not executed, become like the log, king of the frogs, which terrified them at first; but in time they contemned him, and got upon his back. Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the mean betwixt these two extremes; for therein consists the main point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for the presence of the governor in such places is of great importance. Comfort the prisoners, that they may hope to be quickly dispatched. Be a bugbear to the butchers, who will then make their weights true; and be a terror to the market-people for the same reason. Do not show yourself (though perchance you may be so, but I do not believe it) given to covetousness, to women, or gluttony; for when the town, and those who have to do with you, find your ruling passion, by that they will play their engines upon you, till they have battered you down into the depth of destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider the counsels and documents I gave you in writing, before you went hence to your government, and you will see how you will find in them, if you observe them, a choice supply to help to support you under the toils

and difficulties which governors meet with at every turn. Write to your patrons, the duke and duchess, and show yourself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; and the person who is grateful to those that have done him good, shows thereby that he will be so to God too, who has already done him, and is continually doing him, so much good.

'My lady duchess has dispatched a messenger, with your suit and another present, to your wife Teresa Panza: we expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose: but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know, if the steward who is with you, had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as you suspected: and give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to you, since the way is so short. I have thoughts of quitting this idle life very soon, for I was not born for it. A business has fallen out which will, I believe, go near to bring me into disgrace with the duke and duchess. But, though it afflicts me much, it affects me nothing: for, in short, I must comply with the rules of my profession, rather than with their pleasure, according to the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write this in Latin; for I persuade myself, you have learned it since you have been a governor. And so farewell, and God have you in His keeping, that nobody may pity you.

'Your friend,

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, and looked upon to be very judicious by all that heard it. Presently Sancho rose from table, and calling the secretary, he shut himself up with him in his chamber, and without any delay, resolved immediately to send an answer to his lord

Don Quixote. He bade the secretary, without adding or diminishing a tittle, to write what he should dictate to him. He did so, and the answer was of the tenor following:

Sancho Panza's letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

'The hurry of my business is so great, that I have not time to scratch my head, nor so much as to pare my nails, and therefore I wear them very long; which God remedy. This I say, dear master of my soul, that your worship may not wonder, if hitherto I have given you no account of my well or ill being in this government; in which I suffer more hunger than when we two wandered about through woods and deserts.

'My lord duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice that certain spies were come into this island to kill me; but hitherto I have been able to discover no other besides a certain doctor, who has a salary in this place for killing as many governors as shall come hither. He calls himself doctor Pedro Recio, and is a native of Tirteafuera; a name sufficient to make one fear dying by his hands. This same doctor says, he does not cure distempers when people have them, but prevents them from coming; and the medicines he uses are, diet upon diet, till he reduces the patient to bare bones; as if a consumption were not a worse malady than a fever. In short, he is murdering me by hunger, and I am dying of despite; for, instead of coming to this government to eat hot and drink cool, and to recreate my body between Holland sheets, upon beds of down, I am come to do penance, as if I were a hermit: and, as I do it against my will, I verily think, at the long run, the devil will carry me away.

'Hitherto I have touched no fee, nor taken any bribe; and I cannot imagine what it will end in; for here I am told, that the governors, who came to this island, before they set foot in it, used to receive a good sum of money, by way of present or loan,

from the people, and that this is the custom with those who go to other governments, as well as with those who come to this.

'One night, as I was going the round, I met a very handsome damsel in man's clothes, and her brother in woman's. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has, as he says, already, in his thoughts, made choice of her for his wife; and I have chosen the brother for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and an Old Christian, as much as one can desire.

'I visit the markets, as your worship advises me; and yesterday I found a huckster-woman, who sold new hazel-nuts, and it was proved upon her, that she had mixed with the new a bushel of old rotten ones. I confiscated them all to the use of the charity boys, who well know how to distinguish them, and sentenced her not to come into the market again in fifteen days. I am told I behaved bravely: what I can tell your worship is, that it is reported in this town, that there is not a worse sort of people than your market-women; for they are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent: and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

'As concerning my lady duchess's having written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions, I am mightily pleased with it, and will endeavour to show my gratitude at a proper time: pray, kiss her honour's hands in my name, and tell her, she has not thrown her favours into a rent sack, as she will find by the effect.

'I would not wish you to have any cross reckonings of disgust with our patrons the duke and duchess: for if your worship quarrels with them, it is plain, it must redound to my damage; and, since your worship advised me not to be ungrateful, it will not be proper you should be so yourself, to those who have done you so many favours, and who have entertained you so generously in their castle.

'The cat business I understand not, but suppose it must be one of those unlucky tricks the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship: I shall know more when we meet.

'I would willingly send your worship something or other; but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes, which they make in this island very curiously. If my employment holds, I will look out for something to send, right or wrong. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage, and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know the estate of my house, my wife, and my children. And so, God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government, which I doubt; for I expect to lay my bones here, considering how doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

'Your worship's servant,

'SANCHO PANZA, THE GOVERNOR.'

The secretary made up the letter, and dispatched the courier with it immediately. Then those who carried on the plot against Sancho, contrived among themselves how to put an end to his government. That evening Sancho spent in making some ordinances for the good government of that which he took to be an island. He decreed, that there should be no monopolizers of provisions in the commonwealth; that wines should not be imported indifferently from any parts the merchant pleased, with this injunction, that they should declare its growth, that a price might be set upon it according to its goodness, character, and true value; and that whoever dashed it with water, or changed its name, should be put to death for it. He moderated the prices of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which before were very extravagant. He laid most severe penalties upon those who should sing lascivious and indecent songs by day or by night. He decreed,

that no blind man should sing his miracles in verse, unless he produced an authentic testimony of the truth of them, esteeming most of those sung by that sort of people to be false, in prejudice to the true ones. He created an overseer of the poor, not to persecute them, but to examine whether they were such or no; for, under colour of feigned maimness, and counterfeit sores, they are often sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made such wholesome ordinances, that they are observed in that town to this day, and are called, THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE GREAT GOVERNOR SANCHO PANZA.

CHAPTER LII

In which is related the adventure of the second afflicted or distressed matron, otherwise called Doña Rodriguez.

CID HAMET relates, that Don Quixote, being now healed of his scratches, began to think the life he led in that castle was against all the rules of knight-errantry which he professed; and therefore he resolved to ask leave of the duke and duchess to depart for Saragossa, the celebration of the tournament drawing near, wherein he proposed to win the suit of armour, the usual prize at that festival. And, being one day at table with their excellencies, and beginning to unfold his purpose, and ask their leave, behold, on a sudden there entered, at the door of the great hall, two women, as it afterwards appeared, covered from head to foot with mourning weeds; and one of them, coming up to Don Quixote, threw herself at full length on the ground, and, incessantly kissing his feet, poured forth such dismal, deep, and mournful groans, that all who heard and saw her were confounded; and, though the duke and duchess imagined it was some jest their servants were putting upon Don Quixote,

yet, seeing how vehemently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they were in doubt and in suspense; till the compassionate Don Quixote, raising her from the ground, prevailed with her to discover herself, and remove the veil from before her blubbered face. She did so, and discovered, what they little expected to see, the face of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's son. All that knew her wondered, and the duke and duchess more than anybody; for, though they took her for a fool and soft, yet not to the degree as to act so mad a part. At length Doña Rodriguez turning to her lord and lady, said: Be pleased, your excellencies, to give me leave to confer a little with this gentleman: for so it behoves me to do, to get successfully out of an unlucky business, into which the presumption of an evil-minded bumpkin has brought me. The duke said, he gave her leave, and that she might confer with Don Quixote as much as she pleased. She, directing her face and speech to Don Quixote, said: It is not long, valorous knight, since I gave you an account how injuriously and treacherously a wicked peasant has used my poor dear child, this unfortunate girl here present, and you promised me to stand up in her defence, and see her righted; and now I understand that you are departing from this castle in quest of good adventures (which God send you!), and therefore my desire is, that, before you begin making your excursions on the highways, you would challenge this untamed rustic, and oblige him to marry my daughter, in compliance with the promise he gave her to be her husband before he had his will of her; for, to think to meet with justice from my lord duke, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree, for the reasons I have already told your worship in private; and so God grant your worship much health, not forsaking us.

To which words Don Quixote returned this answer, with much gravity and solemnity: Good madam

duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me the charge of seeing your daughter's wrongs redressed; though it had been better if she had not been so easy in believing the promises of lovers, who, for the most part are very ready in promising, and very slow in performing: and, therefore, with my lord duke's leave, I will depart immediately in search of this ungracious youth, and will find and challenge him, and will kill him, if he refuses to perform his contract: for the principal end of my profession is, to spare the humble, and chastise the proud; I mean, to succour the wretched, and destroy the oppressor.

You need not give yourself any trouble, answered the duke, to seek the rustic, of whom this good duenna complains; nor need you ask my permission to challenge him; for, suppose him challenged, and leave it to me to give him notice of this challenge, and to make him accept it, and come and answer for himself at this castle of mine; where both shall fairly enter the lists, and all the usual ceremonies shall be observed, and exact justice distributed to each, as is the duty of all princes, who grant the lists to combatants within the bounds of their territories. With this assurance, and with your grandeur's leave, replied Don Quixote, for this time I renounce my gentility, and lessen and bemean myself to the lowness of the offender, and put myself upon a level with him, that he may be qualified to fight with me: and so, though absent, I challenge and defy him, upon account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who was a maiden, and by his fault is no longer such; and he shall either perform his promise of being her lawful husband, or die in the dispute. And immediately pulling off his glove, he threw it into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, saying, that, as he had said before, he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, appointing the time to be six days after, and the lists to be in the court of the castle; the arms, those

usual among knights, a lance, shield, and laced suit of armour, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud, or any superstition whatever, being first viewed and examined by the judges of the field. But especially, he said, it was necessary the good duenna and the naughty maiden should commit the justice of their cause to the hands of Señor Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing could be done, nor could the said challenge be duly executed. I do commit it, answered the duenna. And I too, added the daughter, all weeping, abashed, and confounded.

The day thus appointed, and the duke having resolved with himself what was to be done in the business, the mourners went their ways; and the duchess ordered, that thenceforward they should be treated not as her servants, but as lady-adventurers, who were come to her house to demand justice: and so they had a separate apartment ordered them, and were served as strangers, to the amazement of the rest of the family, who knew not what the folly and boldness of Doña Rodriguez, and of her ill-errant daughter, drove at.

While they were thus engaged in perfecting the joy of the feast, and giving a good end to the dinner, behold, there entered at the hall-door the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of the governor Sancho Panza: at whose arrival the duke and duchess were much pleased, being desirous to know the success of his journey; and they having asked him, the page replied, he could not relate it so publicly, nor in few words, and desired their excellencies would be pleased to adjourn it to a private audience, and in the meantime to entertain themselves with those letters; and, pulling out a couple, he put them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was—'For my lady duchess such an one, of I know not what place'; and the other—'To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island [of] Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me.' The duchess's cake was dough, as the saying is, till she

had read her letter; and, opening it, she ran it over to herself, and finding it might be read aloud, that the duke and the bystanders might hear it, she read what follows:

Teresa Panza's letter to the duchess.

'My lady,

'The letter your grandeur wrote me gave me much satisfaction, and indeed I wished for it mightily. The string of corals is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. Our whole town is highly pleased that your ladyship has made my husband Sancho a governor; though nobody believes it, especially the priest, and Master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I? for so long as the thing is so, as it really is, let every one say what they list: though, if I may own the truth, I should not have believed it myself, had it not been for the corals and the habit: for in this village everybody thinks my husband a dunce, and, take him from governing a flock of goats, they cannot imagine what government he can be good for. God be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children. I am resolved, dear lady of my soul, with your ladyship's leave, to bring this good day home to my house, and hie me to court, to loll it in a coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people that envy me already. And, therefore, I beg your excellency to order my husband to send me a little money, and let it be enough; for at court expenses are great, bread sells for sixpence, and flesh for thirty maravedis the pound; which is a judgement: and if he is not for my going, let him send me word in time; for my feet are in motion to begin my journey. My gossips and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go fine and stately at court, my husband will be known by me more than I by him; for folks, to be sure, will ask: What ladies are those in that coach? and a footman of ours will answer: The

wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island [of] Barataria: and in this manner Sancho will be known, and I shall be esteemed, and to Rome for everything.

'I am as sorry as sorry can be, that there has been no gathering of acorns this year in our village; but, for all that, I send your highness about half a peck. I went to the mountain to pick and cull them out, one by one, and I could find none larger; I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

'Let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health, and of all that shall offer worth advising from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord to preserve your honour, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your ladyship's hands.

'She, who has more mind to see your ladyship than to write to you,

'Your servant,
'TERESA PANZA.'

Great was the pleasure all received at hearing Teresa Panza's letter, especially the duke and duchess, who asked Don Quixote, whether he thought it proper to open the letter for the governor, which must needs be most excellent. Don Quixote said, to please them, he would open it; which he did, and found the contents as follows:

Teresa Panza's letter to her husband Sancho Panza.

'I received your letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I vow and swear to you, upon the word of a Catholic Christian, that I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad with satisfaction. Look you, brother, when I came to hear that you was a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead for mere joy: for, you know, it is usually said, that sudden joy kills as effectually as excessive grief. Your daughter Sanchica could not contain her water, for

pure ecstasy. I had before my eyes the suit you sent me, and the corals sent by my lady duchess about my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present; and, for all that, I believed and thought all I saw and touched was a dream: for who could imagine that a goatherd should come to be a governor of islands? You know, friend, my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much. I say this, because I think to see more, if I live longer: for I never expect to stop till I see you a farmer-general, or a collector of the customs; offices, in which, though the devil carries away him that abuses them, in short, one is always taking and fingering of money. My lady duchess will tell you how I long to go to court: consider of it, and let me know your mind; for I will strive to do you credit there by riding in a coach. The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe you are a governor, and say, that it is all delusion, or matter of enchantment, like all the rest of your master Don Quixote's affairs: and Sampson says, he will find you out, and take this government out of your head, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. I only laugh at them, and look upon my string of corals, and am contriving how to make our daughter a gown of the suit you sent me. I sent my lady duchess a parcel of acorns: I wish they had been of gold. Prithee, send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in that same island. The news of this town is, that the Berrueca is about marrying her daughter to a sorry painter, who is come to this town to paint whatever should offer. The magistrates ordered him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town-house: he demanded two ducats: they paid him beforehand: he worked eight days, at the end of which he had made nothing of it, and said he could not hit upon painting such trumpery. He returned the money, and, for all that, he marries under the title of a good workman. It is true, he has already quitted the pencil, and taken the

spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaven his crown, in order to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece [1], has heard of it, and is suing him upon a promise of marriage; evil tongues do not stick to say she is with child by him: but he denies it with both hands. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all this town. A company of foot-soldiers passed through here, and, by the way, carried off three girls. I will not tell you who they are: perhaps they will return, and somebody or other will not fail to marry them with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lace and gets eight maravedis a day, which she drops into a till-box, to help towards household stuff: but now that she is a governor's daughter, you will give her a fortune, and she need not work for it. The pump in our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all light! I expect an answer to this, and your resolution about my going to court. And so God keep you more years than myself, or as many, for I would not willingly leave you in this world behind me.

'Your wife,
'TERESA PANZA.'

The letters caused much laughter, applause, esteem and admiration: and, to put the seal to the whole, arrived the courier, who brought that, which Sancho sent to Don Quixote; which was also publicly read, and occasioned the governor's simplicity to be matter of doubt. The duchess retired, to learn of the page what had befallen him in Sancho's village; who related the whole very particularly, without leaving a circumstance unrecited. He gave her the acorns, as also a cheese, which Teresa gave him for a very good one, and better than those of Tronchon [2]. The

[1] This should be 'grand-daughter'.
[2] Near Teruel in Aragon.

duchess received it with great satisfaction; and so we will leave them, to relate how ended the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.

CHAPTER LIII

Of the toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government.

To think, that in this life the things thereof will continue always in the same state, is a vain expectation: the whole seems rather to be going round, I mean in a circle. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only posts it to its end, swifter than time itself, without hope of renewal, unless in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher. For many, without the light of faith, and merely by natural instinct, have discovered the transitory and unstable condition of the present life, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. But here our author speaks with respect to the swiftness with which Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoke and a shadow,

Who being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgement, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eyelids; he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an

uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and dread than at first. And, getting upon his feet, he put on slippers, because of the dampness of the floor: and, without putting on his nightgown, or anything like it, he went out at his chamber door, and instantly perceived more than twenty persons coming along a gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud: Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm; for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us. With this noise and uproar, they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. And when they were come up to him, one of them said: Arm yourself straight, my lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you! What have I to do with arming, replied Sancho, who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will dispatch them and secure us in a trice; for, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies. Alack, Señor Governor, said another, what faintheartedness is this? Arm yourself, sir: for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor. Arm me, then, in God's name, replied Sancho; and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and clapped them over his shirt (not suffering him to put on any other garments) the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with some cord; insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step. They put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to

keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred, they desired him to march, and to lead and encourage them all; for, he being their north pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. How should I march, wretch that I am, answered Sancho, when I cannot stir my knee-pans; for I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright at some postern, which I will maintain, either with my lance or my body. Fie, Señor Governor! quoth another, it is more fear, than the targets, that hinders your marching. Have done for shame, and bestir yourself; for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder and the danger presses.

At which persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell with such violence, that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a flitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sands. And though they saw him fall, those jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him a hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated and sweated again, and recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him; and one there was, who, getting a-top of him, stood there for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, and, with a loud voice, cried: This way, brave boys! here the enemy charges thickest! guard that postern! shut yon gate! down with those scaling-ladders! this way with your cauldrons of resin, pitch, and burning oil!

barricado the streets with woolpacks! In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war, used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who heard, and bore all, said to himself: Oh, if it were heaven's good pleasure, that this island were once lost, and I could see myself, either dead, or out of this great strait! Heaven heard this petition, and when he least expected it, he heard voices crying, Victory, victory! the enemy is routed! rise Señor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm! Let me be lifted up, quoth the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise; and, when he was got upon his legs, he said: May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my forehead: I will divide no spoils of enemies; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away, and turning into water. They rubbed him down; they brought him wine; they untied the targets. He sat down upon his bed, and swooned away with the fright, surprise, and fatigue, he had undergone. Those who had played him the trick, began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But Sancho's coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was daybreak. He held his peace; and, without saying anything more, he began to dress himself, all buried in silence. They all stared at him, in expectation what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste.

In fine, having put on his clothes, by little and little (for he was so bruised, he could not do it hastily), he took the way to the stable, everybody present following him; and going to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead; and, not without tears in his eyes, he said: Come hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I con-

sorted with thee, and had no other thoughts but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But, since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul. And while he was talking thus, he went on pannelling his ass, without anybody's saying a word to him. Dapple being pannelled, he got upon him, with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and doctor Pedro Recio, and many others that were present, he said: Give way, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty: suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, how to prune and dress vines, than how to give laws, and defend provinces or kingdoms. St. Peter is well at Rome: I mean that nothing becomes a man so well, as the employment he was born for. In my hand, a sickle is better than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge [1], than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger; and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheepskin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie, under the slavery of a government, between Holland sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you; and tell my lord duke, that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of the governors of other islands. Give me way, and

[1] *Gazpacho*, the staple dish of the Andalusian labourer, consists of shredded capsicums, cucumbers, and bread, steeped in oil and vinegar.

let me be gone to plaster myself; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken; thanks to the enemies, who have been trampling upon me all night long.

It must not be so, Señor Governor, quoth doctor Pedro Recio; for I will give your lordship a drink, good against falls and bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to. It comes too late, answered Sancho: I will as soon stay as turn Turk. These are not tricks to be played twice. Before God, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, though it was served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry, Odds, odds it shall be, though it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable let the pismire's wings remain, that raised me up in the air to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds: and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for, if it be not adorned with pinked Córdovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals. Every sheep with its like; and, Stretch not your feet beyond your sheet: and so let me be gone, for it grows late. To which the steward said: Señor Governor, we will let your lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your judgement, and Christian procedure, oblige us to desire your presence; but you know, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to submit to a judicature, and render an account of his administration. When your lordship has done so for the ten days you have held the government, you shall depart, and God's peace be with you. Nobody can require that of me, answered Sancho, but whom my lord duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it shall be given exactly: besides, departing naked as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an

angel. Before God, the great Sancho is in the right, quoth doctor Pedro Recio, and I am of opinion we should let him go; for the duke will be infinitely glad to see him. They all consented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish everything he desired, for the use of his person, and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said, he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for, since the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him, and he weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration, as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

CHAPTER LIV

Which treats of matters relating to this history, and to no other.

The duke and duchess resolved, that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal, for the cause above mentioned, should go forward; and, though the young man was in Flanders, whither he was fled to avoid having Doña Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a Gascon lackey called Tosilos, instructing him previously in everything he was to do. About two days after, the duke said to Don Quixote, that his opponent would be there in four days, and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and would maintain, that the damsel lied by half the beard, and even by the whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness, that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their grandeurs how far

the valour of his puissant arm extended; and so, with pleasure and satisfaction, he waited the four days, which, in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages.

Let us let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and attend upon Sancho, who, between glad and sorry, was making the best of his way upon Dapple towards his master, whose company he was fonder of than of being governor of all the islands in the world. Now he had not gone far from the island of his government (for he never gave himself the trouble to determine whether it was an island, city, town, or village, that he governed) when he saw, coming along the road, six pilgrims, with their staves, being foreigners, such as ask alms singing; and, as they drew near to him, they placed themselves in a row, and, raising their voices altogether, began to sing, in their language, what Sancho could not understand, excepting one word, which they distinctly pronounced, signifying Alms; whence he concluded, that alms was what they begged in their canting way. And he being, as Cid Hamet says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet, and gave it them, making signs to them, that he had nothing else to give them. They received it very willingly, and cried, *Guelte, guelte.* I do not understand you, answered Sancho; what is it you would have, good people? Then one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse, and showed it to Sancho; whence he found, that they asked for money: and he, putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a penny of money; and, spurring his Dapple, he broke through them; and, as he passed by, one of them, who had viewed him with much attention, caught hold of him, and, throwing his arms about his waist, with a loud voice, and in very good Castilian, said: God be my aid! what is it I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, certainly I have;

for I am neither asleep nor drunk. Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim: and, though he viewed him earnestly a good while, without speaking a word, he could not call him to mind. But the pilgrim, perceiving his suspense, said, How! is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shopkeeper of your town? Then Sancho observed him more attentively, and began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck, and said: Who the devil, Ricote, should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you thus Frenchified? and how dare you venture to return to Spain, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you. If you do not discover me, Sancho, answered the pilgrim, I am safe enough; for, in this garb, nobody can know me. And let us go out of the road to yonder poplar-grove, where my comrades have a mind to dine and repose themselves, and you shall eat with them; for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have an opportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I departed from our village, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of our nation, as you must have heard.

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they turned aside toward the poplar-grove, which they saw at a distance, far enough out of the high road. They flung down their staves, and, putting off their pilgrim's weeds, remained in their jackets. They were all genteel young fellows, excepting Ricote, who was pretty far advanced in years. They all carried wallets, which, as appeared afterwards, were well provided with incitatives, and such as provoke to thirst at two leagues' distance. They laid themselves along on the ground, and, making the grass their tablecloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of

gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear picking, did not forbear being sucked. They produced also a kind of black eatable, called caviare, made of the roes of a fish, a great awakener of thirst. There wanted not olives, though dry and without any sauce, yet savoury, and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in the field of this banquet, was, six bottles of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Moor into a German, or Dutchman, pulled out his, which for bigness might vie with the other five. Now they began to eat with the highest relish, and much at their leisure, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, and very little of each thing; and straight altogether lifted up their arms and their bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes nailed to the heavens, as if they were taking aim at it, and, in this posture, waving their heads from side to side, in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a good while, transfusing the entrails of the vessels into their own stomachs. Sancho beheld all this, and was nothing grieved thereat; but rather, in compliance to the proverb, he very well knew, When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, he demanded of Ricote the bottle, and took his aim, as the others had done, and not with less relish. Four times the bottles bore being tilted; but, for the fifth it was not to be done; for they were now as empty and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth they had hitherto shown. One or other of them, from time to time, would take Sancho by the right hand, and say: Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, goot companion: and Sancho would answer: Goot companion, I vow to gad! And then he burst out into a fit of laughing, which held him an hour, without his remembering at that time anything of what had befallen him in his government: for cares have commonly but very little jurisdiction over the time that is spent in eating and drinking. Finally, the making an end of the wine

was the beginning of a sound sleep, which seized them all, upon their very board and tablecloth. Only Ricote and Sancho remained awake, having drunk less, though eaten more, than the rest. And they two, going aside, sat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in a sweet sleep; and Ricote, laying aside his Morisco, said what follows in pure Castilian:

You well know, O Sancho, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict, which his majesty commanded to be published against those of my nation, struck a dread and terror into us all[1]: at least into me it did, in such sort, that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children, before the time limited for our departure from Spain. I provided therefore, as I thought, like a wise man, who knowing at such a time the house he lives in will be taken from him, secures another to remove to: I say, I left our town, alone, and without my family, to find out a place, whither I might conveniently carry them, without that hurry the rest went away in. For I well saw, as did all the wisest among us, that those proclamations were not bare threatenings, as some pretended they were, but effectual laws, and such as would be put in execution at the appointed time. And what confirmed me in the belief of this, was, my knowing the mischievous, extravagant designs of our people; which were such, that, in my opinion, it was a divine inspiration that moved his majesty to put so brave a resolution in practice. Not that we were all culpable; for some of us were steady and true Christians: but these were so few, they could not be compared with those that were otherwise; and it is not prudent to nourish a serpent in one's bosom, by keeping one's enemies within doors. In short, we were justly punished with the sentence of banishment; a soft and mild one in

[1] The first decree relating to the expulsion of the Moriscos was issued on September 22, 1609; the last on October 26, 1613.

the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that can be inflicted. Wherever we are, we weep for Spain; for, in short, here were we born, and this is our native country. We nowhere find the reception our misfortune requires. Even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cherished, and made much of, there it is we are most neglected and misused. We knew not our happiness till we lost it; and so great is the desire almost all of us have of returning to Spain, that most of those (and they are not a few) who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children, and come back again; so violent is the love they bear it. And it is now I know, and find by experience, the truth of that common saying, Sweet is the love of one's country.

I went away, as I said, from our town: I entered into France; and, though there I met with a good reception, I had a desire to see other countries. I went into Italy, and then into Germany, and there I thought we might live more at liberty, the natives not standing much upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases; for, in most parts of it, there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near Augsburg, but soon left it, and joined company with these pilgrims, who come in great numbers every year into Spain to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their Indies, and a certain gain, and sure profit. They travel almost the kingdom over, and there is not a village but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money; and, at the end of their journey, they go off with above a hundred crowns clear, which, being changed into gold, they carry out of the kingdom, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their weeds, or by some other sleight they are masters of, and get safe into their own country, in spite of all the officers and searchers of the passes and ports, where money is registered. Now my design, Sancho, is, to carry off the treasure I left buried (for, it being without

the town, I can do it with the less danger), and to write, or go over to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and contrive how to bring them to some port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will wait, and see how God will be pleased to dispose of us. For, in short, Sancho, I know for certain, that Ricota my daughter, and Francisca Ricota my wife, are Catholic Christians, and though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the Christian than the Moor; and I constantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve Him. But what I wonder at is, that my wife and daughter should rather go into Barbary than into France, where they might have lived as Christians.

Look you, Ricote, answered Sancho, that perhaps was not at their choice, because John Tiopieyo, your wife's brother, who carried them away, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he thought it best to stay; and I can tell you another thing, which is, that I believe it is in vain for you to look for the money you left buried, because we had news, that your brother-in-law, and your wife, had abundance of pearls, and a great deal of money in gold, taken from them, as not having been registered [1]. That may be, replied Ricote, but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard; for I never discovered it to them, as fearing some mischance; and therefore, Sancho, if you will go along with me, and help me to carry it off and conceal it, I will give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants; for you know I am not ignorant they are many. I would do it, answered Sancho, but that I am not at all covetous; for, had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning, out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and before six

[1] The exiled Moriscos were at first allowed to take with them merchandise, but not jewels or money. This concession was revoked later.

months had been at an end, have eaten in plate; so that, for this reason, and because I think I should betray my king, by favouring his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down four hundred upon the nail. And what employment have you quitted, Sancho? demanded Ricote. I left being governor of an island, answered Sancho, and such an one, as, in faith, you will scarcely, at three pulls, meet with its fellow. And where is this island? demanded Ricote. Where? answered Sancho, why, two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria. Peace, Sancho, quoth Ricote; for islands are out at sea; there are no islands on the main land. No? replied Sancho: I tell you, friend Ricote, that I left it this very morning; and yesterday I was in it, governing at my pleasure, like any Sagittarius[1], but for all that I quitted it, looking upon the office of a governor to be a very dangerous thing. And what have you got by the government? demanded Ricote. I have got, answered Sancho, this experience, to know I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches got in such governments are got at the expense of one's ease and sleep, yea, and of one's sustenance; for, in islands, governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health. I understand you not, Sancho, quoth Ricote; and all you say seems to me extravagant; for who should give you islands to govern? are there wanting men in the world, abler than you are, to be governors? Hold your peace, Sancho; recall your senses, and consider whether you will go along with me, as I said, and help me to take up the treasure I left buried; for, in truth, it may very well be called a treasure; and I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have already told you. And I have told you, Ricote, replied Sancho,

[1] *Sagitario* = a man publicly flogged for misdemeanours. Sancho Panza's application of the term to himself is less happy than usual.

that I will not: be satisfied; I will not discover you, and go your way, in God's name, and let me go mine; for I know, that what is well got may meet with disaster, and what is ill got destroys both itself and its master.

I will not urge you further, Sancho, quoth Ricote: but tell me, were you in our town when my wife and daughter, and my brother-in-law, went away? Was I? aye, answered Sancho; and I can tell you, that your daughter went away so beautiful, that all the town went out to see her, and everybody said, she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her, and desired them all to recommend her to God, and to our lady His mother; and this so feelingly, that she made me weep, who am no great whimperer; and, in faith, many had a desire to conceal her, and to go and take her away upon the road; but the fear of transgressing the king's command restrained them. Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich heir you know, showed himself the most affected; for, they say, he was mightily in love with her; and, since she went away, he has never been seen in our town, and we all think he followed to steal her away; but hitherto nothing further is known. I ever had a jealousy, quoth Ricote, that this gentleman was smitten with my daughter; but, trusting to the virtue of my Ricota, it gave me no trouble to find he was in love with her; for you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never mingle in love with Old Christians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir's courtship. God grant it, replied Sancho; for it would be very ill for them both: and let me be gone, friend Ricote; for I intend to be to-night with my master Don Quixote. God be with you, brother Sancho, said Ricote; for my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way. And then they embraced each other: Sancho mounted his Dapple, and Ricote leaned on his pilgrim's staff; and so they parted.

CHAPTER LV

Of what befell Sancho in the way, and other matters, which you have only to see.

SANCHO stayed so long with Ricote that he had not time to reach the duke's castle that day; though he was arrived within half a league of it, when the night, somewhat dark and close, overtook him: but, it being summer time, it gave him no great concern; and so he struck out of the road, purposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it, that, in seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and Dapple fell together into a deep and very dark pit, among some ruins of old buildings; and, as he was falling, he recommended himself to God with his whole heart, not expecting to stop till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise; for a little beyond three fathom, Dapple felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back, without having recevied any damage or hurt at all. He fell to feeling his body all over, and held his breath, to see if he was sound, or bored through in any part: and finding himself well, whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to God for the mercy extended to him: for he verily thought he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out of it without help; but he found them all smooth and without any hold or footing; at which Sancho was much grieved, and especially when he heard Dapple groan most tenderly and sadly: and no wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness, being, in truth, not over well situated. Alas! said Sancho Panza then, what unexpected accidents perpetually befall those who live in this miserable world! Who

could have thought, that he, who yesterday saw himself enthroned the governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without anybody to help him, and without servant or vassal to come to his assistance? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he by bruises and contusions, and I by grief and concern. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha was, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted Montesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where, it seems, he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! What are my follies and imaginations come to? Hence shall my bones be taken up, when it shall please God that I am found, clean, white, and bare; and those of my trusty Dapple with them; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those who have been informed, that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. And I say, miserable we! that our ill luck would not suffer us to die in our own country, and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had found no remedy, there would not be wanting some to grieve for them, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. O my companion and my friend! how ill have I repaid thy good services! forgive me, and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this miserable calamity, in which we are both involved; and I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayst look like any poet laureate, and to double thy allowance. Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him without answering one word, such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in.

Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the

light and splendour whereof Sancho soon perceived, it was of all impossibilities the most impossible to get out of that pit without help. Then he began to lament, and cry out aloud, to try if anybody could hear him: but all his cries were in the desert; for there was not a creature in all those parts within hearing; and then he gave himself over for dead. Dapple lay with his mouth upwards, and Sancho contrived to get him upon his legs though he could scarcely stand: and pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss; and Sancho, as if the ass understood him, said to him, Bread is relief for all kind of grief. At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. Sancho, squatting down, crept through upon all fours, and found it was spacious and large within; and he could see about him, for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also, that it enlarged and extended itself into another spacious concavity. Which having observed, he came back to where his ass was, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the hole, and soon made room for his ass to pass easily through, which he did: then, taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way to get out on the other side. He went on, sometimes darkling, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. The Almighty God be my aid, quoth he to himself; this, which to me is a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure: he would, no doubt, have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana [1], and would have expected to issue out of

[1] What purport to be the ruins of Galiana's palaces may still be seen at Toledo. According to Rodrigo Jimenez de Rada, Archbishop of Toledo (1170–1247), these fabulous buildings were at Bordeaux; but, by the time that the

this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But unhappy I, devoid of counsel, and dejected in mind, at every step expect some other pit, deeper than this, to open on a sudden under my feet, and swallow me downright: Welcome that ill that comes alone. In this manner, and with these thoughts, he fancied he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in, and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world. Here Cid Hamet Ben Engeli leaves him, and returns to treat of Don Quixote, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the ravisher of Doña Rodriguez's daughter's honour, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury offered her.

It happened then, that, riding out one morning, to exercise and assay himself for the business of the combat he was to be engaged in within a day or two, as he was now reining, now running Rosinante, he

Conquista de Ultramar was composed (about the beginning of the fourteenth century), tradition had removed them to Toledo. The statement that Alfonso the Learned drew up the Alfonsine Astronomical Tables in these enchanted palaces is a fabrication of the notorious Jesuit forger, Roman de la Higuera.

The Galiana legend is a fruitful source of error to commentators. There are no old ballads on the subject, which is indifferently treated by Lope de Vega in *Los Palacios de Galiana*, and (more successfully) by Bernardo de Valbuena in his *Bernardo ó la Victoria de Roncesvalles* (1624). In *Mainet*, an incomplete French poem of the twelfth century, Charlemagne (Mainet) finds refuge at the court of Galafre, King of Toledo; loves Galafre's daughter, Orionde Gallienne; and slays his rival Bramante. There is some historical basis for this story. Galafre is identified with the Emir of Toledo, Yusuf el-Febri; Bramante with 'Abd al-Rahmân I, and Gallienne (Galiana or Halia) with Zaida, who married Alfonso VI. Alfonso VI's residence at Toledo is ascribed to Charlemagne.

chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that, had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it. At last he stopped him, and fell not; and getting a little nearer, without alighting, he viewed the chasm; and, as he was looking at it, he heard a loud voice within, and, listening attentively, he could distinguish and understand, that he who spoke from below, said: Ho, above there! is there any Christian, that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate disgoverned governor? Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice; at which he was surprised and amazed; and raising his voice as high as he could, he cried: Who is below there? who is it complains? Who should be here, or who should complain, replied the voice, but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his evil-errantry, of the island [of] Barataria, and late squire of the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha? Which Don Quixote hearing, his astonishment was doubled, and his amazement increased; for it came into his imagination that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and, being carried away by this thought, he said: I conjure thee by all that can conjure thee, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; and, if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for, since it is my profession to be aiding and assisting the needy of this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves. So then, answered the voice, you who speak to me are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice it can be nobody else for certain. Don Quixote I am, replied Don Quixote, he who professes to succour and assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for thou amazest me: if you are my squire Sancho Panza, and chance to be dead, since the devils have not got you, but through the mercy of God you are in purgatory, our holy

mother the Roman Catholic church has supplications sufficient to deliver you from the pains you are in; and I, for my part, will solicit her in your behalf, as far as my estate will reach: therefore explain, and without more ado, tell me who you are. I vow to God, said the voice, and I swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that, having left my government, for causes and considerations that require more leisure to relate them, this night I fell into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie, by the same token he stands here by me: and would you have any more? One would think the ass had understood what Sancho said; for at that instant he began to bray, and that so lustily, that the whole cave resounded with it. A credible witness, quoth Don Quixote: I know that bray, as well as if I had brought it forth; I know your voice, my dear Sancho: stay a little, and I will go to the duke's castle hard by, and will fetch people to get you out of this pit, into which your sins have certainly cast you. Pray go, for the lord's sake, quoth Sancho, and return speedily; for I cannot longer endure being buried alive here, and am dying with fear.

Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle, to tell the duke and duchess what had befallen Sancho Panza; at which they wondered not a little, though they easily conceived how he might fall by the corresponding circumstance of the pit, which had been there time out of mind: but they could not imagine how he had left the government without their having advice of his coming. Finally, they sent ropes and pulleys, and, by dint of a great many hands, and a great deal of labour, Dapple and Sancho Panza were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A certain scholar seeing him said: Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this

abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I suppose, penniless. Sancho, hearing him, said: it is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my belly full one hour; I was persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites, or receive my dues; and this being so, as it really is, methinks I deserved not to be packed off in this manner: but, Man proposes, and God disposes; and He knows what is best and fittest for everybody; and, As is the reason, such is the season; and, Let nobody say, I will not drink of this water; for, Where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there are no pins to hang them on. God knows my mind, and that is enough: I say no more, though I could. Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what you hear, quoth Don Quixote; for then you will never have done: come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will; for you may as well think to barricade the highway, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it, and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool. I warrant, answered Sancho, that, for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief.

In such talk, and surrounded by a multitude of boys and other people, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were already in a gallery waiting for Don Quixote, and for Sancho, who would not go up to see the duke, till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, saying, the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging: and, that done, up he went to see the duke and duchess, before whom kneeling, he said: I, my lord and lady, because your grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it: I neither win nor lose: whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may

say what they please. I have resolved doubts, and pronounced sentences, and all the while ready to die with hunger, because doctor Pedro Recio, native of Tirteafuera, and physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and though they put us in great danger, the people of the island say, they were delivered, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm; and according as they say true, so help them God. In short, in this time I have summed up the cares and burdens that governing brings with it, and find, by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them, neither are they a proper weight for my ribs, or arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government; and yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had before I went into it. I borrowed nothing of anybody, nor set about making a purse; and though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is all one as if they were not made. I quitted, I say, the island, accompanied by nobody but Dapple: I fell into a pit, and went along underground, till this morning by the light of the sun I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one, but that, if heaven had not sent my master, Don Quixote, there I had stayed till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke, and lady duchess, behold here your governor, Sancho Panza, who, in ten days only that he held the government, has gained the experience to know, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This then being the case, kissing your honour's feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, leap you, and then let me leap, I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote: for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my belly full; and, for my part, so that be well filled, all is

one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges.

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote fearing all the while he would utter a thousand extravagances, and, seeing he had ended with so few, he gave thanks to heaven in his heart. The duke embraced Sancho, and assured him, that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon; but that he would take care he should have some other employment in his territories of less trouble and more profit. The duchess also embraced him, and ordered he should be made much of; for he seemed to be sorely bruised and in wretched plight.

CHAPTER LVI

Of the prodigious and never-seen battle between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lackey Tosilos, in defence of the duenna Doña Rodriguez's daughter.

The duke and the duchess repented not of the jest put upon Sancho Panza, in relation to the government they had given him; especially since their steward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almost all the words and actions Sancho had said and done during that time. In fine, he exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's fright, and departure; at which they were not a little pleased.

After this the history tells us, the appointed day of combat came, and the duke having over and over again instructed his lackey Tosilos how he should behave towards Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances, telling Don Quixote that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought

with so much peril and hazard of their lives, and that he should content himself with giving them free field-room in his territories, though in opposition to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits such challenges; and therefore he would not push the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied, that his excellency might dispose matters relating to this business as he liked best, for he would obey him in everything. The dreadful day being now come, and the duke having commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants; an infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The first who entered the field and the pale, was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it all over, that there might be no foul play, nor any other thing covered to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duennas and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes, and even to their breasts, with tokens of no small concern.

Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A while after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lackey Tosilos, his visor down, and quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Frieslander, well-spread and flea-bitten, with a quarter of a hundred weight of wool about each fetlock. The valorous combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned in nowise to hurt him, but to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full butt. He traversed the lists, and, coming where the duennas were, he set himself to view awhile her

who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field called Don Quixote, who had presented himself in the lists, and, together with Tosilos, asked the duennas, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered that they did, and that, whatever he should do in the case, they allowed it for well done, firm, and valid. By this time the duke and duchess were seated in a balcony, over the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of battle. It was articled between the combatants, that, if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Doña Rodriguez's daughter; and if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at his liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post he was to stand in. The drums beat; the sound of the trumpets filled the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to God our Lord, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lackey's thoughts were very differently employed; for he thought of nothing but of what I am going to relate.

It seems, while he stood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy, called up and down the streets Love, would not lose the opportunity offered him of triumphing over a lackeyan heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies; and so, approaching him fair and softly, without anybody's seeing him, he shot the poor lackey in at the left side with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through: and he might safely

do it; for love is invincible, and goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to anybody for his actions.

I say then, that, when the signal was given for the onset, our lackey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty, and, therefore, regarded not the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarce heard it, when, bending forward, he ran against his enemy, at Rosinante's best speed; and his trusty squire Sancho, seeing him set forward, cried aloud: God guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant! God give you victory, since you have right on your side! And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post, but called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field; who coming up to see what he wanted, Tosilos said: Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I shall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady? It is, answered the marshal. Then, quoth the lackey, my conscience will not let me proceed any farther; and I declare, that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry that gentlewoman immediately. The marshal was surprised at what Tosilos said, and, as he was in the secret of the contrivance, he could not tell what answer to make him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not guess the reason why the combat did not go forward: but the marshal went and told him what Tosilos had said: at which he was surprised and extremely angry. In the meantime, Tosilos went up to the place where Doña Rodriguez was, and said aloud: I am willing, madam, to marry your daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and contention, which I may have by peace, and without danger of death. The valorous Don Quixote hearing all this, said: Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise: let them be married in God's name, and, since God has given her, St. Peter bless her. The duke was now come down to

the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said: Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel? Yes, my lord, answered Tosilos. He does very well, quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture; for, What you would give to the mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble. Tosilos was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could not endure to be so long pent up in the straitness of that lodging. They presently unarmed him, and the face of the lackey was exposed to view. Which Doña Rodriguez and her daughter seeing, they cried aloud: a cheat, a cheat; Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse; justice from God and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany. Afflict not yourselves, ladies, quoth Don Quixote; for this is neither deceit nor villany, and, if it be, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters, who persecute me, and who, envying me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person, who, you say, is a lackey of the duke's. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for your husband. The duke, hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter, and said: The things which befall Señor Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lackey: but let us make use of this stratagem and device; let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and, in the meantime, keep this person, who holds us in doubt, in safe custody: perhaps, during that time, he may return to his pristine figure; for the grudge the enchanters bear to Señor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, and especially since these tricks and transformations avail them so little. Oh, sir, quoth Sancho, those wicked wretches make it their practice and custom to

change things relating to my master from one shape to another. A knight whom he vanquished a few days ago, called the Knight of the Looking-Glasses, was changed by them into the shape and figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a native of our town, and a great friend of ours; and they have turned my lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a downright country wench: therefore I imagine this lackey will live and die a lackey all the days of his life. To which Rodriguez's daughter said: Let him be who he will that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be lawful wife to a lackey, than a cast mistress, and tricked by a gentleman, though he, who abused me, is not one. In short, all these accidents and events ended in Tosilos's confinement, till it should appear what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by a general acclamation: but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the so much expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces; just as boys are sorry, when the criminal they expected to see hanged, is pardoned, either by the prosecutor, or the court.

The crowd dispersed: the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle: Tosilos was confined: and Doña Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was like to end in matrimony, and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAPTER LVII

Which relates how Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and of what befell him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, one of the duchess's waiting-women.

Don Quixote now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, thinking he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of [their graces], that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: Who could have thought, that hopes so great as those conceived in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find, that my Teresa has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for had she not sent them, I had been sorry, and she had showed herself ungrateful. But my comfort is, that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government, when she sent them: and it is very fitting that those who receive a benefit should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In fine, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it, and so I can say with a safe conscience (which is no small matter) naked I was born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose. This Sancho spoke in soliloquy on the day of their departure; and Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the duke and duchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the

court of the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him from the galleries: the duke and duchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself highly pleased; for the duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey; and this Don Quixote, as yet, knew nothing of. Whilst all the folks were thus gazing at him, as has been said, among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess who were beholding him, on a sudden the witty and wanton Altisidora raised her voice, and in a piteous tone, said:

Stay, cruel knight,
Take not thy flight,
Nor spur thy batter'd jade;
Thy haste restrain,
Draw in the rein,
And hear a love-sick maid.
Why dost thou fly?
No snake am I,
Nor poison those I love.
Gentle I am,
As any lamb,
And harmless as a dove.
Thy cruel scorn
Has left forlorn
A nymph, whose charms may vie
With theirs who sport
In Cynthia's court,
Though Venus's self were by.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

Like rav'nous kite,
That takes its flight,
Soon as't has stol'n a chicken,
Thou bear'st away
My heart, thy prey,
And leav'st me here to sicken:
Three nightcaps too,
And garters blue,

That did to legs belong,
Smooth to the sight,
As marble white,
And, faith, almost as strong:
Two thousand groans,
As many moans,
And sighs enough to fire
Old Priam's town,
And burn it down,
Did it again aspire.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

May Sancho ne'er
His buttocks bare
Fly-flap, as is his duty;
And thou still want
To disenchant
Dulcinea's injur'd beauty.
May still transform'd,
And still deform'd,
Toboso's nymph remain,
In recompense
Of thy offence,
Thy scorn and cold disdain.
When thou dost wield
Thy sword in field,
In combat or in quarrel,
Ill luck and harms
Attend thy arms,
Instead of fame and laurel.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

May thy disgrace
Fill ev'ry place,
Thy falsehood ne'er be hid;
But round the world
Be toss'd and hurl'd,
From Seville to Madrid.
If, brisk and gay,
Thou sitt'st to play
At Ombre or at Chess,

May ne'er Spadill
Attend thy will,
Nor luck thy movements bless.
Though thou with care
Thy corns dost pare,
May blood the penknife follow
May thy gums rage,
And naught assuage
The pain of tooth that 's hollow.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

When the afflicted Altisidora was complaining in the manner you have heard, Don Quixote stood beholding her, and, without answering her a word, turning his face to Sancho, he said; By the age of your ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure you to tell me the truth: have you taken away the three nightcaps and the garters this enamoured damsel mentions? To which Sancho answered: The three nightcaps I have; but as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon. The duchess was surprised at the liberty Altisidora took; for though she knew her to be bold, witty, and free, yet not to that degree as to venture upon such freedoms: and, as she knew nothing of this jest, her surprise increased. The duke resolved to carry on the humour, and said: I think it does not look well, Sir Knight, that, having received so civil an entertainment in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three nightcaps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides: these are indications of a naughty heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters: if not, I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of Tosilos my lackey, your intended adversary. God forbid, answered Don Quixote, that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps shall be restored, for Sancho says he has them; but for the garters, it is impossible,

for I have them not, nor he neither; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-holes, I warrant she will find them. I, my lord duke, never was a thief, and think, if heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks (as she owns) like one in love, which is no fault of mine; and therefore I have no reason to ask hers, or your excellency's pardon, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and, once again, to give me leave to depart. Pray God, Señor Don Quixote, quoth the duchess, send you so good a journey, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits: and God be with you; for the longer you stay the more you increase the fire in the breast of the damsels that behold you; and, as for mine, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress with her eyes or her words. Do but hear one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent, quoth Altisidora; which is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters; for, on my conscience and soul, I have them on: but I was absent in thought, like the man who looked for his ass while he was upon his back. Did I not tell you? quoth Sancho; I am a rare one at concealing thefts! Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government. Don Quixote bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the duke and duchess, and to all the spectators, and, turning Rosinante's head, Sancho following upon Dapple, he sallied out of the castle gate, taking the road to Saragossa.

CHAPTER LVIII

Showing how adventures crowded so fast upon Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels.

Don Quixote, seeing himself in the open field, free, and delivered from the courtship of Altisidora, thought himself in his proper element, and that his spirits were reviving in him to prosecute afresh his scheme of knight-errantry; and, turning to Sancho, he said: Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most valuable gifts heaven has bestowed upon men: the treasures which the earth encloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may, and ought to be risked for liberty, as well as for honour; and, on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil that can befall us. I tell you this, Sancho, because you have observed the civil treatment, and plenty, we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own. For the obligations of returning benefits and favours received, are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man, to whom heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than heaven itself! Notwithstanding all your worship has said, quoth Sancho, it is fit there should be some small acknowledgement on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse; which, as a cordial, and comfortative, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen; for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of: now and then we must expect to meet with inns, where we may be soundly thrashed.

In these, and other discourses, our errants, knight and squire, went jogging on, when, having travelled

a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass, and their cloaks spread under them, in a little green meadow. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. They were raised above the ground, and stretched out at some little distance from each other. Don Quixote approached the eaters, and, first courteously saluting them, asked them what they had under those sheets. One of them answered: Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed to be placed upon an altar we are erecting in our village. We carry them covered, that they may not be sullied, and upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken. If you please, answered Don Quixote, I should be glad to see them; for images, that are carried with so much precaution, must doubtless be good ones. Aye, and very good ones, too, quoth another, as their price will testify; for, in truth, there is not one of them but stands us in above fifty ducats. And, to convince your worship of this truth, stay but a little while, and you shall see it with your own eyes. And rising up from eating, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St. George on horseback, with a serpent coiled up at his feet, and his lance run through his mouth, with all the fierceness it is usually painted with. The whole image seemed to be, as we say, one blaze of gold. Don Quixote seeing it, said: This knight was one of the best errants the divine warfare ever had. He was called Don St. George, and was besides a defender of damsels; let us see this other. The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. And scarcely had Don Quixote seen it, when he said: This knight also was one of the Christian adventurers; and I take it he was more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar, and giving him half of it: and doubtless it must have been then winter; otherwise he would

have given it him all, so great was his charity. That was not the reason, quoth Sancho: but he had a mind to keep to the proverb, which says: What to give, and what to keep, requires an understanding deep. Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was discovered the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on Moors, and treading upon heads. And, at sight of it, Don Quixote said: Aye, marry, this is a knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron. He is called Don St. James the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and knights the world had formerly, or heaven has now. Then they removed another sheet, which covered St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it represented in so lively a manner, that one would almost say Christ was speaking to him, and St. Paul answering, he said: This was the greatest enemy the church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have; a knight-errant in his life, and a steadfast saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard; a teacher of the Gentiles; whose school was heaven, and whose professor and master Jesus Christ Himself. There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bade them cover them up again, and said: I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have seen what I have seen: for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is, the exercise of arms: the only difference between them and me is, that they were saints, and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a sinner, and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered heaven by force of arms (for heaven suffers violence [1]), and I hitherto cannot tell what I conquer by force of my sufferings. But, could my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of hers, my condition being bettered, and my understanding directed aright,

[1] St. Matthew, xi. 12.

I might perhaps take a better course than I do. God hear him, quoth Sancho straight, and let sin be deaf! The men wondered, as well at the figure as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by them. They finished their repast, packed up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey.

Sancho remained as much in admiration at his master's knowledge, as if he had never known him before, thinking there was not an history nor event in the world, which he had not at his fingers' ends, and fastened down to his memory, and he said: Truly, master of mine, if this that has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest that has befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations; we are got clear of it without blows, or any heart-breaking: we have neither laid our hands to our swords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we starved with hunger. Blessed be God for letting me see this with my own eyes! You say well, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; but you must consider, that all times are not alike, nor do they take the same course; and what the vulgar commonly call omens, though not founded upon any natural reason, a discreet man will yet look upon as lucky encounters. One of these superstitious rises and goes abroad early in the morning, and, meeting with a friar of the Order of the blessed St. Francis, turns his back as if he had met a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a Mendoza, spills the salt upon the table, and presently melancholy overspreads his heart, as if nature was bound to show signs of ensuing mischances by such trivial accidents as the aforementioned. The wise man and good Christian ought not to pry too curiously into the counsels of heaven. Scipio, arriving in Africa, stumbled at jumping ashore; his soldiers took it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, said: Africa, thou canst not escape me, for I have thee fast between my arms. So that, Sancho, the meeting with these

images has been a most happy encounter to me. I verily believe it, answered Sancho, and I should be glad your worship would inform me, why the Spaniards, when they join battle, invoke that St. James the Moor-killer, and cry, Santiago, and close, Spain! Is Spain, peradventure, so open, as to want closing? or what ceremony is this? You are a very child, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for, take notice, God gave this great knight of the red cross to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in those rigorous conflicts the Spaniards have had with the Moors; and therefore they pray to, and invoke him as their defender in all the battles they fight; and they have frequently seen him, visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering, the Hagarene squadrons [1]; and of this I could produce many examples recorded in the true Spanish histories.

Sancho changed the discourse, and said to his master: I am amazed, sir, at the assurance of Altisidora, the duchess's waiting-woman. He they call Love must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say, he is a boy, who, though blear-eyed, or, to say better, without sight, if he takes aim at any heart, how small soever, he hits and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard say, that the darts of Love are blunted and rendered pointless by the modesty and reserve of maidens; but, in this same Altisidora, methinks, they are rather whetted than blunted. Look you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, Love regards no respects, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings, and is of the same nature with death, which assaults the stately palaces of kings, as well as the lowly cottages of shepherds; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is, to divest it of fear and shame; and thus Altisidora, being without both, made an open declara-

[1] Referring to the vulgar belief that the Moors were descended from Hagar.

tion of her desires, which produced rather confusion, than compassion, in my breast. Notorious cruelty! quoth Sancho; unheard-of ingratitude! I dare say for myself, that the least amorous hint of hers would have subdued me, and made me her vassal. O whoreson! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaster of paris! But I cannot conceive what it is this damsel saw in your worship, that subdued and captivated her to that degree. What finery, what gallantry, what gaiety, what face; which of these jointly, or severally, made her fall in love with you? for, in truth, I have often surveyed your worship, from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, and I see in you more things to cause affright than love. And, having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours, your worship having none at all, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with. Look you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind shines and discovers itself in the understanding, in modesty, good behaviour, liberality, and good breeding: and all these qualities may subsist and be found in an ill-favoured man; and when the aim is at this beauty, and not at that of the body, it produces love with impetuosity and advantage. I know very well, Sancho, that I am not handsome, but I know also that I am not deformed; and an honest man, who is not a monster, may be beloved, provided he has the qualities of the mind I have mentioned.

Amidst these discourses they entered into a wood, not far out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another; and, not being able to imagine what it might be, he said to Sancho: The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable: let me die, if the enchanters, who persecute me, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and stop my journey, by

way of revenge for the rigorous treatment Altisidora received from me. But I would have them to know, that, though these nets, as they are made of thread, were made of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that, in which the jealous god of blacksmiths entangled Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily as if they were made of bulrushes or yarn. And, as he was going to pass forward, and break through all, unexpectedly, from among some trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves before him: at least they were clad like shepherdesses, excepting that their waistcoats and petticoats were of fine brocade. Their habits were of rich gold tabby; their hair, which for brightness might come in competition with the rays of the sun, hanging loose about their shoulders, and their heads crowned with garlands of green laurel and red flower-gentles interwoven. Their age seemed to be, not under fifteen, nor above eighteen. This was a sight which amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to behold them, and held them all in marvellous silence. At length one of the shepherdesses spoke, and said to Don Quixote: Stop, Señor Cavalier, and break not the nets, placed here, not for your hurt, but our diversion: and because I know you will ask us, why they are spread, and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a town about two leagues off, where there are several people of quality, and a great many gentlemen, and those rich, it was agreed among several friends and relations, that their sons, wives, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and relations, should all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in these parts, forming among ourselves a new pastoral Arcadia, and dressing ourselves, the maidens like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. We have got by heart two eclogues, one of the famous poet Garcillaso, and the other of the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portuguese tongue, which we have not yet acted. Yesterday was the first day of our coming hither:

we have some field-tents pitched among the trees, on the margin of a copious stream, which spreads fertility over all these meadows. Last night we hung our nets upon these trees, to deceive the simple little birds which should come at the noise we make, and be caught in them. If, sir, you please to be our guest, you shall be entertained generously and courteously; for into this place neither sorrow nor melancholy enter.

She held her peace, and said no more. To which Don Quixote answered: Assuredly, fairest lady, Actaeon was not in greater surprise and amazement, when unawares he saw Diana bathing herself in the water, than I have been in at beholding your beauty. I applaud the scheme of your diversions, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I can do you any service, you may lay your commands upon me, in full assurance of being obeyed; for my profession is no other than to show myself grateful, and a benefactor to all sorts of people, especially to those of the rank your presence denotes you to be of: and should these nets, which probably take up but a small space, occupy the whole globe of the earth, I would seek out new worlds, to pass through, rather than hazard the breaking them. And, that you may afford some credit to this exaggeration of mine, behold, he who makes you this promise, is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears. Ah! friend of my soul! quoth then the other young shepherdess, what good fortune is this that has befallen us! See you this gentleman here before us? I assure you, he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, the most complaisant knight in the world, unless a history, which goes about of him in print, and which I have read, lies, and deceives us. I will lay a wager, this honest man, who comes with him, is that very Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries none can equal. That is true, quoth Sancho; I am that same jocular person, and that squire you say; and this gentleman is my master,

the very Don Quixote de la Mancha aforesaid and historified. Ah! quoth the other, my dear, let us entreat him to stay; for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased to have him here; for I have heard the same things of his valour and wit that you tell me; and particularly they say, he is the most constant and most faithful lover in the world; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain. And with good reason, quoth Don Quixote, unless your matchless beauty brings it into question. But weary not yourselves, ladies, in endeavouring to detain me; for the precise obligations of my profession will suffer me to rest nowhere.

By this time there came up to where the four stood, a brother of one of the young shepherdesses: he was also in a shepherd's dress, answerable in richness and gallantry to theirs. They told him, that the person he saw was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other, Sancho his squire, of whom he had some knowledge, by having read their history. The gallant shepherd saluted him, and desired him to come with him to the tents. Don Quixote could not refuse, and therefore went with him. Then the nets were drawn, and filled with a variety of little birds, who, deceived by the colour of the nets, fell into the very danger they endeavoured to fly from. Above thirty persons, genteelly dressed in pastoral habits, were assembled together in that place, and presently were made acquainted who Don Quixote and his squire were; which was no small satisfaction to them, being already no strangers to his history. They hastened to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich plentiful, and neat. They honoured Don Quixote with placing him at the upper end. They all gazed at him, and admired at the sight. Finally, the cloth being taken away, Don Quixote, with great gravity, raised his voice, and said: Of all the grievous sins men commit, though some say pride, I say, ingratitude is the worst, adhering to the common opinion, that hell

is full of the ungrateful. This sin I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as I possibly could, ever since I came to the use of reason; and, if I cannot repay the good offices done me with the like, I place in their stead the desire of doing them; and when this is not enough, I publish them; for he who tells and publishes the good deeds done him, would return them in kind if he could; for generally the receivers are inferior to the givers, and God is therefore above all, because He is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men are infinitely disproportionate to those of God, gratitude in some measure supplies their narrowness and defects. I then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, offer what I can, and what is in my power; and therefore, I say, I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this the king's highway, which leads to Saragossa, that these lady shepherdesses in disguise, are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to any that hear me be it spoken. Sancho, who had been listening to him with great attention, hearing this, said, with a loud voice: Is it possible there should be any persons in the world, who presume to say, and swear, that this master of mine is a madman? Speak, gentlemen shepherds; is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet, or ever so good a scholar, who can say all that my master has said? Is there a knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can offer what my master has now offered? Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said: Is it possible, O Sancho, there is anybody upon the globe, who will say you are not an idiot, lined with the same, and edged with I know not what of mischievous and knavish? Who gave you authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in question my folly or discretion? Hold your peace, and make no reply;

but go and saddle Rosinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us go and put my offer in execution, for, considering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all those who shall contradict me, already conquered. Then, with great fury, and tokens of indignation, he rose from his seat, leaving the company in admiration, and in doubt, whether they should reckon him a madman or a man of sense. In short, they would have persuaded him not to put himself upon such a trial, since they were satisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour, than those related in the history of his exploits. But for all that, Don Quixote persisted in his design, and, being mounted upon Rosinante, bracing his shield, and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was not far from the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, being desirous to see what would be the event of this arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

Don Quixote, being posted, as I have said, in the middle of the road, wounded the air with such words as these: O ye passengers, travellers, knights, squires, people on foot and on horseback, who now pass this way, or are to pass in these two days following! know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain, that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso; and let him who is of a contrary opinion, come, for here I stand, ready to receive him. Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was disposing his affairs from good to better, so ordered it, that soon after they discovered a great many men on horseback, and several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they who were with Don Quixote seen them, when they turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing, if they stayed, they

might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself with Rosinante's buttocks. The troop of lancemen came up, and one of the foremost began to cry aloud to Don Quixote: Get out of the way, devil of a man, lest these bulls trample you to pieces! Rascals, replied Don Quixote, I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest that Jarama [1] ever bred upon its banks! confess, ye scoundrels, [without delay], that what I have here proclaimed is true! if not, I challenge ye to battle. The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, if he would; and so the whole herd of fierce bulls and tame kine, with the multitude of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a certain town, where they were to be baited in a day or two, ran over Don Quixote and over Sancho, Rosinante, and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. Sancho remained bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rosinante not perfectly sound. But at length they all got up, and Don Quixote, in a great hurry, stumbling here, and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud: Hold, stop, ye scoundrels! for a single knight defies you all, who is not of the disposition or opinion of those who say, Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. But the hasty runners stopped not the more for this, and made no more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, and, more enraged than revenged, he sat down in the road, expecting the coming up of Sancho, Rosinante, and Dapple. They came up; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey.

[1] A tributary of the Tagus.

CHAPTER LIX

Wherein is related an extraordinary accident, which befell Don Quixote, and which may pass for an adventure.

The dust and weariness Don Quixote and Sancho underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, were relieved by a clear and limpid fountain they met with in a cool grove; on the brink whereof, leaving Dapple and Rosinante free, without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down. Sancho had recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his [grub] [1]. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face; with which refreshment they recovered their fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing, out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals, out of pure good manners, expecting his master should first be his taster. But seeing him so carried away by his imaginations, as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he said nothing, but breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stuff his hungry maw with the bread and cheese before him. Eat, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, and support life, which is of more importance to you than to me, and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating; and, to show you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself

[1] *Condumio* = a hunch of bread with meat, or fish. Jervas's rendering—'sauce'—is inappropriate.

trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupefies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite; so that I intend to suffer myself to die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths. At this rate, quoth Sancho (chewing all the while apace), your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says: Let Martha die, but die with her belly full. At least, I do not intend to kill myself, but rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth, till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end heaven has allotted it; and let me tell you, sir, there is no greater madness, than to despair as you do: believe me, and, after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattress of this grass, and you will see, when you awake, you will find yourself much eased. Don Quixote complied, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool; and he said: If, O Sancho, you would now do for me, what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great; and it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside from hence, and with the reins of Rosinante's bridle, turning up your flesh to the sky, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd, you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessness and neglect. There is a great deal to be said as to that, quoth Sancho: for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards God knows what may happen. Pray, consider, sir, that this same whipping one's self in cold blood is a cruel thing, and more so, when the lashes light upon a body ill sustained and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience; for, when she least thinks of it, she shall see me pinked like a sieve by dint of stripes; and, Until death all is life: I mean I am still alive, together

with the desire of fulfilling my promise. Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both of them addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Rosinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, and without any control, to feed upon the plenty of grass, with which that meadow abounded.

They awoke somewhat of the latest; they mounted again, and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn, which seemed to be about a league off: I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host if he had any lodging. He answered, he had, with all the conveniences and entertainment that was to be found even in Saragossa. They alighted, and Sancho secured his travelling cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, and gave them their allowance, and went to see what commands Don Quixote, who was sat down upon a stone bench, had for him, giving particular thanks to heaven, that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle. Suppertime came: they betook them to their chamber. Sancho asked the host, what they had to give them for supper. The host answered, his mouth should be measured, and he might call for whatever he pleased; for the inn was provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fishes of the sea could go. There is no need of quite so much, answered Sancho: roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall have enough: for my master is of a nice stomach, and I am no glutton. The host replied, he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. Then order a pullet, señor host, quoth Sancho, to be roasted; but see that it be tender. A pullet? my father! answered the host: truly, truly, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold: but excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will. If it be so, quoth Sancho, veal or kid cannot be wanting. There is none in the house at present, answered the host; for it is all made an

end of: but next week there will be enough and to spare. We are much the nearer for that, answered Sancho: I will lay a wager, all these deficiencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs. Before God, answered the host, my guest has an admirable guess within him: I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs: talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens. Body of me! let us come to something, quoth Sancho: tell me, in short, what you have, and lay aside your flourishings, master host. Then, quoth the innkeeper, what I really and truly have, is a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves-feet, or a pair of calves-feet, that look like cow-heel: they are stewed with peas, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying, Come eat me, come eat me. I mark them for my own, from this moment, quoth Sancho, and let nobody touch them; for I will pay more for them than another shall, because I could wish for nothing that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs. Nobody shall touch them, quoth the host; for some other guests in the house, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer, and their provisions with them. If gentility be the business, quoth Sancho, nobody is more a gentleman than my master: but the calling he is of allows of no catering nor butlering: alas! we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns, or medlars. This discourse Sancho held with the innkeeper, Sancho not caring to answer him any further; for he had already asked him of what calling or employment his master was.

Suppertime being come, Don Quixote withdrew to his chamber: the host brought the fleshpot just as it was, and fairly set himself down to supper. It seems, in the next room to that where Don Quixote was, and divided only by a partition of lath, Don Quixote heard somebody say: By your life, Señor Don Jerónimo, while supper is getting ready, let us read another chapter of the *Second Part of Don Quixote*

de la Mancha [1]. Scarcely had Don Quixote heard himself named, when up he stood, and, with an attentive ear, listened to their discourse, and heard the aforesaid Don Jerónimo answer: Why, Señor Don John, would you have us read such absurdities? for he who has read the first part of the *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, cannot possibly be pleased with reading the second. But for all that, said Don John, it will not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad but it has something good in it. What displeases me most in it is, that the author describes Don Quixote as on longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso. Which Don Quixote overhearing, full of wrath and indignation, he raised his voice, and said: Whoever shall say, that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he is very wide of the truth: for the peerless Dulcinea can neither be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting: his motto is constancy, and his profession is to preserve it with sweetness, and without doing himself any violence. Who is it that answers us? replied one in the other room. Who should it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha himself, who will make good all he says, and all he shall say? for, a good paymaster is in pain for no pawn. Scarcely had Sancho said this, when into the room came two gentlemen; for such they seemed to be: and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said: Your presence can neither belie your name, nor your name do otherwise than credit your presence. Doubtless, señor, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning star of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him, who has endeavoured to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book I here give you has done. And putting a book that his companion brought, into

[1] The spurious sequel to *Don Quixote*: see the note to the 'Preface to the Reader', p. 1.

Don Quixote's hands, he took it, and, without answering a word, began to turn over the leaves, and presently after returned it, saying: In the little I have seen, I have found three things in this author, that deserve reprehension. The first is, some words I have read in the preface: the next, that the language is Aragonian; for he sometimes writes without articles: and the third, which chiefly convicts him of ignorance, is, that he errs, and deviates from the truth, in a principal point of the history. For here he says, that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mari Gutierrez, whereas that is not her name, but Teresa Panza[1]; and he who errs in so principal a point, may very well be supposed to be mistaken in the rest of the history. Here Sancho said: Prettily done indeed, of this same historian! he must be well informed, truly, of our adventures, since he calls Teresa Panza my wife, Mari Gutierrez. Take the book again, sir, and see whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name. By what I have heard you speak, friend, quoth Don Jerónimo, without doubt, you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire. I am so, answered Sancho, and value myself upon it. In faith then, said the gentleman, this modern author does not treat you with that decency which seems agreeable to your person. He describes you a glutton, and a simpleton, and not at all pleasant, and a quite different Sancho from him described in the first part of your master's history. God forgive him, quoth Sancho; he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all: for, Let him who knows the instrument play on it; and, St. Peter is nowhere so well as at Rome. The two gentlemen desired of Don Quixote, that he would step to their chamber, and sup with them; for they knew very well, there was nothing to be had in that inn, fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always

[1] Cervantes himself makes the same slip in Part I, Chapter vii, p. 59.

courteous, condescended to their request, and supped with them. Sancho stayed behind with the fleshpot, *cum mero mixto imperio*; he placed himself at the head of the table, and by him sat down the innkeeper, as fond of the calves-feet, or cow-heels, as he.

While they were at supper, Don John asked Don Quixote, what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married; whether yet brought to bed, or with child; or if, continuing a maiden, she still remembered, with the reserve of her modesty and good decorum, the amorous inclinations of Señor Don Quixote. To which our knight replied: Dulcinea is still a maiden, and my inclinations more constant than ever; our correspondence upon the old foot, and her beauty transformed into the visage of a coarse country wench. Then he recounted every particular of the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, and what had befallen him in Montesinos' cave, with the directions the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchantment, namely by Sancho's lashes. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote relate the strange adventures of his history, admiring equally at his extravagances, and at his elegant manner of telling them. One while they held him for a wise man, then for a fool; nor could they determine what degree to assign him between discretion and folly.

Sancho made an end of supper, and, leaving the innkeeper fuddled, went to the chamber where his master was, and, at entering, he said: May I die, gentlemen, if the author of this book you have got, has a mind he and I should eat a good meal together; I wish, since, as you say, he calls me glutton, he may not call me drunkard too. Aye, marry, does he, quoth Don Jerónimo; but I do not remember after what manner; though I know the expressions carried but an ill sound, and were false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here present. Believe me, gentlemen, quoth Sancho, that the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are not

the same with those of the book composed by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who are us; my master, valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, simple and pleasant, and neither a glutton nor a drunkard. I believe it, quoth Don John, and if it were possible, it should be ordered, that none should dare to treat of matters relating to Don Quixote, but only Cid Hamet, his first author; in like manner as Alexander commanded, that none should dare to draw his picture but Apelles. Draw me who will, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse me: for patience is apt to fail, when it is overladen with injuries. None, quoth Don John, can be offered Señor Don Quixote, that he cannot revenge, unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great.

In these, and in the like discourses, they spent great part of the night; and though Don John had a mind Don Quixote should read more of the book, to see what it treated of, he could not be prevailed upon, saying, he deemed it as read, and pronounced it as foolish: besides, he was unwilling its author should have the pleasure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he might come to hear he had had it in his hands; for the thoughts, and much more the eyes, ought to be turned from everything filthy and obscene. They asked him, which way he intended to bend his course? He answered to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts for the suit of armour, which are held every year in that city. Don John told him, how the new history related, that Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been there at the running of the ring, and that the description thereof was defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style, miserably poor in devices, and rich only in simplicities. For that very reason, answered Don Quixote, I will not set a foot in Saragossa, and so I will expose to the world, the falsity of this modern historiographer, and all people will plainly perceive, I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You will do very well, said Don Jerónimo, and there are to be other jousts at

Barcelona, where Señor Don Quixote may display his valour. It is my intention so to do, quoth Don Quixote, and, gentlemen, be pleased to give me leave (for it is time) to go to bed, and place me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants. And me too, quoth Sancho; perhaps I may be good for something. Having thus taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Jerónimo in admiration at the mixture he had discovered of wit and madness: and they verily believed these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Aragonese author. Don Quixote got up very early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bade his new friends adieu: Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and advised him to brag less of the provision of his inn, or to provide it better.

CHAPTER LX

Of what befell Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

The morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too, when Don Quixote left the inn, first informing himself which was the directest road to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa; so great was his desire to give the lie to that new historian, who, it was said, had abused him so much. Now it happened, that, in above six days, nothing fell out worth setting down in writing: at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady oaks or cork-trees; for, in this, Cid Hamet does not observe that punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imaginations, much more than hunger, kept him

waking, could not close his eyes: on the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places: now he fancied himself in Montesinos' cave; now, that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country wench, mount upon her ass at a spring; the next moment, that he was hearing the words of the sage Merlin, declaring to him the conditions to be observed, and the dispatch necessary for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He was ready to run mad, to see the carelessness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only; a number poor and disproportionate to the infinite still behind: and hence he conceived so much chagrin and indignation, that he spoke thus to himself: If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, to cut is the same as to untie, and became nevertheless, universal lord of all Asia, the same, neither more nor less, may happen now, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho whether he will or no: for, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will?

With this conceit, he approached Sancho, having first taken Rosinante's reins, and adjusted them so that he might lash him with them, and began to untruss his points; though it is generally thought that he had none but that before, which kept up his breeches. But no sooner had he begun, when Sancho awoke, and said: What is the matter? who is it that touches and untrusses me? It is I, answered Don Quixote, who came to supply your defects, and to remedy my own troubles; I come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge, at least in part, the debt you stand engaged for. Dulcinea is perishing; you live unconcerned; I am dying with desire; and therefore untruss of your own accord, for I mean to give you, in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes.

Not so, quoth Sancho; pray, be quiet, or, by the living God, the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion; and, at present, I have no inclination to whip myself: let it suffice, that I give your worship my word to flog and flay myself, when I have a disposition to it. There is no leaving it to your courtesy, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh. Then he struggled with Sancho, and endeavoured to untruss him. Which Sancho Panza perceiving, he got upon his legs, and, closing with his master, he flung his arms about him, and, tripping up his heels, he laid him flat on his back, and, setting his right knee upon his breast, with his hands he held both his master's so fast, that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote said to him: How traitor! do you rebel against your master and natural lord? Do you lift up your hand against him who feeds you[1]? 'I neither make, nor unmake kings,' answered Sancho: I only assist myself, who am my own lord. If your worship will promise me to be quiet, and not meddle with whipping me for the present, I will let you go free, and at your liberty: if not, here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Doña Sancha[2]. Don Quixote promised him he would, and swore, by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the whipping himself entirely to his own choice and free will, whenever he was so disposed.

Sancho got up, and went aside some little distance

[1] The remark ascribed by tradition to the knight who intervened and threw Peter the Cruel, when the latter was wrestling with his bastard brother Henry Count of Trastamara.

[2] From one of the comparatively few ancient Spanish ballads—*A cazar va Don Rodrigo.* It has been splendidly transformed by Victor Hugo in *Les Orientales* (No. 30):—

Don Rodrigue est à la chasse
Sans épée et sans cuirasse,
Un jour d'été vers midi.

from thence; and, leaning against a tree, he felt something touch his head, and, lifting up his hands, he felt a couple of feet dangling, with hose and shoes. He fell a trembling with fear; he went to another tree, and the like befell him again: he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote, going to him, asked him what the matter was, and what he was frightened at. Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of men's legs and feet. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessed what it was, and said to Sancho; You need not be afraid; for what you feel, without seeing, are, doubtless, the feet and legs of some robbers and banditti, who are hanged upon these trees: for here the officers of justice hang them, when they can catch them, by twenties and thirties at a time, in clusters: whence I guess I am not far from Barcelona. And, in truth, it was as he imagined.

And now, the day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and perceived, that the clusters hanging on those trees were so many bodies of banditti: and, if the dead had scared them, no less were they terrified by above forty living banditti, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them, in the Catalan tongue, be quiet, and stand still, till their captain came. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, defenceless; and therefore he thought it best to cross his hands, and hang his head, reserving himself for a better opportunity and conjecture. The robbers fell to rifling Dapple, and stripping him of everything he carried in the wallet or the pillion; and it fell out luckily for Sancho, that he had secured the crowns given him by the duke, and those he brought from home, in a belt about his middle. But, for all that, these good folks would have searched and examined him, even to what lay hidden between the skin and the flesh, had not their captain arrived just in the nick. He seemed to be about thirty-four years of age, robust, above the middle size, of a grave aspect, and a brown complexion. He was mounted upon a puissant steed, clad

in a coat of mail, and armed with two case of pistols, or firelocks. He saw that his squires (for so they call men of that vocation) were going to plunder Sancho Panza: he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and so the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance, that sadness itself could frame. He went up to him, and said: Be not so dejected, good sir; for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris [1], but into those of Roque Guinart [2], who is more compassionate than cruel. My dejection, answered Don Quixote, is not upon account of my having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose renown no bounds on earth can limit, but for being so careless, that your soldiers surprised me, my horse unbridled; whereas I am bound, by the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, to be continually upon the watch, and at all hours, my own sentinel: for, let me tell you, illustrious Roque, had they found me on horseback, with my lance and my target, it had not been very easy for them to have made me surrender: for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he, of whose exploits the whole globe is full. Roque Guinart presently perceived, that Don Quixote's infirmity had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard him spoken of, he never took what was published of him for truth, nor could he persuade himself, that such a humour could reign in the heart of man: so that he was extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he heard at a distance; and therefore he said to him: Be not concerned, valorous knight, nor look upon this accident as a piece of sinister fortune; for it may

[1] An oversight in the original for Busiris, the Egyptian tyrant.

[2] A Catalan highwayman, who retired from business in 1611, and died, highly respected, at Naples.

chance, among these turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be set to rights; for heaven, by strange unheard-of (and by men unimagined) ways, raises those that are fallen, and enriches those that are poor.

Don Quixote was just going to return him thanks, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a troop of horses; but it was occasioned by one only, upon which came, riding full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damask with a gold-lace trimming, trousers, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with straight waxed boots, and his spurs, dagger, and sword gilt: a small carbine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque turned about his head at the noise, and saw this handsome figure, which, at coming up to him, said: In quest of you I come, O valorous Roque, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at least some alleviation of my misfortune; and, not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jerónima, daughter of Simon Forte, your singular friend, and particular enemy to Clauquel Torrellas, who is also yours, being of the contrary faction: and you know, that this Torrellas has a son, called Don Vicente de Torrellas, or at least was called so not two hours ago. He then (to shorten the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in a few words what he has brought upon me) he, I say, saw me, and courted me: I hearkened to him, and fell in love with him, unknown to my father: for there is no woman, be she never so retired, or never so reserved, but has time enough to effect and put in execution her unruly desires. In short, he promised to be my spouse, and I gave him my word to be his, without proceeding any further. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himself to another, and, this morning, was going to be married. This news confounded me, and I lost all patience; and, my father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity

of putting myself into this garb you see me in, and, spurring this horse, I overtook Don Vicente about a league from hence, and, without urging reproaches, or hearing excuses, I discharged this carbine and this pair of pistols into the bargain, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of balls in his body, opening a door, through which my honour, distained in his blood, might issue out. I left him among his servants, who durst not, or could not, interpose in his defence. I am come to seek you, that by your means I may escape to France, where I have relations, and to entreat you likewise to protect my father, that the numerous relations of Don Vicente may not dare to take a cruel revenge upon him.

Roque, surprised at the gallantry, bravery, fine shape, and accident of the beautiful Claudia, said: Come, madam, and let us see, whether your enemy be dead, and afterwards we will consider what is most proper to be done for you. Don Quixote, who had listened attentively to what Claudia had said, and what Roque Guinart answered, said: Let no one trouble himself about defending this lady; for I take it upon myself: give me my horse and my arms, and stay here for me, while I go in quest of this knight, and, dead or alive, make him fulfil his promise made to so much beauty. Nobody doubts that, quoth Sancho: my master has a special hand at match-making; for, not many days ago, he obliged another person to marry, who also had denied the promise he had given to another maiden; and, had not the enchanters, who persecute him, changed his true shape into that of a lackey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one.

Roque, who was more intent upon Claudia's business than the reasoning of master and man, understood them not; and, commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, ordering them likewise to retire to the place where they had lodged the night before, he presently went off with Claudia, in all haste, in quest of the wounded or dead

Don Vicente. They came to the place where Claudia had come up with them, and found nothing there but blood newly spilt; then, looking round about them, as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and guessed (as indeed it proved) that it must be Don Vicente, whom his servants were carrying off, alive or dead, in order either to his cure or his burial. They made all the haste they could to overtake them; which they easily did, the others going but softly. They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, and, with a low and feeble voice, desiring them to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would not permit him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque, flinging themselves from their horses, drew near. The servants were startled at the sight of Roque, and Claudia was disturbed at that of Don Vicente: and so, divided betwixt tenderness and cruelty, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand, she said: If you had given me this, according to our contract, you had not been reduced to this extremity. The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes; and, knowing Claudia, he said: I perceive, fair and mistaken lady, that to your hand I owe my death; a punishment neither merited by me, nor due to my wishes; for neither my desires nor my actions could or would offend you. Is it not true then, said Claudia, that, this very morning, you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro? No, in truth, answered Don Vicente: my evil fortune must have carried you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life, which, since I leave in your hands, and between your arms, I esteem myself happy; and, to assure you of this truth, take my hand, and receive me for your husband, if you are willing, for I can give you no greater satisfaction for the injury you imagine you have received.

Claudia pressed his hand, and so wrung her own heart, that she fell into a swoon upon the bloody bosom of Don Vicente, and he into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do. The servants ran for water to fling in their faces, and bringing it, sprinkled them with it. Claudia returned from her swoon, but not Don Vicente from his paroxysm; for it put an end to his life; which Claudia seeing, and being assured that her sweet husband was no longer alive, she broke the air with her sighs, wounded the heavens with her complaints, tore her hair, and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, with all the signs of grief and affliction that can be imagined to proceed from a sorrowful heart. O cruel and inconsiderate woman! said she; with what facility wert thou moved to put so evil a thought in execution! O raging force of jealousy, to what a desperate end dost thou lead those who harbour thee in their breasts! O my husband! whose unhappy lot, for being mine, hath sent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the grave! Such and so great were the lamentations of Claudia, that they extorted tears from the eyes of Roque, not accustomed to shed them upon any occasion. The servants wept; Claudia fainted away at every step, and all around seemed to be a field of sorrow, and seat of misfortune. Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vicente's servants to carry his body to the place where his father dwelt, which was not far off, there to give it burial. Claudia told Roque, she would retire to a nunnery, of which an aunt of hers was abbess, where she designed to end her life in the company of a better and an eternal spouse. Roque applauded her good intention, and offered to bear her company whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vicente's relations, and all who should desire to hurt him. Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and, thanking him for his offer in the best manner she could, took her leave of him weeping. Don Vicente's servants carried off his body, and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the loves of Claudia Jerónima; and no wonder, since the web of her doleful history was

woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place he had appointed them, and Don Quixote among them, mounted upon Rosinante, and making a speech, wherein he was persuading them to leave that kind of life, so dangerous both to soul and body. But, most of them being Gascons, a rude and disorderly sort of people, Don Quixote's harangue made little or no impression upon them. Roque, being arrived, demanded of Sancho Panza, whether they had returned and restored him all the movables and jewels his folks had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, they had, all but three nightcaps, which were worth three cities. What does the fellow say ? quoth one of the bystanders : I have them, and they are not worth three reals. That is true, quoth Don Quixote ; but my squire values them at what he has said for the sake of the person who gave them. Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored that moment, and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered since the last distribution, to be brought before them ; and, making a short appraisement, and reducing the undividables into money, he shared it among his company, with so much equity and prudence, that he neither went beyond, nor fell the least short of, distributive justice. This done, with which all were paid, contented, and satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote : If this punctuality were not strictly observed there would be no living among these fellows. To which Sancho said : By what I have seen, justice is so good a thing, that it is necessary even among thieves themselves. One of the squires hearing him, lifted up the butt-end of a musket, and had doubtless split Sancho's head therewith, had not Roque Guinart called out aloud to him to forbear. Sancho was frightened, and resolved not to open his lips while he continued among those people.

At this juncture came two or three of the squires,

who were posted as sentinels on the highway, to observe travellers, and give notice to their chief of what passed, and said to him: Not far from hence, sir, in the road that leads to Barcelona, comes a great company of people. To which Roque replied: Have you distinguished whether they are such as seek us, or such as we seek? Such as we seek, answered the squire. Then sally forth, replied Roque, and bring them hither presently, without letting one escape.

They obeyed, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, remaining by themselves, stood expecting what the squires would bring; and, in this interval, Roque said to Don Quixote: This life of ours must needs seem very new to Señor Don Quixote; new adventures, new accidents, and all of them full of danger; nor do I wonder it should appear so to you; for, I confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desire of revenge, which has force enough to disturb the most sedate minds. I am naturally compassionate and good-natured; but, as I have said, the desire of revenging an injury done me, so bears down this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this state in spite of knowing better; and, as one mischief draws after it another, and one sin is followed by a second, my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but those of other people. But it pleases God, that, though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusions, I do not lose the hope of getting out of it, and arriving at last in a safe harbour.

Don Quixote was in admiration to hear Roque talk such good and sound sense; for he thought that, amongst those of his trade of robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be none capable of serious reflection, and he answered: Señor Roque, the beginning of health consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's being willing to take the medicines prescribed him by the physician. You are sick; you know your disease; and heaven, or rather

God, who is our physician, will apply medicines to heal you, such as usually heal gradually, by little and little, and not suddenly, and by miracle. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than foolish ones; and since, by your discourse, you have shown your prudence, it remains only that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience; and, if you would shorten the way, and place yourself with ease in that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant; in which profession there are so many troubles and disasters, that, being placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to heaven in two twinklings of an eye. Roque smiled at Don Quixote's counsel, to whom, changing the discourse, he related the tragical adventure of Claudia Jerónima, which extremely grieved Sancho, who did not dislike the beauty, freedom, and sprightliness, of the young lady.

By this time the squires returned with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with about six servants, some on foot and some on horseback, accompanying them, and two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. The squires enclosed them round, the vanquishers and vanquished keeping a profound silence, waiting till the great Roque should speak, who asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had. One of them answered: Sir, we are two captains of Spanish foot; our companies are at Naples, and we are going to embark in four galleys, which are said to be at Barcelona, with orders to pass over to Sicily. We have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourselves rich and happy, since the usual penury of soldiers allows no greater treasures. Roque put the same question to the pilgrims, who replied, they were going to embark for Rome, and that, between them both, they might have about sixty reals. He demanded also, who those were in the coach, where they were going, and what money they carried, and

one of those on horseback answered: The persons in the coach are, my lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, a little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna. Six servants of us accompany them; and the money they carry is six hundred crowns. So that, quoth Roque Guinart, we have here nine hundred crowns and sixty reals: my soldiers are sixty: see how much it comes to apiece; for I am but an indifferent accountant.

The robbers hearing him say this, lifted up their voices, saying: Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of all the wretches who seek his destruction! The captains showed signs of affliction, the lady regent was dejected, and the pilgrims were not at all pleased, at seeing the confiscation of their effects. Roque held them thus for some time in suspense, but would not let their sorrow, which might be seen a musket-shot off, last any longer; and, turning to the captains, he said: Be pleased, gentlemen, to do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns, and you, lady regent, fourscore, to satisfy this squadron of my followers; for, The abbot must eat that sings for his meat: and then you may depart free and unmolested, with a pass I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my squadrons, which I keep in several divisions up and down in these parts, they may not hurt you; for it is not my intention to wrong soldiers, nor any woman, especially if she be of quality. Infinite and well expressed were the thanks the captains returned Roque for his courtesy and liberality; for such they esteemed his leaving them part of their own money. Doña Guiomar de Quiñones was ready to throw herself out of her coach, to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque: but he would in nowise consent to it, but rather begged pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked office. The lady regent ordered one of her servants immediately to give the eighty crowns, her share of the assessment, and the captains had already disbursed their sixty. The pilgrims were going to offer their

little all: but Roque bade them stay a little, and, turning about to his men, he said: Of these crowns two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain: let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may have it in his power to speak well of this adventure; and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he always was provided, Roque gave them a pass, directed to the chiefs of his bands, and, taking leave of them, he let them go free, in admiration at his generosity, his graceful deportment, and strange procedure, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious robber.

One of the squires said, in his Gascon and Catalan language: This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a felon: for the future, if he has a mind to show himself liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours. The wretch spoke not so low but Roque overheard him, and, drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying: Thus I chastise the ill-tongued and saucy. All the rest were frightened, and no one durst utter a word; such was the awe and obedience they were [kept] in. Roque went a little aside, and wrote a letter to a friend of his at Barcelona, acquainting him that the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant of whom so many things were reported, was in his company; giving him to understand, that he was the pleasantest and most ingenious person in the world; and that, four days after, on the feast of St. John the Baptist [1], he would appear on the strand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horse Rosinante, and his squire Sancho upon an ass; desiring him to give notice thereof to his friends the Niarros, that they might make themselves merry with him; and expressing his wishes, that his enemies the Cadells might not partake of the diversion; though that was impossible,

[1] June 24. But this is incompatible with the date (July 20) of Sancho Panza's letter, in Chapter xxxvi, p. 295.

because the wild extravagances and distraction of Don Quixote, together with the witty sayings of his squire Sancho Panza, could not fail to give general pleasure to all the world. He dispatched this epistle by one of his squires, who, changing the habit of an outlaw for that of a peasant, entered into Barcelona, and delivered it into the hands of the person it was directed to.

CHAPTER LXI

Of what befell Don Quixote at his entrance into Barcelona, with other events more true than ingenious.

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote stayed with Roque: and, had he stayed three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject matter for observation and admiration in his way of life. Here they lodge, there they dine: one while they fly, not knowing from whom; another, they lie in wait they know not for whom. They slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and shifting from one place to another; they were perpetually sending out spies, posting sentinels, blowing the matches of their muskets, though they had but few, most of them making use of firelocks. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, in places to them unknown: for the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet, not daring to trust anybody, and apprehensive lest his own men should either kill or deliver him up to justice, for the price set upon his head: a life truly miserable and irksome. In short, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented ways, short cuts, and covered paths. They arrived upon the strand on the eve of St. John, in the night-time; and Roque, embracing

Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten crowns promised, but not yet given him, left them, with a thousand offers of service made on both sides.

Roque returned back, and Don Quixote stayed expecting the day on horseback, just as he was; and it was not long before the face of the beautiful Aurora began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, rejoicing the grass and flowers, instead of rejoicing the ears; though, at the same instant, the ears also were rejoiced by the sound of abundance of waits and kettledrums, the jingling of morrice-bells, with the trampling of horsemen, seemingly coming out of the city. Aurora gave place to the sun, which was rising by degrees from below the horizon, with a face bigger than a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes around on every side, saw the sea, which till then they had never seen. It appeared to them very large and spacious, somewhat bigger than the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys lying close to the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared full of streamers, and pennants trembling in the wind, and kissing and brushing the water. From within them sounded clarions, trumpets, and waits, filling the air all around with sweet and martial music. Presently the galleys began to move, and to skirmish, as it were, on the still waters; and, at the same time, corresponding with them, as it were on the land, an infinite number of cavaliers mounted on beautiful horses, and attended with gay liveries, issued forth from the city. The soldiers on board the galleys discharged several rounds of cannon, which were answered by those on the walls and forts of the city. The heavy artillery, with dreadful noise, rent the wind, which was echoed back by the cannon on the forecastles of the galleys. The sea was cheerful, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obscured a little by the smoke of the artillery. All which together seemed to infuse and engender a sudden pleasure in all the people. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks,

which moved backwards and forwards in the sea, came to have so many legs.

By this time those with the liveries came up on a full gallop, with lelilies and shouts after the Moorish fashion, to the place where Don Quixote was standing, wrapped in wonder and surprise; and one of them (the person to whom Roque had sent the letter) said in a loud voice to Don Quixote: Welcome to our city, the mirror, the beacon, and polar star of knight-errantry in its greatest extent! Welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal, lately exhibited among us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine, described to us by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, the flower of historians! Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer: but wheeling about and about with all their followers, they began to career, and curvet it round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said: These people seem to know us well: I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Aragonese lately printed. The gentleman who spoke to Don Quixote, said again to him: Be pleased, Señor Don Quixote, to come along with us; for we are all very humble servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart. To which Don Quixote replied: If courtesies beget courtesies, yours, good sir, is daughter, or very near kinswoman, to those of the great Roque: conduct me whither you please: for I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service. The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil; and enclosing him in the midst of them, they all marched with him, to the sounds of waits and drums, toward the city, at the entrance whereof, the Wicked One, who is the author of all mischief, so ordered it, that among the boys, who are more wicked than the Wicked One himself, two bold and unlucky rogues crowded through the press, and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other that of Rosinante, they thrust under each a handful of briers. The poor beasts felt the

new spurs, and by clapping their tails the closer, augmented their smart in such sort, that, after several plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance and affronted, hastened to free his horse's tail from this new plumage, and Sancho did the like by Dapple. Those who conducted Don Quixote would have chastised the insolence of the boys; but it was impossible; for they were soon lost among above a thousand more that followed them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again, and, with the acclamations and music, arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and fair, such, in short, as became a gentleman of fortune: where we will leave them for the present; for so Cid Hamet Ben Engeli will have it.

CHAPTER LXII

Which treats of the adventure of the enchanted head, with other trifles that must not be omitted.

Don Quixote's host was called Don Antonio Moreno, a rich and discreet gentleman, and a lover of mirth in a decent and civil way. And so, having Don Quixote in his house, he began to contrive methods, how, without prejudice to his guest, he might take advantage of Don Quixote's madness; for, jests that hurt, are no jests, nor are those pastimes good for anything, which turn to the detriment of a third person. The first thing, therefore, he did, was, to cause Don Quixote to be unarmed, and exposed to view in his straight chamois doublet (as we have already described and painted it), in a balcony which looked into one of the chief streets of the city, in sight of the populace and of the boys, who stood gazing at him as if he had been a monkey. The cavaliers with the liveries began to career it afresh before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of

that day's festival they had provided them. Sancho was so highly delighted, thinking he had found, without knowing how or which way, another Camacho's wedding, another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, and another castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day, all honouring and treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant; at which he was puffed with vain-glory, that he could scarce conceal the pleasure it gave him. Sancho's witty conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house hung, as it were, upon his lips, and so did all that heard him. While they were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho: We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that when you have filled your belly, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for the next day. No, sir, it is not so, answered Sancho; your worship is misinformed; for I am more cleanly than gluttonous; and my master Don Quixote, here present, knows very well, how he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts: it is true, indeed, if it so falls out that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; I mean, that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them, and, whoever has said that I am given to eat much, and am not cleanly, take it from me, he is very much out, and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table. In truth, quoth Don Quixote, Sancho's parsimony and cleanliness in eating, deserve to be written and engraved on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I must confess, when he is hungry, he seems to be somewhat of a glutton; for he eats fast, and chews on both sides at once: but, as for cleanliness, he always strictly observes it; and when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork. How? quoth Don Antonio, has Sancho then, been a governor? Yes,

answered Sancho, and of an island called Barataria. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleasure, in which time I lost my rest, and learned to despise all the governments in the world: I fled away from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle. Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government, which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

The cloth being taken away, Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture, but a table, seemingly of jasper, standing upon a foot of the same, upon which there was placed, after the manner of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head, which seemed to be of brass. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the room, taking several turns about the table; after which he said, Señor Don Quixote, now that I am assured nobody is within hearing, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest novelties, that can be imagined, upon condition, that what I shall tell you be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy. I swear it shall, answered Don Quixote, and I will clap a gravestone over it, for the greater security; for I would have your worship know, Señor Don Antonio (for by this time he had learned his name), that you are talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak; so that you may safely transfer whatever is in your breast into mine, and make account you have thrown it into the abyss of silence. In confidence of this promise, answered Don Antonio, I will raise your admiration by what you shall see and hear, and procure myself some relief from the pain I suffer by not having somebody to communicate my secrets to, which are not to be trusted with everybody. Don Quixote was in suspense, expecting what so many precautions would end in. Don Antonio then, taking hold of his hand, made him pass it over the brazen

head, the table, and the jasper pedestal it stood upon, and then said: This head, Señor Don Quixote, was wrought and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards the world ever had. He was, I think, by birth a Polander, and disciple of the famous Escotillo [1], of whom so many wonders are related. He was here in my house, and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question asked at its ear. After drawing figures, erecting schemes, and observing the stars, he brought it at length to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; for it is mute on Fridays, and this happening to be Friday, we must wait till to-morrow. In the meanwhile you may bethink yourself what questions you will ask it, for I know, by experience, it tells the truth in all its answers. Don Quixote wondered at the property and virtue of the head, and was ready to disbelieve Don Antonio: but, considering how short a time was set for making the experiment, he would say no more, but only thanked him for having discovered to him so great a secret. They went out of the chamber: Don Antonio locked the door after him; and they came to the hall, where the rest of the gentlemen were, and in this time Sancho had recounted to them many of the adventures and accidents that had befallen his master.

That evening they carried Don Quixote abroad, to take the air, not armed, but dressed like a citizen in a long loose garment of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made frost itself sweat at that season. They ordered their servants to entertain and amuse Sancho, so as not to let him go out of doors. Don Quixote rode, not upon Rosinante, but upon a large, easy-paced mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing him, unperceived by him, they pinned at his back

[1] Not Michael Scot, the reputed astrologer of Frederick II, as both the translator and John Bowle supposed, but Michele Escotillo of Parma, who professed nigromancy in Flanders towards the end of the sixteenth century.

a parchment, whereon was written, in capital letters; 'THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA'. They no sooner began their march, but the scroll drew the eyes of all that passed by, and they read aloud, This is Don Quixote de la Mancha. Don Quixote wondered that everybody who saw him, named and knew him; and, turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said: Great is the prerogative inherent in knight-errantry, since it makes all its professors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth: for, pray observe, Señor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city know me, without having ever seen me. It is true, Señor Don Quixote, answered Don Antonio; for, as fire cannot be hidden nor confined, so virtue will be known: and that which is obtained by the profession of arms, shines with a brightness and lustre superior to that of all others.

Now it happened, that, as Don Quixote was riding along with the applause aforesaid, a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, lifted up his voice, saying: The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! what! are you got hither, without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad, and, were you so alone, and within the doors of your own folly, the mischief were the less: but you have the property of converting into fools and madmen all that converse, or have any communication with you: witness these gentlemen who accompany you. Get you home, fool, and look after your estate, your wife and children, and leave off these vanities, which worm-eat your brain, and skim off the cream of your understanding. Brother, quoth Don Antonio, keep on your way, and do not be giving counsel to those who do not ask it. Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha is wise, and we who bear him company are not fools. Virtue challenges respect, wherever it is found: and begone in an evil hour, and meddle not where you are not called. Before God, answered the Castilian, your worship is in the right; for to give advice to this good man, is to kick

against the pricks. But for all that, it grieves me very much, that the good sense, it is said, this madman discovers in all other things, should run to waste through the channel of his knight-errantry: and the evil hour, your worship wished me, be to me and to all my descendants, if, from this day forward, though I should live more days than Methusalem, I give advice to anybody, though they should ask it me. The adviser departed; the procession went on: but the boys and the people crowded so to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off, under pretence of taking off something else.

Night came: the processioners returned home, where was a ball of ladies: for Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of distinction, cheerful, beautiful, and discreet, had invited several of her friends to honour her guest, and to entertain them with his unheard-of madness. Several ladies came: they supped splendidly, and the ball began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleasant disposition, who, though they were very modest, yet behaved with more freedom than usual, that the jest might divert without giving distaste. These were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they teased, not only his body but his very soul. It was a perfect sight to behold the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, and yellow, straightened in his clothes, awkward, and especially not at all nimble. The ladies courted him, as it were, by stealth, and he disdained them by stealth too. But, finding himself hard pressed by their courtships, he exalted his voice and said: *Fugite, partes adversae!* leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt ladies, with your desires! for she, who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that any others but hers should subject and subdue me. And so saying, he sat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by this dancing exercise. Don Antonio ordered the servants to take him up, and carry him to bed; and the first who lent a helping

hand, was Sancho, who said: What, in God's name, master of mine, put you upon dancing? Think you that all who are valiant must be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing-masters? If you think so, I say you are mistaken: I know those, who would sooner cut a giant's windpipe than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig, I would have supplied your defect; for I slap it away like any jerfalcon: but, as for regular dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it. With this, and such-like talk, Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and laid his master in bed, covering him up stoutly, that he might sweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to make experiment of the enchanted head; and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two other friends, with the two ladies, who had worried Don Quixote in dancing (for they stayed that night with Don Antonio's wife) he locked himself up in the room where the head stood. He told them the property it had, charged them all with the secret, and told them, this was the first day of his trying the virtue of that enchanted head. Nobody but Don Antonio's two friends knew the trick of the enchantment; and, if Don Antonio had not first discovered it to them, they would also have been as much surprised as the rest, it being impossible not to be so; so cunningly and curiously was it contrived. The first who approached the ear of the head, was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, yet not so low but he was overheard by them all: Tell me, head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what am I now thinking of? The head answered, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, so as to be heard by everybody: I am no judge of thoughts. At hearing of which they were all astonished, especially since, neither in the room, nor anywhere about the table, was there any human creature that could answer. How many of us are here? demanded Don Antonio again. Answer was made him in the same key: You

and your wife, with two friends of yours, and two of hers, and a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, with a certain squire of his, Sancho Panza by name. Here was wondering indeed; here was everybody's hair standing on end out of pure affright. Don Antonio, going aside at some distance from the head, said: This is enough to assure me I was not deceived by him who sold you to me, sage head, speaking head, answering head, and admirable head: let somebody else go, and ask it what they please. Now, as women are commonly in haste, and inquisitive, the first who went up to it was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and her question was: Tell me, head, what shall I do to be very handsome? It was answered: Be very modest. I ask you no more, said the querist. Then her companion came up, and said: I would know, head, whether my husband loves me or no? The answer was: You may easily know that by his usage of you. The married woman, going aside, said: The question might very well have been spared; for, in reality, a man's actions are the best interpreters of his affections. Then one of Don Antonio's two friends went and asked him: Who am I? The answer was: You know. I do not ask you that, answered the gentleman, but only whether you know me? I do, replied the head; you are Don Pedro Noriz. I desire to hear no more, said he, since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me that you know everything. Then the other friend stepped up, and demanded: Tell me, head, what desires has my eldest son? It was answered: Have I not told you already, that I do not judge of thoughts? But, for all that, I can tell you, that your son's desire is to bury you. It is so! quoth the gentleman: I see it with my eyes, and touch it with my finger, and I ask no more questions. Then came Don Antonio's wife, and said: I know not, O head, what to ask you: only I would know of you, whether I shall enjoy my dear husband many years? The answer was: You shall; for his good constitution, and his temperate

way of living, promise many years of life, which several are wont to shorten by intemperance. Next came Don Quixote, and said: Tell me, O answerer, was it truth, or a dream, what I related as having befallen me in Montesinos' cave? Will the whipping of Sancho, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect? As to the business of the cave, it was answered, there is much to be said: it has something of both: Sancho's whipping will go on but slowly: the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be brought about in due time. I desire to know no more, quoth Don Quixote; for, so I may but see Dulcinea disenchanted, I shall make account, that all the good fortune I can desire comes upon me at a clap. The last querist was Sancho, and his question was this: Head, shall I, peradventure, get another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children? To which it was answered: You shall govern in your own house, and, if you return to it, you shall see your wife and your children, and, quitting service, you shall cease to be a squire. Very good, in faith, quoth Sancho Panza; I could have told myself as much, and the prophet Perogrullo [1] could have told me no more. Beast, quoth Don Quixote, what answer would you have? Is it not enough that the answers this head returns correspond to the questions put to it? Yes, it is enough, answered Sancho: but I wish it had explained itself, and told me a little more.

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the amazement of the whole company, excepting Don Antonio's two friends, who knew the secret; which Cid Hamet Ben Engeli would immediately discover, not to keep the world in suspense, believing there was some witchcraft, or extraordinary mystery, con-

[1] A legendary personage, who is represented as foretelling commonplace events which are bound to happen in the ordinary course of things.

cealed in that head; and therefore he says, that Don Antonio Moreno procured it to be made, in imitation of another head he had seen at Madrid (made by a statuary for his own diversion), and to surprise the ignorant; and the machine was contrived in this manner. The table was of wood, painted, and varnished over like jasper, and the foot it stood upon was of the same, with four eagle claws, to make it stand the firmer, and bear the weight the better. The head, resembling that of a Roman emperor, and coloured like copper, was hollow, and so was the table itself, in which the bust was so exactly fixed, that no sign of a joint appeared. The foot also was hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the head; and all this corresponding with another chamber just under that where the head stood. Through all this hollow of the foot, table, neck, and breast of the figure aforesaid, went a pipe of tin which could not be seen. The answerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth close to the pipe, so that the voice descended and ascended in clear and articulate sounds, as through a speaking-trumpet; and thus it was impossible to discover the juggle. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a student, acute and discreet, was the respondent; who, being informed beforehand by his uncle, who were to be with him that day in the chamber of the head, could easily answer, readily and exactly, to the first question; to the rest he answered by conjectures, and, as a discreet person, discreetly. Cid Hamet says further, that this wonderful machine lasted about eight or ten days; but it being divulged up and down the city, that Don Antonio kept in his house an enchanted head, which answered to all questions, he, fearing lest it should come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, acquainted the gentlemen of the Inquisition with the secret, who ordered him to break it in pieces, lest the ignorant vulgar should be scandalized at it: but still, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the head continued to be enchanted, and an answerer of ques-

tions, more indeed to the satisfaction of Don Quixote than of Sancho.

The gentlemen of the town, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the better entertainment of Don Quixote, as well as to give him an opportunity of discovering his follies, appointed a running at the ring six days after, which was prevented by an accident that will be told hereafter. Don Quixote had a mind to walk about the town, without ceremony, and on foot, apprehending that, if he went on horseback, he should be persecuted by the boys; and so he and Sancho, with two servants assigned him by Don Antonio, walked out to make the tour. Now it fell out, that, as they passed through a certain street, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door in very large letters, 'Here books are printed.' At which he was much pleased; for, till then, he had never seen any printing, and was desirous to know how it was performed. In he went, with all his retinue, and saw drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that; in short, all the machinery to be seen in great printing houses. Don Quixote went to one of the boxes, and asked what they had in hand there. The workman told him; he wondered, and went on. He came to another box, and asked one, what he was doing. The workman answered: Sir, that gentleman yonder (pointing to a man of a good person and appearance, and of some gravity) has translated an Italian book into our Castilian language, and I am composing it here for the press. What title has the book? demanded Don Quixote. To which the author answered: Sir, the book in Italian is called, *Le Bagatelle*. And what answers to *Bagatelle* in our Castilian? quoth Don Quixote. *Le Bagatelle*, said the author, is as if we should say, *Los Juguetes*[1]. But, though its title be mean, it contains many very good and

[1] I have substituted the original Spanish instead of 'trifles', the equivalent given by the translator.

substantial things. Quoth Don Quixote: I know a little of the Tuscan language, and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto. But, good sir, pray, tell me (and I do not say this with design to examine your skill, but out of curiosity, and nothing else), in the course of your writing have you ever met with the word *pignata*? Yes, often, replied the author. And how do you translate it in Castilian? quoth Don Quixote. How should I translate it, replied the author, but by the word *olla*? Body of me, said Don Quixote, what a progress has your worship made in the Tuscan language! I would venture a good wager, that, where the Tuscan says *piace*, you say, in Castilian, *place*; and where it says *più*, you say *mas*; and *sù* you translate *arriba*, and *giù* by *abaxo*. I do so, most certainly, quoth the author; for these are their proper renderings. I dare swear, quoth Don Quixote, you are not known in the world, which is ever an enemy to rewarding florid wits, and laudable pains. What abilities are lost, what geniuses cooped up, and what virtues undervalued! But, for all that, I cannot but be of opinion, that, translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like setting to view the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are full of ends and threads, which obscure them, and are not seen with the smoothness and evenness of the right side. And the translating out of easy languages shows neither genius nor elocution, any more than transcribing one paper from another. But I would not from hence infer, that translating is not a laudable exercise; for a man may be employed in things of worse consequence, and less advantage. Out of this account are excepted the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido* [1], and Don John de Xauregui in his *Aminta* [2]; in which, with a curious felicity,

[1] Printed at Valencia in 1609.

[2] The theory that Cervantes must have read this work

they bring it in doubt, which is the translation, and which the original. But, tell me, sir, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold the copy to some bookseller? I print it on my own account, answered the author, and I expect to get a thousand ducats by this first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, and they will go off, at six reals a set, in a trice. Mighty well, answered Don Quixote: it is plain you know but little of the turns and doubles of the booksellers, and the combination there is among them. I promise you, when you find the weight of two thousand volumes upon your back, it will so depress you, that you will be frightened, especially if the book be anything dull, or not over sprightly. What! sir, quoth the author, would you have me make over my right to the bookseller, who, perhaps, will give me three maravedis for it, and even think he does me a kindness in giving me so much? I print no more books to purchase fame in the world; for I am already sufficiently known by my works. Profit I seek, without which fame is not worth a farthing. God send you good success, answered Don Quixote; and, going on to another box, he saw they were correcting a sheet of another book, entitled, *The light of the soul* [1]. And seeing it, he said: These kind of books, though there are a great many of them abroad, are those that ought to be printed: for there are abundance of sinners up and down, and so many benighted persons stand in need of an infinite number of lights. He went forward, and saw they were correcting another book; and asking its title, he was answered, that it was called, the *Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by such a one, an inhabitant of Tordesillas [2]. I know something of

in manuscript will not hold water: it was printed at Rome in 1607.

[1] *Luz del alma Christiana contra la ceguedad & ignorancia* (Medina del Campo, 1556) by Fray Felipe de Meneses.

[2] On the strength of this passage it has been thought

that book, quoth Don Quixote: and, in truth and on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt before now, and reduced to ashes, for its impertinence: but its Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog: for all fabulous histories are so far good and entertaining, as they come near the truth, or the resemblance of it; and true histories themselves are so much the better, by how much the truer. And, so saying, he went out of the printing-house with some show of disgust: and that same day Don Antonio purposed to carry him to see the galleys, which lay in the road; whereat Sancho rejoiced much, having never in his life seen any. Don Antonio gave notice to the commodore of the four galleys, that he would bring his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, that afternoon, to see them, of whom the commodore, and all the inhabitants of the city, had some knowledge; and what befell him there, shall be told in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LXIII

Of the unlucky accident which befell Sancho Panza, in visiting the galleys, and the strange adventure of the beautiful Morisco.

Many were the reflections Don Quixote made upon the answer of the enchanted head, none of them hitting upon the trick of it, and all centering in the promise, which he looked upon as certain, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He rejoiced within himself, believing he should soon see the accomplishment of it; and Sancho, though he abhorred being a governor, as has been said, had still a desire to command again, and be obeyed: such is the misfortune power brings

that Avellaneda's apocryphal sequel to *Don Quixote* went into a second edition shortly after 1614. This is not so: it was not reprinted till 1732.

along with it, though but in jest. In short, that evening, Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, with Don Quixote, and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commodore of the four galleys, who had notice of the coming of the two famous personages, Don Quixote and Sancho, no sooner perceived them approach the shore, but he ordered all the galleys to strike their awnings, and the waits to play: and immediately he sent out the pinnace, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet; and, just as Don Quixote set his foot into it, the captain-galley discharged her forecastle piece, and the other galleys did the like; and, at his mounting the ladder on the starboard-side, all the crew of slaves saluted him, as the custom is, when a person of rank comes on board, with three Hu, hu, hu's. The general (for so we shall call him), who was a gentleman of quality of Valencia, gave Don Quixote his hand, and embraced him, saying: This day will I mark with a white stone, as one of the best I ever wish to see while I live, having seen Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom is comprised and abridged the whole worth of knight-errantry. Don Quixote answered him in expressions no less courteous, being overjoyed to find himself treated so like a lord. All the company went to the poop, which was finely adorned, and seated themselves upon the lockers. The boatswain passed along the middle gangway, and gave the signal with his whistle for the slaves to strip; which was done in an instant. Sancho seeing so many men in buff was frightened, and more so, when he saw them spread an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils in hell were there at work. But all this was tarts and cheesecakes to what I am going to relate.

Sancho was seated near the stern, on the right hand, close to the hindmost rower, who, being instructed what he was to do, laid hold on Sancho, and lifted him up in his arms. Then the whole crew of slaves, standing up, and beginning from the right

side, passed him from bank to bank, and from hand to hand, so swiftly, that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily thought the devils themselves were carrying him away; and they had not done with him, till they brought him round by the left side, and replaced him at the stern. The poor wretch remained bruised, out of breath, and in a cold sweat, without being able to imagine what had befallen him. Don Quixote, who beheld Sancho's flight without wings, asked the general, if that was a ceremony commonly used at people's first coming aboard the galleys: for if so, he, who had no intention of making profession in them, had no inclination to perform the like exercise, and vowed to God, that if anyone presumed to lay hold of him to toss him, he would kick their souls out. And, saying this, he stood up, and laid his hand on his sword. At that instant they struck the awning, and, with a great noise, let fall the mainyard from the top of the mast to the bottom. Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges, and tumbling upon his head, and, shrinking it down, he clapped it for fear between his legs. Don Quixote knew not what to think of it, and he too quaked, shrugged his shoulders, and changed countenance. The slaves hoisted the mainyard with the same swiftness and noise they had struck it; and all this, without speaking a word, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain made a signal for weighing anchor, and, jumping into the middle of the forecastle, with his bull's-pizzle, he began to fly-flap the shoulders of the slaves at the oar, and by little and little, to put off to sea. Sancho, seeing so many red feet (for such he took the oars to be) move all together, said to himself: Ah, these are enchanted things indeed, and not those my master talks of. What have these unhappy wretches done to be whipped at this rate? and how has this one man, who goes whistling up and down, the boldness to whip so many? I maintain it, this is hell, or purgatory at least. Don Quixote, seeing with what attention Sancho observed all that

passed, said: Ah, friend Sancho, how quickly and how cheaply might you, if you would, strip to the waist, and placing yourself among these gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea! for, having so many companions in pain, you would feel but little of your own: besides, perhaps, the sage Merlin would take every lash of theirs, coming from so good a hand, upon account for ten of those you must, one day or other, give yourself.

The general would have asked what lashes he spoke of, and what he meant by the disenchantment of Dulcinea; when a mariner said: The fort of Montjuy [1] makes a signal, that there is a vessel with oars on the coast, on the western side. The general hearing this, leaped upon the middle gangway, and said: Pull away, my lads, let her not escape us: it must be some brigantine belonging to the corsairs of Algiers, that the fort makes the signal for. Then the other three galleys came up with the captain, to receive his orders. The general commanded, that two of them should put out to sea as fast as they could, and he with the other would go along shore, and so the vessel could not escape. The crew plied the oars, impelling the galleys with such violence, that they seemed to fly. Those that stood out to sea, about two miles off, discovered a sail, which they judged to carry about fourteen or fifteen banks of oars; and so it proved to be. The vessel, discovering the galleys, put herself in chase, with design and in hope to get away by her swiftness. But, unfortunately for her, the captain-galley happened to be one of the swiftest vessels upon the sea, and therefore gained upon the brigantine so fast, that the corsairs saw they could not escape; and so the master of her ordered his men to drop their oars, and yield themselves prisoners, that they might not exasperate the captain of our galleys. But fortune, that would have it otherwise, so ordered, that, just as the captain-galley came so

[1] Monjuich, the fort of Barcelona.

near, that the corsairs could hear a voice from her, calling to them to surrender, two Toraquis, that is to say, two Turks that were drunk, who came in the brigantine with twelve others, discharged two muskets, with which they killed two of our soldiers upon the prow. Which the general seeing, he swore not to leave a man alive he should take in the vessel, and coming up with all fury to board her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran ahead a good way: they in the vessel, perceiving they were got clear, made all the way they could while the galley was coming about, and again put themselves in chase with oars and sails. But their diligence did them not so much good, as their presumption did them harm; for the captain-galley, overtaking them in little more than half a mile, clapped her oars on the vessel, and took them all alive.

By this time the two other galleys were come up, and all four returned with their prize to the strand, where a vast concourse of people stood expecting them, desirous to see what they had taken. The general cast anchor near the land, and, knowing that the viceroy was upon the shore, he ordered out the boat to bring him on board, and commanded the mainyard to be let down immediately, to hang thereon the master of the vessel, and the rest of the Turks he had taken in her, being about six-and-thirty persons, all brisk fellows, and most of them Turkish musketeers. The general inquired, which was the master of the brigantine, and one of the captives, who afterwards appeared to be a Spanish renegado, answered him in Castilian: This youth, sir, you see here, is our master; pointing to one of the most beautiful and most graceful young men that human imagination could paint. His age, in appearance, did not reach twenty years. The general said to him: Tell me, ill-advised dog, what moved you to kill my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect paid to captain-galleys? Know you not, that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hopes

should make men daring, but not rash ? The youth would have replied ; but the general could not hear him then, by reason he was going to receive the viceroy, who was just then entered the galley ; with whom there came several of his servants, and some people of the town. You have had a fine chase of it, Señor General, said the viceroy. So fine, answered the general, that your excellency shall presently see it hanged up at the yardarm. How so ? replied the viceroy. Because, replied the general, against all law, against all reason, and the custom of war, they have killed me two of the best soldiers belonging to the galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man I took prisoner, especially this youth here, who is master of the brigantine : pointing to one, who had his hands already tied, and a rope about his neck, and stood expecting death. The viceroy looked at him, and, seeing him so beautiful, so genteel, and so humble (his beauty giving him in that instant a kind of letter of recommendation), he had a mind to save him, and therefore he asked him : Tell me, sir, are you a Turk, a Moor, or a renegado ? To which the youth answered in the Castilian tongue : I am neither a Turk, nor a Moor, nor a renegado. What are you then ? replied the viceroy. A Christian woman, replied the youth. A Christian woman, in such a garb, and in such circumstances, said the viceroy, is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed. Gentlemen, said the youth, suspend the execution of my death : it will be no great loss to defer your revenge while I recount the story of my life. What heart could be so hard, as not to relent at these expressions, at least so far as to hear what the sad and afflicted youth had to say ? The general bid him say what he pleased, but not to expect pardon for his notorious offence. With this license, the youth began his story in the following manner :

I was born of Moorish parents, of that nation more unhappy than wise, so lately overwhelmed under a sea of misfortunes. In the current of their calamity, I

was carried away by two of my uncles into Barbary; it availed me nothing to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not of the feigned or pretended; but of the true and Catholic ones. The discovery of this truth had no influence on those who were charged with our unhappy banishment; nor would my uncles believe it, but rather took it for a lie, and an invention of mine, in order to remain in the country where I was born; and so, by force rather than by my goodwill, they carried me with them. My mother was a Christian, and my father a discreet man, and a Christian too. I sucked in the Catholic faith with my milk. I was virtuously brought up, and, neither in my language nor behaviour, did I, as I thought, give any indication of being a Morisco. My beauty, if I have any, grew up, and kept equal pace with these virtues; for such I believe them to be: and, though my modesty and reserve were great, I could not avoid being seen by a young gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a person of distinction, whose estate joins to our town. How he saw me, how we conversed together, how he was undone for me, and how I was little less for him, would be tedious to relate, especially at a time when I am under apprehension, that the cruel cord, which threatens me, may interpose between my tongue and my throat; and therefore I will only say, that Don Gregorio resolved to bear me company in our banishment. And so, mingling with the Moors, who came from other towns (for he spoke the language well), in the journey he contracted an intimacy with my two uncles, who had the charge of me; for my father, being a prudent and provident person, as soon as he saw the first edict for our banishment, left the town, and went to seek some place of refuge for us in foreign kingdoms. He left a great number of pearls, and precious stones of great value, hid and buried in a certain place, known to me only, with some money in crusadoes and pistoles of gold, commanding me in nowise to touch the treasure he left, if peradventure we should be banished before he

returned. I obeyed, and passed over into Barbary with my uncles, and other relations and acquaintance, as I have already said; and the place we settled in was Algiers, or rather hell itself. The king heard of my beauty, and fame told him of my riches, which partly proved my good fortune. He sent for me, and asked me of what part of Spain I was, and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I told him the town, and that the jewels and money were buried in it; but that they might easily be brought off, if I myself went to fetch them. All this I told him, in hopes that his own covetousness, more than my beauty, would blind him.

While he was thus discoursing with me, information was given him, that one of the genteelest and handsomest youths imaginable came in my company. I presently understood that they meant Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty is beyond all possibility of exaggeration. I was greatly disturbed, when I considered the danger Don Gregorio was in; for, among those barbarous Turks, a beautiful boy or youth is more valued and esteemed than a woman, be she never so beautiful. The king commanded him to be immediately brought before him, that he might see him, and asked me if it was true, what he was told of that youth. I, as if inspired by heaven, answered: Yes, it was; but that I must inform him, he was not a man, but a woman, as I was: and I requested, that he would let me go and dress her in her proper garb, that she might shine in full beauty, and appear in his presence with the less concern. He said, I might go in a good hour, and that next day he would talk with me of the manner how I might conveniently return to Spain, to get the hidden treasure. I consulted with Don Gaspar: I told him the danger he ran in appearing as a man: and I dressed him like a Morisca, and that very afternoon introduced him as a woman to the king, who was in admiration at the sight of her, and proposed to reserve her for a present to the Grand Señor; and, to prevent the

risk she might run in the seraglio among his own wives, and distrusting himself, he ordered her to be lodged in the house of a Moorish lady of quality, there to be kept and waited upon: whither she was instantly conveyed. What we both felt (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to the consideration of those who mutually love each other, and are forced to part. The king presently gave orders for my returning to Spain, in this brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, being those who killed your soldiers. There came with me also this Spanish renegado (pointing to him, who spoke first), whom I certainly know to be a Christian in his heart, and that he comes with a greater desire to stay in Spain than to return to Barbary. The rest of the ship's crew are Moors and Turks, who serve for nothing but to row at the oar. The two drunken and insolent Turks, disobeying the orders given them to set me and the renegado on shore in the first place of Spain we should touch upon, in the habit of Christians (with which we came provided), would needs first scour the coast, and make some prize, if they could, fearing, if they should land us first, we might be induced by some accident or other to discover, that such a vessel was at sea, and, if perchance there were any galleys abroad upon this coast, she might be taken. Last night we made this shore, and, not knowing anything of these four galleys, were discovered ourselves, and what you have seen has befallen us. In short, Don Gregorio remains among the women, in woman's attire, and in manifest danger of being undone; and I find myself, with my hands tied, expecting, or rather fearing, to lose that life, of which I am already weary. This, sir, is the conclusion of my lamentable story, as true as unfortunate. What I beg of you is, that you will suffer me to die like a Christian, since, as I have told you, I am nowise chargeable of the blame into which those of my nation have fallen. Here she held her peace, her eyes pregnant with tender tears, which were accompanied by many of those of the standers-by.

The viceroy, being of a tender and compassionate disposition, without speaking a word, went to her, and with his own hands unbound the cord that tied the beautiful ones of the fair Morisca. While the Moriscan Christian was relating her strange story, an old pilgrim, who came aboard the galley with the viceroy, fastened his eyes on her, and, scarcely had she made an end, when, throwing himself at her feet, and embracing them, with words interrupted by a thousand sobs and sighs, he said: O Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my very soul. At which words Sancho opened his eyes, and lifted up his head, which he was holding down, ruminating upon his late disgrace; and looking at the pilgrim, he knew him to be the very Ricote he met with upon the day he left his government, and was persuaded this must be his daughter; who, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. Ricote said to the general and the viceroy: This, sirs, is my daughter, happy in her name alone; Anna Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her own beauty, as for her father's riches. I left my native country, to seek, in foreign kingdoms, some shelter and safe retreat, and, having found one in Germany, I returned, in this pilgrim's weed, in the company of some Germans, in quest of my daughter, and to take up a great deal of wealth I had left buried. My daughter I found not, but the treasure I did, and have it in my possession; and now, by the strange turn of fortune you have seen, I have found the treasure which most enriches me—my beloved daughter. If our innocence, and her tears and mine, through the uprightness of your justice, can open the gates of mercy, let us partake of it, who never had a thought of offending you, nor in any ways conspired with the designs of our people, who have been justly banished. Then said Sancho: I know Ricote very well, and am sure what he says of Anna Felix's being his daughter

is true; but as for the other idle stories of his going and coming, and of his having a good or bad intention, I meddle not with them.

All that were present admired at the strangeness of the case; and the general said: Each tear of yours hinders me from fulfilling my oath: live, fair Anna Felix, all the years heaven has allotted you, and let the daring and the insolent undergo the punishment their crime deserves. Immediately he ordered that the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, should be hanged at the yard-arm. But the viceroy earnestly entreated him not to hang them, their fault being rather the effect of madness than of valour. The general yielded to the viceroy's request, for it is not easy to execute revenge in cold blood. Then they consulted how to deliver Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger he was left in. Ricote offered above two thousand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels, towards it. Several expedients were proposed, but none so likely to succeed as that of the Spanish renegado aforementioned, who offered to return to Algiers in a small bark of about eight banks, armed with Christian rowers; for he knew where, how, and when he might land; nor was he ignorant of the house in which Don Gaspar was kept. The general and the viceroy were in doubt whether they should rely on the renegado, or trust him with the Christians, who were to row at the oar. Anna Felix answered for him, and her father Ricote said, he would be answerable for the ransom of those Christians, if they should be betrayed. Matters being thus settled, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Morisco and her father along with him, the viceroy charging him to regale and welcome them as much as possible, offering, on his own part, whatever his house afforded for their better entertainment, so great was the kindness and charity that the beauty of Anna Felix infused into his breast.

CHAPTER LXIV

Treating of the adventure which gave Don Quixote more sorrow than any which had hitherto befallen him.

The history relates, that the wife of Don Antonio Moreno took a great deal of pleasure in seeing Anna Felix in her house. She gave her a kind welcome, enamoured as well of her beauty as of her discretion; for the Morisca excelled in both; and all the people of the city flocked to see her, as if they had been brought together by ringing the great bell. Don Quixote said to Don Antonio, that the method they had resolved upon for the redemption of Don Gregorio was quite a wrong one, there being more danger than probability of success in it; and that they would do better to land him, with his horse and arms, in Barbary; for he would fetch him off in spite of the whole Moorish race, as Don Gayferos had done by his spouse Melisendra [1]. Take notice, sir, quoth Sancho, hearing this, that Señor Don Gayferos rescued his spouse on firm land, and carried her over land into France; but here, if, peradventure, we rescue Don Gregorio, we have no way to bring him into Spain, since the sea is between. For all things there is a remedy, excepting for death, replied Don Quixote; for, let but a vessel come to the seaside, and we can embark in it, though the whole world should endeavour to oppose it. Your worship, quoth Sancho, contrives and makes the matter very easy; but, between the saying and the fact is a very large tract; and I stick to the renegado, who seems to me a very honest and good-natured man. Don Antonio said, if the renegado should miscarry in the business, it would be time enough to put in practice the expedient of the great Don Quixote's passing over into Barbary.

[1] See the note to Chapter xxvi, pp. 210-11.

Two days after, the renegado set sail in a small bark of six oars on a side, manned with a stout crew, and two days after that, the galleys departed for the Levant, the general having engaged the viceroy to give him advice of all that should happen in respect to the deliverance of Don Gregorio, and the fortune of Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote being sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points (for, as he was wont to say, his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting, and so he was seldom without them), he perceived advancing towards him a knight, armed likewise at all points. On his shield was painted a resplendent moon; and when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and, directing it to Don Quixote, he said: Illustrious knight, and never-enough renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess, that my mistress, be she who she will, is, without comparison, more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso: which truth, if you do immediately and fairly confess, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you: and if you fight, and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is, that you lay aside arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live, without laying hand to your sword, in profound peace, and profitable repose: which will redound both to the improvement of your estate and the salvation of your soul: and if you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you. Consider which is best for you, and answer me presently: for this business must be dispatched this very day.

Don Quixote was surprised and amazed, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the reason of his being challenged by him: and so, with gravity composed, and countenance severe, he answered: Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you never saw the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you seen her, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have undeceived, and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, a beauty comparable to hers; and therefore, without giving you the lie, and, only saying you are mistaken, I accept your challenge, with the aforementioned conditions; and that upon the spot, that the day allotted for this business may not first elapse: and out of the conditions I only except the transfer of your exploits, because I do not know what they are, nor that they are: I am contented with my own, such as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you please, and I will do the like, and to whom God shall give it, St. Peter give his blessing.

The Knight of the White Moon was discovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed that he was in conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha. The viceroy believing it was some new adventure, contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the strand, accompanied by Don Antonio, and a great many other gentlemen; and arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rosinante about, to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy, perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter, interposed, asking what induced them to so sudden a fight. The Knight of the White Moon answered: It was the precedency of beauty; and told him in a few words, what he had said to Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy asked Don Antonio, in his ear, whether he knew who the Knight of the White

Moon was, and whether it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio answered, that he neither knew who he was, nor whether his challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt whether he should suffer them to proceed to the combat: but, inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying: If there is no other remedy, knights, but to confess or die, and if Señor Don Quixote persists in denying, and your worship of the White Moon in affirming, at it in God's name. He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courtly and discreet terms for the leave he gave them; and Don Quixote did the same; who, recommending himself to heaven with all his heart, and to his Dulcinea (as was his custom at the beginning of the combats that offered), wheeled about again to fetch a larger compass, because he saw his adversary did the like; and, without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give the signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant: and he of the White Moon being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the career, and there encountered him with such impetuous force (not touching him with his lance, which he seemed to raise on purpose), that he gave Rosinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground. Presently he was upon him, and, clapping his lance to his visor, he said: Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge. Don Quixote bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, as if he was speaking from within a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, said: Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakness should discredit this truth: knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour. By no means, quoth he of the White Moon: live, live the fame of the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in its full

lustre! all the satisfaction I demand is, that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year, or till such time as I shall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle. All this was heard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and many other persons there present; who also heard Don Quixote reply, that since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true knight.

This confession being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and, making a bow with his head to the viceroy, at a full gallop entered into the city. The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale, and in a cold sweat. Rosinante, out of pure ill plight, could not stir for the present. Sancho, quite sorrowful, and cast down, knew not what to do or say. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this business was matter of enchantment: he saw his master vanquished, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year: he imagined the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated as smoke by the wind: he was afraid Rosinante's bones were quite broken, and his master's disjointed, and wished it might prove no worse. Finally, Don Quixote was carried back to the city in a chair the viceroy had commanded to be brought; and the viceroy also returned thither, impatient to learn who the Knight of the White Moon was, who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

CHAPTER LXV

In which an account is given who the Knight of the White Moon was; with the liberty of Don Gregorio, and other accidents.

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon. A great number of boys also pursued and persecuted him, till they had lodged him in an inn within the city. Don Antonio went in after him, being desirous to know who he was. His squire came out to receive and unarm him. He shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, whose cake was dough, till he knew who he was. He of the White Moon perceiving that this gentleman would not leave him, said: I very well know, sir, the design of your coming, which is, to learn who I am; and, because there is no occasion for concealing it, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you, without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, sir, that I am called the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move all that know him to compassion. Of those who had most pity for him, was I, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet, and staying at home in his own house, I contrived how to make him continue there. And so, about three months ago, I sallied forth to the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself Knight of the Looking-glasses, designing to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him harm, the condition of our combat being, that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher: and what I, concluding him already vanquished, intended to enjoin him, was, that he should return to his village, and not stir out of it in a whole year; in which time he might be cured. But fortune ordained

it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and tumbled me from my horse, and so my design did not take effect. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, ashamed, and bruised with the fall, which was a very dangerous one. Nevertheless, I lost not the desire of finding him, and vanquishing him, as you have seen this day. And, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless keep that I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, sir, is the business; and I have nothing to add, but only to entreat you not to discover me, nor to let Don Quixote know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to a man who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him. Oh! sir, quoth Don Antonio, God forgive you the injury you have done the whole world, in endeavouring to restore to his senses the most diverting madman in it! Do you not see, sir, that the benefit of his recovery will not counterbalance the pleasure his extravagances afford? But I fancy that all Señor Bachelor's industry will not be sufficient to recover a man so consummately mad; and were it not against the rule of charity, I would say: May Don Quixote never be recovered! for, by his cure, we not only lose our pleasantries, but those of his squire Sancho Panza too; any one of which is enough to make melancholy herself merry. Nevertheless, I will hold my peace, and tell him nothing, to try if I am right in suspecting that all Señor Carrasco's diligence is likely to be fruitless. Carrasco answered, that, all things considered, the business was in a promising way, and he hoped for good success. Don Antonio, having offered his service in whatever else he pleased to command him, took his leave. The same day, the bachelor, having caused his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the same horse on which he entered the fight, and returned to his native place, nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful history. Don Antonio recounted to the viceroy

all that Carrasco had told him; at which the viceroy was not much pleased, considering that Don Quixote's confinement would put an end to all that diversion, which his follies administered to those that knew him.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and, among other things, said: Dear sir, hold up your head, and be cheerful if you can, and give heaven thanks, that, though you got a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken: and since you know that, They that will give must take, and that, There are not always bacon flitches, where there are pins; cry, a fig for the physician, since you have no need of his help in this distemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures through countries and places unknown: and, if it be well considered, I am the greater loser, though your worship be the greater sufferer. I, who, with the government, quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass, if your worship refuses being a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry; and so my hopes vanish into smoke. Peace, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, since you see my confinement and retirement is not to last above a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow on you. God hear it, quoth Sancho, and let sin be deaf! for I have always been told, that a good expectation is better than a bad possession.

They were thus discoursing, when Don Antonio entered with signs of great joy, saying: My reward, Señor Don Quixote, for the good news I bring: Don Gregorio, and the renegado, who went to bring him, are in the harbour: in the harbour do I say? by this time they must be come to the viceroy's palace, and will be here presently. Don Quixote was a little revived, and said: In truth, I was going to say I

should be glad if it had fallen out quite otherwise, that I might have been obliged to go over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I should have given liberty, not only to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives that are in Barbary. But what do I say? wretch that I am! Am I not he who is vanquished? Am I not he who is overthrown? Am I not he, who has it not in his power to take arms in a twelvemonth? Why then do I promise? Why do I vaunt, if I am fitter to handle a distaff than a sword? No more, sir, quoth Sancho: let the hen live, though she have the pip: To-day for you, and to-morrow for me: and, as for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; for, He that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie abed; I mean, by giving way to despondency, and not endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh encounters. And, pray, sir, rise, and welcome Don Gregorio; for there seems to be a great bustle in the house, and by this time he is come.

He said the truth; for Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the expedition, Don Gregorio, impatient to see Anna Felix, was come with the renegado to Don Antonio's house; and though Don Gregorio, when he made his escape from Algiers, was in a woman's dress, he had exchanged it in the bark for that of a captive, who escaped with him. But, in whatever dress he had come, he would have had the appearance of a person worthy to be loved, served, and esteemed; for he was above measure beautiful, and seemed to be about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with modesty. The young couple did not embrace each other; for, where there is much love, there are usually but few freedoms. The joint beauties of Don Gregorio and Anna Felix surprised all the beholders. Silence spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were the tongues that proclaimed their joyful and modest

sentiments. The renegado acquainted the company with the artifices and means he had employed to bring off Don Gregorio. Don Gregorio recounted the dangers and straits he was reduced to among the women he remained with, not in a tedious discourse, but in few words, whereby he showed, that his discretion outstripped his years. In short, Ricote generously paid and satisfied, as well the renegado, as those that rowed at the oar. The renegado was reconciled, and restored to the bosom of the church, and of a rotten member, became clean and sound through penance and repentance.

Two days after, the viceroy and Don Antonio consulted together about the means how Anna Felix and her father might remain in Spain, thinking it no manner of inconvenience, that a daughter so much a Christian, and a father, to appearance, so well inclined, should continue in the kingdom. Don Antonio offered to solicit the affair himself at court, being obliged to go thither about other business; intimating that, by means of favour and bribery, many difficult matters are there brought about. No, quoth Ricote, who was present at this discourse, there is nothing to be expected from favour or bribes; for with the great Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom his majesty has given the charge of our expulsion, no entreaties, no promises, no bribes, no pity are of any avail: for, though it is true he tempers justice with mercy, yet, because he sees the whole body of our nation tainted and putrefied, he rather makes use of burning caustics than mollifying ointments; so that, by prudence, by sagacity, by diligence, by terrors, he has supported on his able shoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to due execution and perfection: our artifices, stratagems, diligence, and policies, not being able to blind his Argus eyes, continually open to see that none of us stay, or lurk behind, that, like a concealed root, may hereafter spring up, and spread venomous fruit through Spain, already cleared, already freed from

the fears our vast numbers kept the kingdom in. A most heroic resolution of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in committing this charge to the said Don Bernardino de Velasco! However, when I am at court, said Don Antonio, I will use all the diligence and means possible, and leave the success to heaven. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they must be in for his absence: Anna Felix shall stay at my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I am sure the viceroy will be glad, that honest Ricote remain in his house, till he sees the success of my negotiation. The viceroy consented to all that was proposed. But Don Gregorio, knowing what passed, expressed great unwillingness to leave Anna Felix: but, resolving to visit his parents, and to concert the means of returning for her, he came at length into the proposal. Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote in the viceroy's house.

The day of Don Antonio's departure came, and that of Don Quixote's and Sancho's two days after, his fall not permitting him to travel sooner. At Don Gregorio's parting from Anna Felix, all was tears, sighs, swoonings, and sobbings. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns, if he desired them; but he would accept only of five, that Don Antonio lent him, to be repaid when they met at court. With this they both departed; and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been said; Don Quixote, unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was loaded with the armour.

CHAPTER LXVI

Treating of matters, which he, who reads, will see; and he, who hears them read, will hear.

At going out of Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot where he was overthrown, and said: Here stood Troy; here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory: here I experienced the fickleness of fortune; here the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and lastly, here fell my happiness, never to rise again. Which Sancho hearing, he said: It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity: and this I judge by myself; for as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad: for I have heard say, that she, they commonly call Fortune, is a drunken, capricious dame, and above all, very blind; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows whom she casts down, or whom she exalts. You are much of a philosopher, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, and talk very discreetly; I know not whence you had it. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune, nor do the things which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of heaven; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary; and my presumption has succeeded accordingly: for I ought to have considered that the feebleness of Rosinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I adventured it; I did my best; I was overthrown; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a knight-errant,

daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits: and now, that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our novitiate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms. Sir, answered Sancho, trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite me to travel great days' journeys; let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, instead of a hanged man; and when I am mounted upon Dapple, my feet from the ground, we will travel as your worship shall like and lead the way; for to think that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be. You have said well, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: hang up my armour for a trophy: and under them, or round about them we will carve on the tree that which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms:

> Let none presume these arms to move,
> Who Roldan's fury dares not prove.[1]

All this seems to me extremely right, answered Sancho, and, were it not for the want we should have of Rosinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too. Neither him nor the armour, replied Don Quixote, will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said—for good service, bad recompense. Your worship says well, answered Sancho; for, according to the opinion of the wise, The ass's fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle; and since your worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rosinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.

In these reasonings and discourses they passed all that day, and even four more, without encountering

[1] Already quoted in Part I, Chapter xiii, p. 101.

anything to put them out of their way. And, on the fifth, at entering into a village, they saw, at the door of an inn, a great number of people, who, it being a holiday, were there solacing themselves. When Don Quixote came up to them, a peasant said aloud: One of these two gentlemen, who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager. That I will, answered Don Quixote, most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it. The business, good sir, quoth the peasant, is that an inhabitant of this town, who is so corpulent that he weighs about twenty-three stone, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above ten and a half, to run with him a hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight; and the challenger, being asked how the weight should be made equal, said, that the challenged, who weighed but ten and a half, should carry thirteen stone of iron about him, and so both the lean and the fat would carry equal weight. Not so, quoth Sancho immediately, before Don Quixote could answer: and to me, who have so lately left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every controversy. Answer in a good hour, friend Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for I am not fit to feed a cat, my brain is so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy. With this licence, quoth Sancho to the country-fellows who crowded about him, gaping and expecting his decision: Brothers! The fat man's proposition is unreasonable, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it; for if it be true, what is commonly said, that the challenged may choose his weapons, it is not reasonable the other should choose for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror: and therefore my sentence is, that the fat fellow, the challenger, pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, somewhere or other, as he shall think best and properest; and so, being reduced to ten and a half stone weight, he will be equal to, and matched exactly with his adversary; and so they

may run upon even terms[1]. I vow, quoth one of the peasants, who listened to Sancho's decision, this gentleman has spoke like a saint, and given sentence like a canon; but I warrant the fat fellow will have no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less thirteen stone. The best way, answered another, will be, not to run at all, that lean may not break his back with the weight, nor fat lose flesh; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and, Give me the cloak when it rains. I thank ye, gentlemen, answered Don Quixote, but cannot stay a moment; for melancholy thoughts, and disastrous circumstances, oblige me to appear uncivil, and to travel faster than ordinary. And so, clapping spurs to Rosinante, he went on, leaving them in admiration, both at the strangeness of his figure, and the discretion of his man (for such they took Sancho to be); and another of the peasants said: If the man be so discreet, what must the master be? I will lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for there is nothing easier: it is but studying hard, and having favour and good luck, and when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white wand in his hand, or a mitre on his head.

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, exposed to the smooth and clear sky; and, the next day, going on their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or half-pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he was come pretty near to Don Quixote, mended his pace, and, half running, went up to him, and, embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher)

[1] This story, given in Andrea Alciati's *De singulari certamine liber* (Venice, 1544), is reproduced by Melchor de Santa Cruz in his very popular *Floresta española* (Madrid, 1574).

with signs of great joy, he said: Oh! Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, with what pleasure will my lord duke's heart be touched, when he understands that your worship is returning to his castle, where he still is with my lady duchess! I know you not, friend, answered Don Quixote, nor can I guess who you are, unless you tell me. I, Señor Don Quixote, answered the foot-post, am Tosilos the duke's lackey, who would not fight with your worship about the marriage of Doña Rodriguez's daughter. God be my aid! quoth Don Quixote, are you he whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lackey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat? Peace, good sir, replied the foot-post; for there was not any enchantment, nor change of face: I was as much the lackey Tosilos, when I entered the lists, as Tosilos the lackey when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the girl: but my design succeeded quite otherwise: for, as soon as your worship was departed from our castle, my lord duke ordered a hundred bastinadoes to be given me, for having contravened the directions he gave me before the battle: and the business ended in the girl's turning nun, and Doña Rodriguez's returning to Castile: and I am now going to Barcelona, to carry a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. If your worship pleases to take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, with a few slices of Tronchon [1] cheese, which will serve as a provocative and awakener of thirst, if perchance it be asleep. I accept of the invitation, quoth Sancho; and throw aside the rest of the compliment, and fill, honest Tosilos, maugre and in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies. In short, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you are the greatest glutton in the world, and the greatest ignorant upon earth, if you cannot be persuaded that this foot-post is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and

[1] Near Teruel in Aragon.

sate yourself; for I will go on fair and softly before, and wait your coming. The lackey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and, in peace and good fellowship, quickly dispatched, and got to the bottom of the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite, that they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese. Said Tosilos to Sancho: Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman. Why ought? replied Sancho; he owes nothing to anybody; for he pays for everything, especially where madness is current. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it: but what boots it, especially now that there is an end of him; for he is vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon. Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befallen him: but Sancho said, it was unmannerly to let his master wait for him, and that some other time, if they met, he should have leisure to do it. And rising up, after he had shaken his loose upper coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, he left him, and overtook his master, who was staying for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAPTER LXVII

Of the resolution Don Quixote took to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, till the year of his promise should be expired; with other accidents truly pleasant and good.

If various cogitations perplexed Don Quixote before his defeat, many more tormented him after his overthrow. He stayed, as has been said, under the shade of a tree, where reflections, like flies about honey, assaulted and stung him; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others upon the life he was to lead in his forced retirement. Sancho came up, and commended to him the generosity of the lackey Tosilos. Is it possible, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that you persist in thinking that he is a real lackey? You seem to have quite forgot that you saw Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all the work of enchanters, who persecute me. But tell me, did you inquire of this Tosilos what God has done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already left in the hands of oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilst I was present? Mine, answered Sancho, were not of a kind to afford me leisure to inquire after fooleries: body of me, sir, is your worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folks' thoughts, especially amorous ones? Look you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, there is a great deal of difference between what is done out of love, and what out of gratitude: it is very possible a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me: she gave me three nightcaps you know of: she wept at my departure: she cursed

me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me; all signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually ends in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for mine are all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities, and I can only give her these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice, however, to those I have of Dulcinea, whom you wrong, through your remissness in whipping yourself, and in disciplining that flesh of yours (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms, than for the relief of that poor lady. Sir, answered Sancho, if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself that the lashing of my posteriors can have anything to do with the disenchanting of the enchanted; for it is as if one should say, If your head aches, anoint your knee-pans. At least I dare swear, that in all the histories your worship has read, treating of knight-errantry, you never met with anybody disenchanted by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on, when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself. God grant it, answered Don Quixote, and heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my lady, who is yours too, since you are mine.

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very place and spot, where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho: This is the meadow where we lighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who intended to revive in it, and imitate, the pastoral Arcadia; a thought as new as ingenious; in imitation of which, if you approve it, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep, and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment; and I, calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, and you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods and meadows, singing here, and complaining

there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a plentiful hand shall give their sweetest fruit; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats; the willows shall furnish shade, and the roses scent; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford light, maugre the darkness of the night: singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight: Apollo shall provide verses, and Love conceits; with which we shall make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present, but in future ages. Before God, quoth Sancho, this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly. Besides, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, have well seen it, but they will have a mind to follow, and turn shepherds with us, and God grant that the priest has not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth. You have said very well, quoth Don Quixote; and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enters himself into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan [was] called Nemoroso.[1] As for the priest, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and choose their names as we do pears; and since that of my lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another, that may suit her better. You, Sancho, may give yours what name you please. I do not intend, answered

[1] Boscan, the poet who naturalized the Italian metrical system in Spain, is said to be the Nemoroso of Garcilaso de la Vega's first Eclogue. But the identification is disputed.

Sancho, to give mine any other than Teresona, which will fit her fat sides well, and is near her own too, since her name is Teresa. Besides, when I come to celebrate her in verse, I shall discover my chaste desires: for I am not for looking in other folks' houses for better bread than made of wheat. As for the priest, it will not be proper he should have a shepherdess, that he may set a good example; and if the bachelor Sampson will have one, his soul is at his own disposal.

God be my aid! quoth Don Quixote, what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a world of bagpipes shall we hear! what pipes of Zamora! what tambourets! what tabors! and what rebecks! And, if to all these different musics be added the albogues, we shall have almost all the pastoral instruments. What are your albogues? demanded Sancho; for I never heard them named, nor ever saw one of them in all my life. Albogues, answered Don Quixote, are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, which, being hollow, and struck against each other, give a sound, if not very agreeable, or harmonious, yet not offensive, and agreeing well enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. And this name *albogue* is Moorish, as are all those in Spanish that begin *al*: as *almohaza, almorzar, alhombra, alguazil, alhucema, almacen, alcancia,* and the like, with very few more: and our language has only three Moorish words ending in *í*, namely *borceguí, zaquizamí,* and *maravedí*: *alhelí* and *alfaquí,* as well for the beginning with *al,* as ending in *í,* are known to be Arabic. This I have told you by the by, the occasion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help, probably, we shall have towards perfecting this profession, is, that I, as you know, am somewhat of a poet, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco an extreme good one. Of the priest I say nothing: but I will venture a wager he has the points and collar of a poet; and that Master Nicholas the barber has them too, I make no doubt; for most or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and

song-makers. I will complain of absence: you shall extol yourself for a constant lover: the shepherd Carrascon shall lament his being disdained; and the priest Curiambro may say or sing whatever will do him most service: and so the business will go on as well as heart can wish.

To which Sancho answered: I am so unlucky, sir, that I am afraid I shall never see the day wherein I shall be engaged to this employment. O what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what pastoral gimcracks! which, though they do not procure me the reputation of being wise, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner to the sheepfold: but have a care of that; she is a very sightly wench, and shepherds there are, who are more of the knave than the fool; and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back shorn: and your loves, and wanton desires, are as frequent in fields as in the cities, and to be found in shepherds' cottages as well as in kings' palaces: and, Take away the occasion, and you take away the sin: and, What the eye views not, the heart rues not; A leap from behind a bush has more force than the prayer of a good man. No more proverbs, good Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for any one of those you have mentioned is sufficient to let us know your meaning. I have often advised you not to be so prodigal of your proverbs, and to keep a strict hand over them: but, it seems, it is preaching in the desert, and, The more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear. Methinks, answered Sancho, your worship makes good the saying, The kettle called the pot black-arse. You are reproving me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples. Look you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, I use mine to the purpose, and when I speak them, they are as fit as a ring to the finger; but you drag them in by head and shoulders. If I remember right, I have already told you, that proverbs are short

sentences, drawn from experience, and the speculations of our ancient sages; and the proverb that is not to the purpose, is rather an absurdity than a sentence. But enough of this; and, since night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high road, where we will pass this night, and God knows what will be to-morrow.

They retired; they supped late and ill, much against Sancho's inclination, who now began to reflect upon the difficulties attending knight-errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's: but he considered it was not possible it should be always day, nor always night; and so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.

CHAPTER LXVIII

Of the bristled adventure which befell Don Quixote.

The night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part where she could be seen; for sometimes Señora Diana takes a trip to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains black, and the valleys in the dark. Don Quixote gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning; an evident sign of his good constitution, and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho, and said: I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble, or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment: I wake, while you sleep; I weep, when you are singing; I am

fainting with hunger, while you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming: it is the part of good servants to share in their masters' pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Get up, by your life, and go a little apart from hence, and, with a willing mind and a good courage, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: and this I ask as a favour; for I will not come to wrestling with you again, as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I my absence and you your constancy, beginning from this moment our pastoral employment, which we are to follow in our village. Sir, answered Sancho, I am of no religious order, to rise out of the midst of my sleep, and discipline myself; neither do I think one can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh. O hardened soul! cried Don Quixote; O remorseless squire! O bread ill employed, and favours ill considered, those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I still intend to bestow upon you! To me you owe, that you have been a governor; and to me you owe, that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of having some title equivalent, and the accomplishment of these things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year; for *post tenebras spero lucem.* I know not what that means, replied Sancho: I only know, that while I am asleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and, blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things,

the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. One only evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it, namely, that it resembles death; for between a man asleep and a man dead, there is but little difference. I never heard you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, talk so elegantly as now; whence I come to know the truth of the proverb you often apply, Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed. Dear master of mine, replied Sancho, it is not I that am stringing of proverbs now; for they fall from your worship's mouth also by couples, faster than from me; only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your worship's come at the proper season, and mine out of season; but, in short, they are all proverbs.

They were thus employed, when they heard a kind of [dull] noise, and harsh sound, spreading itself through all those valleys. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword; Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at least so, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the business was, that certain fellows were driving above six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour; and so great was the din they made with grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not presently guess the occasion of it. The farspreading and grunting herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote, or to that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's entrenchment, and overthrowing, not only Don Quixote, but Rosinante to boot. The crowding, the grunting, the hurrying on of those unclean animals put into confusion, and overturned, the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rosinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho got up as well as

he could, and desired his master to lend him his sword, saying, he would kill half a dozen of those unmannerly gentlemen swine, for such by this time he knew them to be. Said Don Quixote to him: Let them alone, friend; for this affront is a punishment for my sin; and it is a just judgement of heaven, that wild dogs should devour, wasps sting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquished knight-errant. It is also, I suppose, a judgement of heaven, answered Sancho, that the squires of vanquished knights-errant should be stung by flies, eaten up by lice, and besieged by hunger. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or very near of kin to them, it would be no wonder if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation: but what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us compose ourselves again, and sleep out the little remainder of the night, and God will send us a new day, and we shall have better luck. Sleep you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for you were born to sleep, whilst I, who were born to watch, in the space between this and day, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal, which, unknown to you, I composed to-night in my mind. Methinks, quoth Sancho, the thoughts which give way to the making of couplets, cannot be many. Couplet it as much as your worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can. Then taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himself up, and fell into a sound sleep, neither suretyship, nor debts, nor any troubles disturbing him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork-tree (for Cid Hamet Ben Engeli does not distinguish what tree it was) to the music of his own sighs, sung as follows [1]:—

O Love, when, sick of heartfelt grief,
I sigh, and drag thy cruel chain,
To Death I fly, the sure relief
Of those who groan in ling'ring pain.

[1] Commentators have failed to observe that the lines

But coming to the fatal gates,
The port in this my sea of woe,
The joy I feel new life creates,
And bids my spirits brisker flow.

Thus dying every hour I live,
And living, I resign my breath:
Strange power of love, that thus can give
A dying life and living death!

He accompanied each stanza with a multitude of sighs, and not a few tears, like one whose heart was pierced through by the grief of being vanquished, and by the absence of Dulcinea. Now the day appeared, and the sun began to dart his beams in Sancho's eyes. He awaked, roused, and shook himself, and stretched his lazy limbs, and beheld what havoc the hogs had made in his cupboard; and cursed the drove, and somebody else besides.

Finally, they both set forward on their journey; and

sung by Don Quixote are not original. They are translated from *Gli Asolani* (1530) of Pietro Bembo:

Quand' io penso al martire,
Amor, che tu mi dài gravoso e forte,
Corro per girne a morte
Così sperando i miei danni finire.
Ma poi ch' io giungo al passo,
Ch' è porto in questo mar d' ogni tormento,
Tanto piacer ne sento,
Che l'alma si rinforza, ond' io nol passo.
Così il viver m'ancide:
Così la morte mi ritorna in vita;
O miseria infinita,
Che l' uno apporta e l' altro non recide.

The fact was first pointed out by Eugenio Mele in *Un plagio del Cervantes* (Trani, 1895). But the word plagiarism scarcely applies. Every educated contemporary must have recognized the verses as Bembo's: they had already been translated into Spanish by Barahona de Soto in Pedro Espinosa's *Flores de poetas ilustres de España* (Madrid, 1605).

towards the decline of the afternoon, they discovered about half a score men on horseback, and four or five on foot, advancing towards them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise and Sancho's with fear; for the men that were coming up carried spears and targets, and advanced in a very warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said: Sancho, if I could but make use of my arms, and my promise had not tied up my hands, this machine that is coming towards us I would make no more of than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes. But it may be something else than what we fear. By this time the horsemen were come up: and lifting up their lances, without speaking a word, they surrounded Don Quixote, and clapped their spears to his back and breast, threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to signify that he should be silent, laid hold on Rosinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road; and the others on foot, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all keeping a marvellous silence, following the steps of him who led Don Quixote, who had a mind three or four times to ask, whither they were carrying him or what they would have. But scarcely did he begin to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with the points of their spears. And the like befell Sancho, for no sooner did he show an inclination to talk, than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to Dapple, as if he had a mind to talk too. It grew night; they mended their pace; the fear of the two prisoners increased, especially when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them: On, on, ye Troglodytes! peace, ye barbarous slaves! pay, ye Anthropophagi! complain not, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses, ye butcherly lions! and other the like names, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable pair, master and man. Sancho went along, saying to himself: We Ortolans? we Barber's slaves? we Andrew popinjays? we Citadels? we Polly famouses? I do not like these

names at all; this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in no worse! Don Quixote marched along, quite confounded, and not being able to conjecture, by all the conclusions he could make, why they called them by those reproachful names from which he could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after nightfall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke's, where he had so lately been. God be my aid! said he, as soon as he knew the place, what will this end in? In this house all is courtesy and civil usage: but to the vanquished good is converted into bad, and bad into worse. They entered into the principal court of the castle, and saw it decorated and set out in such a manner, that their admiration increased and their fear doubled, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LXIX

Of the newest and strangest adventure of all that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this grand history.

The horsemen alighted, and, together with those on foot, taking Sancho and Don Quixote forcibly in their arms, carried them into the courtyard, round which near a hundred torches were placed in sockets, and above five hundred lights about the galleries of the court; insomuch that, in spite of the night, which was somewhat darkish, there seemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about two yards from the ground, and over it a large canopy of black velvet; round which, upon its steps, were burning above a hundred wax tapers

in silver candlesticks. On the tomb was seen the corpse of a damsel, so beautiful that her beauty made death itself appear beautiful. Her head lay upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned with a garland interwoven with odoriferous flowers of divers kinds; her hands lying crosswise upon her breast, and between them a branch of never-fading victorious palm. On one side of the court was placed a theatre, and in two chairs were seated two personages, whose crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands, denoted them to be kings, either real or feigned. On the side of the theatre, to which the ascent was by steps, stood two other chairs; upon which they who brought in the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all this in profound silence, and by signs giving them both to understand they must be silent too: but, without bidding, they held their peace; for the astonishment they were in at what they beheld tied up their tongues. And now two great persons ascended the theatre with a numerous attendance, whom Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke and duchess whose guest he had been. They seated themselves in two very rich chairs, close by those who had seemed to be kings. Who would not have admired at all this, especially considering that Don Quixote had now perceived that the corpse upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora? At the duke and the duchess's ascending the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose up, and made them a profound reverence, and their grandeurs returned it by bowing their heads a little. At this juncture, an officer crossed the place, and coming to Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames, and, taking off his cap, put on his head a pasteboard mitre three feet high, like those used by the penitents of the Inquisition; bidding him, in his ear, not to unsew his lips; if he did, they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all over in flames; but, finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He

took off his mitre, and saw it all painted over with devils: he put it on again, saying within himself: Well enough yet, these do not burn me, nor those carry me away. Don Quixote also surveyed him, and, though fear suspended his senses, he could not but smile to behold Sancho's figure.

And now, from under the tomb, proceeded a low and pleasing sound of flutes; which not being interrupted by any human voice (for Silence herself kept silence there), the music sounded both soft and amorous. Then, on a sudden, by the cushion of the seemingly dead body, appeared a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the sound of a harp, which he played on himself, sung the two following stanzas:

Till heaven, in pity to the weeping world,
Shall give Altisidora back to day,
By Quixote's scorn to realms of Pluto hurl'd,
Her every charm to cruel death a prey;
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away,
To mourn a nymph by cold disdain betray'd;
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay,
I'll sing the praises of this hapless maid,
In sweeter notes than Thracian Orpheus ever play'd.

Nor shall my numbers with my life expire,
Or this world's light confine the boundless song:
To thee, bright maid! in death I'll touch the lyre,
And to my soul the theme shall still belong.
When freed from clay, the flitting ghosts among,
My spirit glides the Stygian shores around,
Though the cold hand of Death has seal'd my tongue,
Thy praise th' infernal caverns shall rebound,
And Lethe's sluggish waves move slower to the sound.[1]

Enough, said one of the supposed kings, enough, divine chanter; for there would be no end of describing to us the death and graces of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ignorant world supposes, but alive in the mouth of Fame, and in the penance Sancho

[1] The second stanza is from Garcilaso de la Vega's third Eclogue.

Panza here present must pass through, to restore her to the lost light; and therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who with me judgest in the dark caverns of Pluto, since thou knowest all that is decreed by the inscrutable destinies, about bringing this damsel to herself, speak and declare it instantly, that the happiness we expect from her revival may not be delayed. Scarcely had Minos, judge and companion of Rhadamanthus, said this, when Rhadamanthus, rising up, said: Ho, ye officers of this household, high and low, great and small, run one after another, and seal Sancho's face with four-and-twenty twitches, and his arms and side with twelve pinches and six pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora. Which Sancho Panza hearing, he broke silence, and said: I vow to God, I will no more let my face be sealed, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk! Body of me! what has handling my countenance to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her; and now Altisidora dies, of some distemper it pleases God to send her, and she must be brought to life again by giving me four-and-twenty twitches, and making a sieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put these jests upon a brother-in-law; I am an old dog, and tus, tus, will not do with me. Thou shalt die, then, quoth Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice: relent, thou tiger! humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod! suffer, and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee; and set not thyself to examine the difficulties of this business: twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinched shalt thou groan. Ho, I say, officers, execute my command; if not, upon the faith of an honest man, you shall see what you were born to.

Now there appeared, coming in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them with spectacles, and all of them with their right hands lifted up, and

four fingers' breadth of their wrists naked, to make their hands seem the longer, as is now the fashion. Scarcely had Sancho laid his eyes on them, when, bellowing like a bull, he said: I might, perhaps, let all the world besides handle me: but to consent that duennas touch me, by no means; let them cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle; let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the sharpest daggers; let them tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers; and I will endure it patiently, to serve these noble persons: but, to let duennas touch me, I will never consent, though the devil should carry me away! Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho: Be patient, son; oblige these noble persons, and give many thanks to heaven, for having infused such virtue into your person, that, by its martyrdom, you disenchant the enchanted, and raise the dead. By this time the duennas were got about Sancho; and he, being mollified and persuaded, and seating himself well in his chair, held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a twitch well sealed, and then made him a profound reverence. Less complaisance, less daubing, Mistress Duenna, quoth Sancho; for, before God, your fingers smell of vinegar. In short, all the duennas sealed him, and several others of the house pinched him: but what he could not bear, was, the pricking of the pins; and so up he started from his seat, quite out of all patience, and, catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he laid about him with it, putting the duennas, and all his executioners to flight, and saying: Avaunt, ye infernal ministers! for I am not made of brass, to be insensible of such extraordinary torments.

Upon this, Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; which the bystanders perceiving, almost all of them with one voice cried: Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives! Then Rhadamanthus bid Sancho lay aside his wrath, since they had already attained the desired end. Don Quixote no sooner saw Altisidora

stir, than he went and kneeled down before Sancho, and said: Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, rather than my squire, to give yourself some of those lashes, you stand engaged for, in order to the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time, now that your virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from you. To which Sancho answered: This seems to me to be, Reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters: a good jest, indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings, must be followed by lashes! But take a great stone once for all, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well; it will not grieve me much, if, for the cure of other folks' ailments, I must still be the wedding heifer: let them not meddle with me; else, by the living God, all shall out!

And now Altisidora had seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the waits struck up, accompanied by flutes, and the voices of all, crying aloud: Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives! The duke and duchess, and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus, rose up, and, all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora, and help her down from the tomb; who counterfeiting a person fainting, inclined her head to the duke and duchess, and to the kings, and looking askew at Don Quixote, said: God forgive you, unrelenting knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years! and thee I thank, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, for the life I enjoy! From this day, friend Sancho, six of my smocks are at your service, to be made into so many shirts for yourself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean. Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The duke ordered it to be taken from him, and his cap to be returned him, and his own garment instead of the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to let him keep the mitre and frock, having a mind to carry them to his own country, in token

and memory of this unheard-of adventure. The duchess replied, he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. Then the duke ordered the court to be cleared, and everybody to retire to their own apartment, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old lodgings.

CHAPTER LXX

Which follows the sixty-ninth, and treats of matters indispensably necessary to the perspicuity of this history.

Sancho slept that night on a truckle-bed in the same chamber with Don Quixote, a thing he would have excused, if he could; for he well knew his master would disturb his sleep with questions and answers, and he was not much disposed to talk, the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him, and an obstruction to the free use of his tongue; and he would have liked better to have lain in a hovel alone, than in that rich apartment in company. His fear proved so well founded, and his suspicion so just, that, scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said: What think you, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as your own eyes can testify, which saw Altisidora dead, by no other darts, no other sword, nor any other warlike instrument, nor by deadly poison, but merely by the consideration of the rigour and disdain with which I always treated her. She might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased, answered Sancho; and she might have left me in my own house, since I neither made her in love, nor ever disdained her in my life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than discreet, should have anything to do (as I have already said)

with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now indeed I plainly and distinctly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which, good Lord, deliver me, since I know not how to deliver myself. But, for the present, I beseech your worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window. Sleep, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, if the pin-prickings, pinchings, and twitchings, you have received, will give you leave. No smart, replied Sancho, came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason, but because they were given by duennas, confound them! and once more I beseech your worship to let me sleep; for sleep is the relief of those who are uneasy awake. Be it so, quoth Don Quixote, and God be with you.

They both fell asleep, and, in this interval, Cid Hamet, author of this grand history, had a mind to write, and give an account, of what moved the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of the aforementioned contrivance, and says, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when Knight of the Looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow baffled and put a stop to all his designs, had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better success than the past. And so, informing himself by the page, who brought the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he procured fresh armour, and a horse, and painted a white moon on his shield, carrying the whole magazine upon a hemule, and conducted by a peasant, not Thomas Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the duke's castle, who informed him what way and route Don Quixote had taken, to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. He also related to him the jests that had been put upon him, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. In short, he gave him an account, how

Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country-wench, and how the duchess his spouse had persuaded Sancho, that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed, and wondered not a little, considering as well the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, as the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The duke desired, if he found him, and overcame him, or not, to return that way, and acquaint him of the event. The bachelor promised he would; he departed in search of him; and, not finding him at Saragossa, he went forward, and there befell him what you have already heard. He came back to the duke's castle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, and that Don Quixote was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth, in which time, perhaps (quoth the bachelor), he may be cured of his madness. This, he said, was the motive of these his disguises, it being a great pity, that a gentleman of so good an understanding as Don Quixote, should be mad. Then he took leave of the duke, and returned home, expecting there Don Quixote, who was coming after him.

Hence the duke took occasion to play him this trick, so great was the pleasure he took in everything relating to Don Quixote and Sancho: and, sending a great many of his servants, on horseback and on foot, to beset all the roads about the castle, everyway by which Don Quixote might possibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, with or without his goodwill, to the castle. They met with him, and gave notice of it to the duke, who, having already given orders for what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches, and other illuminations, to be lighted up, in the courtyard, and Altisidora to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparations before related; the whole represented so to the life, that there was

but little difference between that and truth. And Cid Hamet says besides, that, to his thinking, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and that the duke and duchess were within two fingers' breadth of appearing to be mad themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two fools: one of whom was sleeping at full swing, and the other waking with his disjointed thoughts: in which state the day found them, and the desire to get up; for Don Quixote, whether conquered, or conqueror, never took pleasure in the downy bed of sloth.

Altisidora (in Don Quixote's opinion, just returning from death to life) carrying on the humour of the duke and duchess, crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, and clad in a robe of white taffeta, flowered with gold, and her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, entered the chamber of Don Quixote, who was so amazed and confounded at the sight of her, that he shrunk down, and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, and with no inclination to show her any kind of civility. Altisidora sat down in a chair by his bed's head, and, after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said:—When women of distinction, and reserved maidens, trample upon honour, and give a loose to the tongue, breaking through every inconveniency, and giving public notice of the secrets of their heart, they must sure be reduced to a great strait. I, Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed, vanquished, and enamoured, but, for all that, patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, O flinty knight, and 'harder than any marble to my complaints[1]', I have been dead, or at least judged to be so by those that saw me; and were it not that love, taking pity on me, placed

[1] Quoted from Garcilaso de la Vega's first Eclogue.

my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world. Love, quoth Sancho, might as well have placed it in those of my ass, and I should have taken it as kindly. But, pray tell me, señora, so may heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? what is there in hell? for whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in that place. In truth, quoth Altisidora, I did not die quite, since I went not to hell; for had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had never so great a desire. The truth is, I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same, with four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem the longer, in which they held rackets of fire. But what I wondered most at was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, seemingly stuffed with wind and flocks; a thing marvellous and new: but this I did not so much wonder at, as to see, that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon the fret, and all cursed one another. That is not at all strange, answered Sancho: for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented. That is true, quoth Altisidora: but there is another thing I wonder at (I mean, I wondered at it then) which was, that, at the first toss the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time; and so they whipped them away, new and old, that it was marvellous to behold: and to one of them, flaming new, and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke, that they made its guts fly out, and scattered its leaves all about, and one devil said to another: See what book that is; and the other devil answered: It is the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by Cid Hamet, its first author, but by an Aragonese, who calls himself a

native of Tordesillas. Away with it, quoth the other devil, and down with it to the bottom of the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more. Is it so bad ? answered the other. So bad, replied the first, that, had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill. They went on with their play, tossing other books up and down ; and I, for having heard Don Quixote named, whom I so passionately love, endeavoured to retain this vision in my memory. A vision, doubtless, it must be, quoth Don Quixote ; for there is no other I in the world, and this history is tossed about from hand to hand, but stays in none ; for everybody has a kick at it. It gives me no concern to hear that I wander, like a phantom, about the shades of the abyss, or about the light of this earth, because I am not the person this history treats of. If it be good, faithful, and true, it will survive for ages ; but, if it be bad, from its birth to its grave the passage will be but short.

Altisidora was going on with her complainings of Don Quixote, when Don Quixote said to her : I have often told you, madam, that I am very sorry you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you must expect no other return but thanks. I was born to be Dulcinea del Toboso's, and to her the fates, if there be any, have devoted me ; and to think that any other beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible. This may suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no creature is tied to the performance of impossibilities. Which Altisidora hearing, she assumed an air of anger and fury, and said : God's my life ! Don Poor Jack, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, and more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out! Think you, Don Vanquished, and Don Cudgelled, that I died for you ? All that you have seen this night has been but a fiction ; for I am not a woman to let the black of my nail ache for such camels, much less

die for them. That I verily believe, quoth Sancho; for the business of dying for love is a jest: folks may talk of it; but, for doing it, believe it Judas [1].

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two forementioned stanzas: who making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, said: Be pleased, Sir Knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits. Don Quixote answered: Pray, sir, tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits. The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the foregoing night. Indeed, replied Don Quixote, you have an excellent voice: but what you sang did not seem to me much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso [2] to do with the death of this gentlewoman? Wonder not at that, sir, answered the musician; for, among the upstart poets of our age, it is the fashion for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not; and, in these times, there is no silly thing sung or written, but it is ascribed to poetical licence.

Don Quixote would have replied: but the duke and duchess, coming to visit him, prevented him: and between them there passed a long and delicious conversation, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity, as his acuteness. Don Quixote beseeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, for it was more becoming such vanquished knights as he to dwell in a hogsty than a royal palace. They readily granted his request, and the duchess asked him, whether Altisidora remained

[1] Sancho's version of Horace's phrase: *Satirae*, I, v. ll. 100–101.

Credat Iudaeus Apella,
Non ego.

[2] Quoted in Chapter lxix, p. 547.

in his good graces. He answered: Your ladyship must know, dear madam, that the whole of this damsel's distemper proceeds from idleness, the remedy whereof consists in some honest and constant employment. And she has told me here, that lace is much worn in hell, and, since she must needs know how to make it, let her stick to that; for, while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not be roving so much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice. And mine too, added Sancho; for I never in my life saw a maker of lace that died for love; for your damsels that are busied have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks, than upon their loves. I know it by myself; for, while I am digging, I never think of my dearee; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my very eyelids. You say very well, Sancho, quoth the duchess, and I will take care that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needlework, at which she is very expert. There is no need, madam, answered Altisidora, of this remedy, since the consideration of the cruel treatment I have received from this ruffian and monster, will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say, his sorrowful figure but his abominable and hideous aspect. I wish, quoth the duke, this may not prove like the saying, A lover railing is not far from forgiving. Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low curtsy to her lord and lady, went out of the room. Poor damsel! quoth Sancho, I forebode thee ill luck, since thou hast to do with a heart of matweed, and a soul of oak; for, in faith, if thou hadst had to do with me, another guise-cock would have crowed. The conversation was at an end: Don Quixote dressed himself, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

CHAPTER LXXI

Of what befell Don Quixote with his squire Sancho, in the way to his village.

THE vanquished and forlorn Don Quixote travelled along, exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His defeat caused his sadness, and his joy was occasioned by considering, that the disenchantment of Dulcinea was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in Sancho, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of Altisidora: though he could not readily bring himself to believe, that the enamoured damsel was really dead. Sancho went on, not at all pleased to find that Altisidora had not been as good as her word, in giving him the smocks: and, revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: In truth, sir, I am the most unfortunate physician that is to be met with in the world, in which there are doctors, who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up: while poor I, though another's cure costs me drops of blood, twitches, pinches, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But I vow to God, if ever any sick body falls into my hands again, they shall grease them well before I perform the cure; for, The abbot must eat, that sings for his meat; and I cannot believe heaven has endued me with the virtue I have, that I should communicate it to others for nothing. You are in the right, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, and Altisidora has done very ill by you, not to give you the promised smocks; though the virtue you have was given you gratis, and without any studying on your part, more than studying how to receive a little pain in your person. For myself, I can say, if you had

a mind to be paid for the disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now: but I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think, there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping straight, and pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands.

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily, and he said to his master: Well then, sir, I will now dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it; for, I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, sir, how much will your worship give for each lash? Were I to pay you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the treasures of Venice, and the mines of Potosi, would be too small a recompense. But see how much cash you have of mine, and set your own price upon each lash. The lashes, answered Sancho, are three thousand three hundred, and odd; of these I have already given myself five; the rest remain; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred, which, at a quarter of a real apiece (for I will not take less, though all the world should command me to do it), amount to three thousand three hundred quarter-reals, which make one thousand six hundred and fifty half-reals, which make eight hundred and twenty-five reals. These I will deduct from what I have of your worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well whipped; for, They do not take trouts[1]—I say no more. O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho! replied Don Quixote; how much

[1] The proverb ends—' with dry breeches '.

shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve you all the days of life heaven shall be pleased to grant us! If she recovers her lost state, as it is impossible but she must, her mishap will prove her good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph: and when, Sancho, do you propose to begin the discipline? I will add a hundred reals over and above for dispatch. When? replied Sancho; even this very night without fail: take you care, sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open.

At length came the night, expected by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, the wheels of Apollo's chariot seeming to him to be broken, and the day to be prolonged beyond its usual length; even as it happens to lovers, who, in the account of their impatience, think the hour of the accomplishment of their desires will never come.

Finally, they got among some pleasant trees a little way out of the high road, where, leaving the saddle and pannel of Rosinante and Dapple vacant, they laid themselves along on the green grass, and supped out of Sancho's cupboard; who, making a ponderous and flexible whip of Dapple's headstall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote, seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him: Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces; take time; let one stroke stay till another's over; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. And that you may not lose the game by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof, and keep reckoning upon my beads the lashes you shall give yourself; and heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves. The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn, answered Sancho: I design to lay it on in such a manner, that it may smart without killing me, for in this the substance of the miracle must needs consist. He then stripped himself naked from the waist upward; and

then, snatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay himself on, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. Sancho had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy; and, stopping his hand a while, he said to his master, that he appealed on being deceived, every lash of those being richly worth half a real, instead of a quarter. Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted, quoth Don Quixote, for I double the pay. If so, quoth Sancho, away with it in God's name, and let it rain lashes. But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought each would have torn up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and so he should not attain his desire through Sancho's imprudence, said to him: I conjure you, by your life, friend, let the business rest here! for this medicine seems to me very harsh, and it will not be amiss to give time to time, for Zamora was not taken in one hour. You have already given yourself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes, enough for the present; for the ass (to speak in homely phrase) will carry the load, but not a double load. No, no, answered Sancho, it shall never be said for me, The money paid, the work delayed: pray, sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least, for a couple more of such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare. Since you find yourself in so good a disposition, quoth Don Quixote, heaven assist you; and stick to it, for I am gone. Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour, and such was the rigour with which he gave the lashes, that he had already disbarked many a tree; and once, lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried: Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee! Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice, and the stroke of the severe whip, and, laying hold of the twisted halter, which served

Sancho instead of a bull's pizzle, he said: Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life, upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children! let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity, for I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope, and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. Since your worship, dear sir, will have it so, answered Sancho, so be it, in God's name, and pray, fling your cloak over my shoulders, for I am all in a sweat, and am loath to catch cold, as new disciplinants are apt to do. Don Quixote did so; and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him, and then they pursued their journey till they stopped at a place about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn, for Don Quixote took it for such, and not for a castle, moated round, with its turrets, portcullises, and drawbridge; for, since his defeat, he discoursed with more judgement on all occasions, as will presently appear. He was lodged in a ground room, hung with painted serge, instead of tapestry, as is the fashion of country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus. In another, was the history of Dido and Aeneas; she upon a high tower, as making signals with half a bed sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her, in a frigate or brigantine. He observed, in the two history-pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill will, for she was slyly laughing to herself; but the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. Which Don Quixote seeing, he said: These two ladies were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy, that I was not born in theirs: for had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt nor Carthage destroyed; since, by my killing Paris only, all these mischiefs had been prevented. I hold a wager, quoth Sancho, that, ere

it be long, there will not be either victualling-house, tavern, inn, or barber's shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be painted, but I could wish they may be done by the hand of a better painter than he that did these. You are in the right, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for this painter is like Orbaneja, of Úbeda, who, when he was asked what he was drawing, answered, As it shall happen: and if it chanced to be a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock, lest people should take it for a fox. Just such a one, methinks, Sancho, the painter or writer (for it is all one) must be, who wrote the history of this new Don Quixote, lately published: he painted or wrote, whatever came uppermost. Or he is like a poet, some years about the court, called Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore; and a person asking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he answered, *De donde diere*[1]. But, setting all this aside, tell me, Sancho, do you think of giving yourself the other brush to-night? and have you a mind it should be under a roof, or in the open air? Before God, sir, answered Sancho, for what I intend to give myself, it is all the same to me, whether it be in a house, or in a field: though I had rather it were among trees; for methinks, they accompany me, as it were, and help me to bear my toil marvellously well. However, it shall not be now, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote: but, that you may recover strength, it shall be reserved for our village; and we shall get thither by the day after to-morrow at farthest. Sancho replied, he might order that as he pleased; but, for his part, he was desirous to make an end of the business, out of hand, and in hot blood, and while the mill was grinding; for usually the danger lies in the delay; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer out stoutly; and, One take is worth two I'll give thee's; and, A bird in hand is better than a vulture on the wing. No more proverbs, Sancho,

[1] 'Let it strike where it may': as the translator observed, there is no affinity beyond that of sound.

for God's sake, quoth Don Quixote; for, methinks, you are going back to *Sicut erat*. Speak plainly, and without flourishes, as I have often told you, and you will find it a loaf per cent. in your way. I know not how I came to be so unlucky, answered Sancho, that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb which does not seem to me to be a reason; but I will mend if I can: and thus ended the conversation for that time.

CHAPTER LXXII

How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village.

Don Quixote and Sancho stayed all the day in that village, at the inn, waiting for night; the one to finish his task of whipping in the fields, and the other to see the success of it, in which consisted the accomplishment of his wishes. At this juncture came a traveller on horseback to the inn, with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master of them: Here, Señor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the heat of the day: the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly. Don Quixote, hearing this, said to Sancho: I am mistaken, Sancho, if when I turned over the Second Part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfe[1]. It may be so, answered Sancho: let him first alight, and then we will question him. The gentleman alighted, and the landlady showed him into a ground room, opposite to that of Don Quixote's, hung likewise with painted serge. This new-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards, he asked him: Pray, sir, which way is your worship travelling? And Don Quixote answered: To a village not far off,

[1] In Chapter ix, p. 58, of the spurious sequel (1614).

where I was born: And pray, sir, which way may you be travelling? I, sir, answered the gentleman, am going to Granada, which is my native country. And a good country it is, replied Don Quixote. But, sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it more than I can well express. My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe, answered the new guest. To which Don Quixote replied: Then, I presume, your worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfe, mentioned in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lately printed and published by a certain modern author. The very same, answered the gentleman, and that Don Quixote, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine; and I was the person, who drew him from his native place; at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts and tournaments held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself: and in truth, I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too bold. Pray, tell me, Señor Don Alvaro, quoth Don Quixote, am I anything like that Don Quixote you speak of? No, in truth, answered the guest, not in the least. And this Don Quixote, said ours, had he a squire with him called Sancho Panza? Yes, he had, answered Don Alvaro; and though he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say any one thing that had any pleasantry in it. I verily believe it, quoth Sancho, straight; for it is not everybody's talent to say pleasant things; and this Sancho, your worship speaks of, Señor Gentleman, must be some very great rascal, idiot, and knave into the bargain; for the true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower. Try but the experiment, sir, and follow me but one year, and you will find that they drop from me at every step, and are so many, and so pleasant, that, for the most part without knowing what I say, I make everybody laugh that hears me: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the discreet,

the enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damsels, he who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, is this gentleman here present, my master: any other Don Quixote whatever, and any other Sancho Panza, is all mockery, and a mere dream. Before God, I believe it! answered Don Alvaro: for you have said more pleasant things, friend, in four words you have spoken, than that other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard him say, though that was a great deal; for he was more gluttonous than well spoken, and more stupid than pleasant: and I take it for granted, that the enchanters, who persecute the good Don Quixote, have had a mind to persecute me too with the bad one: but I know not what to say; for I durst have sworn I had left him under cure in the Nuncio's House at Toledo[1], and now here starts up another Don Quixote, very different from mine. I know not, quoth Don Quixote, whether I am the good one; but I can say I am not the bad one; and as a proof of what I say, you must know, dear Señor Alvaro Tarfe, that I never was in Saragossa in all the days of my life: on the contrary, having been told that this imaginary Don Quixote was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that I might make him a liar in the face of all the world: and so I went directly to Barcelona, that register of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native country of the valiant, avenger of the injured, agreeable seat of firm friendship, and, for situation and beauty, singular. And, though what befell me there be not very much to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, much to my sorrow, the having seen that city enables me the better to bear it. In a word, Señor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same that fame speaks of, and not

[1] The madhouse where Avellaneda's Don Quixote was confined. I have corrected a slight mistake in the translation.

that unhappy wretch, who would usurp my name, and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. And therefore I conjure you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to make a declaration before the magistrate of this town, that you never saw me before in your life, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza my squire him you knew. That I will, with all my heart, answered Don Alvaro; though it surprises me to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos, at the same time, as different in their actions, as alike in their names. And, I say again, I am now assured, that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened which has happened. Without doubt, quoth Sancho, your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and would to heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; for I would lay them on, without interest or reward. I understand not this business of lashes, quoth Don Alvaro. Sancho answered, it was too long to tell at present, but he would give him an account, if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner-time was now come: Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. By chance the magistrate of the town came into the inn, with a notary; and Don Quixote desired of him, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, might depose before his worship, that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, there present also, and that he was not the man handed about in a printed history, entitled, the *Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by such a one de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. In short, the magistrate proceeded according to form: the deposition was worded as strong as could be in such cases: at which Don Quixote and Sancho were overjoyed, as if this attestation had been of the greatest importance to them, and as if the difference between the two Don Quixotes, and the two Sanchos, were not evident enough from their words and actions. Many

compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his discretion in such manner, that he convinced Don Alvaro Tarfe of the error he was in; who was persuaded he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Quixotes.

The evening came: they departed from that place, and, at the distance of about half a league, the road parted into two: one led to Don Quixote's village, and the other to where Don Alvaro was going. In this little way, Don Quixote related to him the misfortune of his defeat, and the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea; which was new cause of admiration to Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and Don Quixote his.

That night he passed among some other trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his discipline, which he did after the same manner as he had done the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches, than of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly that had been upon it. The deceived Don Quixote was very punctual in telling the strokes, and found, that, including those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice: by whose light they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to procure his deposition before a magistrate, and in so authentic a form.

That day, and that night, they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be, that Sancho finished his task that night: at which Don Quixote was above measure pleased, and waited for the day, to see if he could light on his lady, the disenchanted Dulcinea, in his way: and continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to see if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, holding it for infallible, that Merlin's promises could not lie.

With these thoughts and desires, they ascended a little hill, from whence they discovered their village ; which, as soon as Sancho beheld, he kneeled down, and said : Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped ! Open thine arms, and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be desired ! Money I have ; for, if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman. Leave those fooleries, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, and let us go directly home to our village, where we will give full scope to our imaginations, and settle the plan we intend to govern ourselves by, in our pastoral life. This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village.

CHAPTER LXXIII

Of the omens Don Quixote met with at the entrance into his village, with other accidents, which adorn and illustrate this great history.

At the entrance into the village, as Cid Hamet reports, Don Quixote saw a couple of boys quarrelling in a threshing-floor, and one said to the other : Trouble not yourself, Periquillo ; for you shall never see it more while you live. Don Quixote, hearing him, said to Sancho : Do you not take notice, friend, what this boy has said, You shall never see it more while you live ? Well, answered Sancho, what signifies it if the boy did say so ? What, replied Don Quixote, do you not perceive, that, applying these words to my purpose, the meaning is, I shall never see Dulcinea more ? Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running across the field, pursued

by abundance of dogs and sportsmen; which, frighted, came for shelter, and squatted between Dapple's feet. Sancho took her up alive, and presented her to Don Quixote, who cried, *Malum signum, malum signum!* A hare flies; dogs pursue her; Dulcinea appears not! Your worship is a strange man, quoth Sancho: let us suppose now, that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these dogs that pursue her, those wicked enchanters who transformed her into a country-wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who have her in your arms, and make much of her: what bad sign is this, or what ill omen can you draw from hence? The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them, what they were quarrelling about? And answer was made him, by him who had said, You shall never see it more while you live; that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to him while he lived. Sancho drew four quarter-maravedis out of his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote's hands, and said: Behold, sir, all your omens broken, and come to nothing; and they have no more to do with our adventures, in my judgement, a dunce as I am, than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard the priest of our village say, that good Christians, and wise people, ought not to regard these fooleries: and your worship's own self told me as much a few days ago, giving me to understand, that all such Christians as minded presages, were fools; so there is no need of troubling ourselves any further about them, but let us go on, and get home to our village.

The hunters came up, and demanded their hare, and Don Quixote gave it them. They went on their way, and, at the entrance of their village, in a little meadow, they found the priest, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, reading their breviaries. Now you must know, that Sancho Panza had thrown the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire (which he had

worn at the duke's castle, the night he brought Altisidora to life again), instead of a sumpter-cloth, over the bundle of armour, upon his ass. He had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head; insomuch that never was ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The priest and the bachelor presently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said one to another: Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo [1], and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever! Finally, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village, and took the way to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to see her husband: and seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks you come afoot and foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor. Peace, Teresa, answered Sancho; for, There is not always bacon where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main business) got by my own industry, and without damage to anybody. Bring but money, my good husband, quoth Teresa, and let it be got this way or that way: for get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world. Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought her anything, for she had been wishing for him as people do for rain in May: and, she taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the

[1] See note to Preface, Part II, p. 4.

other, Sanchica pulling Dapple after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his niece and the housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, in that very instant went apart, with the bachelor and the priest, and related to them, in few words, how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village in a year; which he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them, how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment; beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company; telling them he would purchase sheep and stock sufficient to give them the name of shepherds; acquainting them also, that the principal part of the business was already done, he having chosen for them names as fit as if they had been cast in a mould. The priest desired him to repeat them. Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor, the shepherd Carrascon; the priest, the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote: but to prevent his rambling once more from his village, and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as a high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in that exercise. Besides, said Sampson Carrasco, I, as everybody knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen; the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the

shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured shepherds. That is very right, answered Don Quixote; though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolical. That is true, said the priest; but, as for us, we must look out for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, who, if they do not square, may corner with us. To which Sampson Carrasco added: And, when we are at a loss, we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, as Phillidas, Amarillises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, and Belisardas: for, since they are sold in the market, we may lawfully buy, and make use of them as our own. If my mistress, or, to speak more properly, my shepherdess, is called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and, if Frances, I will call her Francenia, and, if Lucy, Lucinda; and so of the rest. And Sancho Panza, if he is to be one of this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresaina. Don Quixote smiled at the application of the names, and the priest highly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, and again offered to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this they took their leave of him, desiring and entreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good heartening things.

Now fortune would have it, that his niece and housekeeper overheard their conversation; and as soon as the two were gone, they both came in to Don Quixote; and the niece said: What is the meaning of this, uncle? Now that we thought your worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have

a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths, by turning shepherd. In truth, The straw is too hard to make pipes of. To which the housekeeper added: And can your worship bear, in the fields, the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this is the business of robust fellows, tanned and bred to such employment, as it were, from their cradles and swaddling-clothes. And, of the two evils, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you, sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head: stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door. Peace, daughters, answered Don Quixote; for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed: for, methinks, I am not very well; and assure yourselves, that, whether I am a knight-errant, or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience. The two good women (for doubtless such they were), the housekeeper and niece, carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

CHAPTER LXXIV

How Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning till they arrive at their final period; and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from heaven to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came when he least thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever,

which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bedside. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished, and the disappointment of his wishes as to the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The bachelor bade him be of good courage, and rise from bed, to enter upon his pastoral exercise; he having already composed an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to any written by Sannazarius [1]; telling him besides, that he had already bought with his own money, of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron. But, for all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continued. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind: but not so did his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead, and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept at a stretch (as the saying is) above six hours, insomuch that the housekeeper and the niece thought that he would never wake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, said: Blessed be almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good! in short, His mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can

[1] Jacopo Sannazaro, a Neapolitan of Spanish descent, author of the *Arcadia* (Venice, 1502), a pastoral romance which set an enduring literary fashion. A Spanish version, by Diego Lopez de Toledo, Diego de Salazar, and Blasco de Garay, was published at Toledo in 1547.

neither lessen nor obstruct them! The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him: What is it you say, sir? has anything extraordinary happened? what mercies, and what sins do you speak of? Niece, answered Don Quixote, the mercies I mean are those God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgement is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; for I would make my confession and my will. But this trouble was saved the niece by the coming of all three.

Scarcely had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, when he cried out: Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, for his virtues surnamed the Good! I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants: now all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane: I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them. When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain that some new frenzy had possessed him; and Sampson said to him: What! Señor Don Quixote, now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea's being

disenchanted, do you talk at this rate ; and, now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives singing, and like any princes, would you turn hermit ? Peace, I conjure you, replied Don Quixote, recollect yourself, and leave idle stories : those, which have hitherto done me so much real hurt, my repentance, by the assistance of heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death : let us be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will ; for, in such circumstances as these, a man must not trifle with his soul : and, therefore, I beseech you, while my friend the priest is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched. They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions, and, though still in some doubt, they resolved to believe him : and one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying, was, his passing, by so easy and sudden a transition, from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so Christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The priest made everybody leave the room, and stayed with him alone, and confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who, having learned from the bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a-blubbering. The confession ended, the priest came out of the room, saying : Good Alonso Quixano is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind : let us all go in that he may make his will. This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza his trusty squire, in such wise that it forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thousand groans from their breasts : for, in truth, as has been said before, both while he was plain Alonso Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition and affable behaviour,

and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and the preamble of the will being made, and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul, with all the Christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he said: Item, it is my will, that, in respect to certain moneys, which Sancho Panza (whom, in my madness, I made my squire) has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and if, as, during my madness, I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, deserve it: and, turning to Sancho, he said: Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly, and are now, knights-errant in the world. Alas! answered Sancho, sobbing, dear sir, do not die; but take my counsel, and live many years; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life is to suffer himself to die, without anybody's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not lazy, sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do: and who knows, but behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish? If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girthed Rosinante's saddle as it ought to have been: besides your worship must have read in your book of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorse another, and him who is vanquished to-day, to become con-

queror to-morrow. It is so, quoth Sampson, and honest Sancho is very much in the right. Gentlemen, quoth Don Quixote, let us proceed fairly and softly: Look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sober: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as I have said, the good Alonso Quixano: and may my unfeigned repentance, and my sincerity, restore me to the esteem you once had for me: and let the notary proceed.

Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixana, my niece here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies: and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors, señor the priest, and señor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is my will, that, if Antonia Quixana, my niece, is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man, who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that, if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author, who is said to have written a history handed about, and entitled, the *Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities, as he there has done: for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience for having furnished him with a motive for so doing. With this the will was closed, and, a fainting fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and, in the three days that he survived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion: however, the

niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made much of himself; for this business of legacies effaces, or moderates, the grief that is naturally due to the deceased.

In short, after receiving all the sacraments, and expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic expressions, of all the books of chivalry, Don Quixote's last hour came. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry, that ever any knight-errant had died in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner, as Don Quixote; who, amidst the plaints and tears of the bystanders, resigned his breath,—I mean, died. Which the priest seeing, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that Alonso Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed this life, and died a natural death and he insisted upon this testimonial, lest any other author, besides Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, should raise him from the dead, and write endless stories of his exploits.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the place of whose birth Cid Hamet would not expressly name, that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We omit the lamentations of Sancho, the niece, and the housekeeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by Sampson Carrasco:—

Here lies the valiant cavalier,
Who never had a sense of fear:
So high his matchless courage rose,
He reckon'd Death among his vanquish'd foes.

Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,
And many a caitiff giant slew;
His days of life tho' madness stain'd,
In death his sober senses he regain'd.

And the sagacious Cid Hamet, addressing himself to his pen, said: Here, O my slender quill, whether well or ill cut I know not, here, suspended by this brass wire, shalt thou hang upon this spitrack, and

live many long ages, if presumptuous or wicked historians do not take thee down, to profane thee. But, before they offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the best manner thou canst. Beware, beware, ye plagiaries; 'Let none of you touch me; for this undertaking (God bless the king) was reserved for me alone.'[1] For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him: he knew how to act, and I how to write: we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that scribbling impostor of Tordesillas, who has dared, or shall dare, with his gross and ill-cut ostrich quill, to describe the exploits of my valorous knight; a burden too weighty for his shoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. And warn him, if perchance he falls in thy way, to suffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave; nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the ancient usages and customs of death, to carry him into Old Castile, making him rise out of the vault, in which he really and truly lies at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition, or a new sally; for the two he has already made, with such success, and so much to the general satisfaction, as well of the people of these kingdoms of Spain, as of foreign countries, are sufficient to ridicule all that have been made by other knights-errant. And thus shalt thou comply with the duty of thy Christian profession, giving good advice to those who wish thee ill; and I shall rest satisfied, and proud to have been the first who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings; for my only desire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and absurd histories of knight-errantry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine Don Quixote, begin already to totter, and will doubtless fall, never to rise again. Farewell.

[1] Quoted from Gines Perez de Hita's *Guerras civiles de Granada* (1595), Part I, Chapter xvii.

THE END

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

(SIZE 6 x 4 INCHES)

ORDINARY EDITION

Published in SEVEN different Styles

Cloth, boards	1/- net
Sultan-red Leather, limp, gilt top	1/9 net
Lambskin, limp, gilt top	2/6 net
Quarter Vellum, hand-tooled, panelled lettering-piece, gilt top. Superior library style	4/6 net
Half Calf, marbled edges	4/6 net
Whole Calf, marbled edges	6/6 net
Tree Calf, marbled edges	6/6 net

POCKET EDITION

of THE WORLD'S CLASSICS (each with a portrait) is printed on THIN OPAQUE PAPER, by means of which the bulk of the stouter volumes is reduced by one-half. Some of the works printed in two volumes can be had bound in one volume, in sultan-red leather, limp, gilt top, at 3/- net.

Cloth, limp, gilt back, gilt top	1/3 net
Sultan-red Leather, limp, gilt top	1/9 net
Italian, thin boards, gilt design, gilt top	2/6 net
Quarter Vellum, hand-tooled, panelled lettering-piece, gilt top	4/6 net

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW
NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, BOMBAY
CAPE TOWN, & SHANGHAI

The World's Classics

THE best recommendation of **The World's Classics** is the books themselves, which have earned unstinted praise from critics and all classes of the public. Some two million copies have been sold, and of the volumes already published nearly one-half have gone into a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, or tenth impression. It is only possible to give so much for the money when large sales are certain. The clearness of the type, the quality of the paper, the size of the page, the printing, and the binding—from the cheapest to the best—cannot fail to commend themselves to all who love good literature presented in worthy form. That a high standard is insisted upon is proved by the list of books already published and of those on the eve of publication. A great feature is the brief critical introductions written by leading authorities of the day. The volumes of The World's Classics are obtainable, bound in cloth and leather, at the prices given on page 1; and special attention is directed to the sultan-red limp leather style, which is unsurpassable in leather bindings at the price of 1/9 net.

The **Pocket Edition** is printed on **thin opaque paper,** by means of which the bulk is greatly reduced.

February, 1916.

LIST OF THE SERIES

The figures in parentheses denote the number of the book in the series

Aeschylus. The Seven Plays. Translated by LEWIS CAMPBELL. (117)
Ainsworth (W. Harrison). The Tower of London. (162)
A Kempis (Thomas). Of the Imitation of Christ. (49)
Aristophanes. Frere's translation of the Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Introduction by W. W. MERRY. (134)
Arnold (Matthew). Poems. Intro. by Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (85)
Aurelius (Marcus). The Thoughts. A new translation by JOHN JACKSON. (60)
Austen (Jane). Emma Introduction by E. V. LUCAS. (129)
Bacon. The Advancement of Learning, and the New Atlantis. Introduction by Professor CASE. (93)
Essays. (24)
Barham. The Ingoldsby Legends. (9)
Barrow (Sir John). The Mutiny of the Bounty. Introduction by Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE. (105)
Betham-Edwards (M.) The Lord of the Harvest. Introduction by FREDERIC HARRISON. (194)
Blackmore (R. D.). Lorna Doone. Intro. by T. H. WARREN. (171)
Borrow. The Bible in Spain. (75)
Lavengro. (66)
The Romany Rye. (73)
Brontë Sisters.
Charlotte Brontë. Jane Eyre. (1)
Shirley. (14)
Villette. (47)
The Professor, and the Poems of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (78)
Emily Brontë. Wuthering Heights. (10)
Anne Brontë. Agnes Grey. (141)
The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. (67)
Brown (Dr. John). Horae Subsecivae. Intro. by AUSTIN DOBSON. (118)
Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). Poems: A Selection. (176)
Browning (Robert). Poems and Plays, 1833-1842. (58)
Poems, 1842-1864. (137)
Buckle. The History of Civilization in England. 3 vols. (41, 48, 53)
Bunyan. The Pilgrim's Progress. (12)
Burke. Works. 6 vols.
Vol. I. General Introduction by Judge WILLIS and Preface by F. W. RAFFETY. (71)
Vols. II, IV, V, VI. Prefaces by F. W. RAFFETY. (81, 112-114)
Vol. III. Preface by F. H. WILLIS. (111)

List of the Series—*continued*

Burns. Poems. (34)

Butler. The Analogy of Religion. Edited, with Notes, by W. E. GLADSTONE. (136)

Byron. Poems: A Selection. (180)

Carlyle. On Heroes and Hero-Worship. (62)

Past and Present. Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (153)

Sartor Resartus. (19)

The French Revolution. Introduction by C. R. L. FLETCHER. 2 vols. (125, 126)

The Life of John Sterling. Introduction by W. HALE WHITE. (141)

Cervantes. Don Quixote. Translated by C. JERVAS. Intro. and Notes by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 2 vols. With a frontispiece. (130, 131)

Chaucer. The Canterbury Tales. (76)

Chaucer. The Works of. From the text of Professor SKEAT. 3 vols. Vol. I (42); Vol. II (56); Vol. III, containing the whole of the Canterbury Tales (76)

Cobbold. Margaret Catchpole. Intro. by CLEMENT SHORTER. (119)

Coleridge. Poems. Introduction by Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (95)

Cooper (T. Fenimore). The Last of the Mohicans. (163)

Cowper. Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by E. V. LUCAS. (138)

Darwin. The Origin of Species. With a Note by GRANT ALLEN. (11)

Defoe. Captain Singleton. Intro. by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (82)

Robinson Crusoe. (17)

De Quincey. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. (23)

Dickens. Great Expectations. With 6 Illustrations by WARWICK GOBLE. (128)

Oliver Twist. (8)

Pickwick Papers. With 43 Illustrations by SEYMOUR and 'PHIZ. 2 vols. (120, 121)

Tale of Two Cities. (38)

Dufferin (Lord). Letters from High Latitudes. Illustrated. With Introduction by R. W. MACAN. (158)

Eliot (George). Adam Bede. (63)

Felix Holt. Introduction by VIOLA MEYNELL. (179)

Romola. Introduction by VIOLA MEYNELL. (178)

Scenes of Clerical Life. Introduction by ANNIE MATHESON. (155)

Silas Marner, The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (80)

The Mill on the Floss. (31)

Emerson. English Traits, and Representative Men. (30)

Essays. First and Second Series. (6)

English Critical Essays (Nineteenth Century). Selected and Edited by EDMUND D. JONES. (206)

List of the Series—*continued*

English Essays. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. (32)

English Essays, 1600-1900 (Book of). Chosen by S. V. MAKOWER and B. H. BLACKWELL. (172)

English Letters. (Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries.) Selected and edited by M. DUCKITT and H. WRAGG. (192)

English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. (45)

English Prose: Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic. Selected by H. A. TREBLE. (204)

English Short Stories. (Nineteenth Century.) Introduction by Prof. HUGH WALKER. (193)

English Songs and Ballads. Compiled by T. W. H. CROSLAND. (13)

English Speeches, from Burke to Gladstone. Selected by EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (191)

Fielding. Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, etc. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 2 Illustrations. (142)

Galt (John). The Entail. Introduction by JOHN AYSCOUGH. (177)

Gaskell (Mrs.). Introductions by CLEMENT SHORTER.

Cousin Phillis, and other Tales, etc. (168)
Cranford, The Cage at Cranford, and The Moorland Cottage. (110)
The 'Cage' has not hitherto been reprinted.
Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and other Tales, etc. (175)
Mary Barton. (86)
North and South. (154)
Right at Last, and other Tales, etc. (205)
Round the Sofa. (190)
Ruth. (88)
Sylvia's Lovers. (156)
Wives and Daughters. (157)

Gibbon. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Maps. 7 vols. (35, 44, 51, 55, 64, 69, 74)
Autobiography. Introduction by J. B. BURY. (139)

Goethe. Faust, Part I (with Marlowe's Dr. Faustus). Translated by JOHN ANSTER. Introduction by Sir A. W. WARD. (135)

Goldsmith. Poems. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. (123)
The Vicar of Wakefield. (4)

Grant (James). The Captain of the Guard. (159)

Hawthorne. The Scarlet Letter. (26)

Hazlitt. Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Introduction by Sir A. QUILLER-COUCH. (205)
Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (124)
Sketches and Essays. (15)
Spirit of the Age. (57)
Table-Talk. (5)
Winterslow. (25)

Herbert (George). Poems. Introduction by ARTHUR WAUGH. (109)

Herrick. Poems. (16)

List of the Series—*continued*

Holmes (Oliver Wendell). The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. (61)
The Poet at the Breakfast-Table. Introduction by Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. (95)
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. Introduction by Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. (89)

Homer. Iliad. Translated by Pope. (18)
Odyssey. Translated by Pope. (36)

Hood. Poems. Introduction by WALTER JERROLD. (87)

Horne (R. Hengist). A New Spirit of the Age. Introduction by WALTER JERROLD. (127)

Hume. Essays. (33)

Hunt (Leigh). Essays and Sketches. Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (115)
The Town. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON, and a Frontispiece. (132)

Irving (Washington). The Conquest of Granada. (150)
The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Introduction by T. BALSTON. (173)

Jerrold (Douglas). Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk, and other Stories and Essays. Introduction by WALTER JERROLD, and 90 Illustrations by KEENE, LEECH, and DOYLE. (122)

Johnson. Lives of the English Poets. Introduction by ARTHUR WAUGH. 2 vols. (83, 84)

Keats. Poems. (7)

Keble. The Christian Year. (181)

Lamb. Essays of Elia, and The Last Essays of Elia. (2)

Landor. Imaginary Conversations. Selected with Introduction by Prof. E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (196)

Lesage. Gil Blas. Translated by T. SMOLLETT, with Introduction and Notes by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 2 vols. (151, 152)

Letters written in War Time. Selected and edited by H. WRAGG. (202)

Longfellow. Evangeline, The Golden Legend, etc. (39)
Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, etc. (174)

Lytton. Harold. With 6 Illustrations by CHARLES BURTON. (165)

Macaulay. Lays of Ancient Rome; Ivry; The Armada. (27)

Machiavelli. The Prince. Translated by LUIGI RICCI. (43)

Marcus Aurelius. See Aurelius.

Marlowe. Dr. Faustus (with Goethe's Faust, Part I). Introduction by Sir A. W. WARD. (135)

Marryat. Mr. Midshipman Easy. (160)
The King's Own. With 6 Illustrations by WARWICK GOBLE. (164)

Mill (John Stuart). On Liberty, Representative Government, and the Subjection of Women. With an Introduction by Mrs. FAWCETT. (170)

Milton. The English Poems. (182)

Montaigne. Essays. Translated by J. FLORIO. 3 vols. (65, 70, 77)

Morris (W.). The Defence of Guinevere, The Life and Death of Jason, and other Poems. (183)

List of the Series—*continued*

Motley. Rise of the Dutch Republic. Introduction by CLEMENT SHORTER. 3 vols. (96, 97, 98)

Palgrave. The Golden Treasury. With additional Poems, including FITZGERALD'S translation of Omar Khayyám. (133)

Peacock (W.). English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin. (45)
Selected English Essays. (32)

Poe (Edgar Allan). Tales of Mystery and Imagination. (21)

Porter (Jane). The Scottish Chiefs. (161)

Prescott (W. H.). History of the Conquest of Mexico. Introduction by Mrs. ALEC-TWEEDIE. 2 vols. (197, 198)

Reid (Mayne). The Rifle Rangers. With 6 Illustrations by J. E. SUTCLIFFE. (166)
The Scalp Hunters. With 6 Illustrations by A. H. COLLINS. (167)

Reynolds (Sir Joshua). The Discourses, and the Letters to 'The Idler.' Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. (149)

Rossetti (Christina). Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and other Poems. (184)

Rossetti (D. G.). Poems and Translations, 1850-1870. (185)

Ruskin. *(Ruskin House Editions, by arrangement with Messrs. Allen, and Unwin, Ltd.)*
'A Joy for Ever,' and The Two Paths. Illustrated. (147)
Sesame and Lilies, and The Ethics of the Dust. (145)
Time and Tide, and The Crown of Wild Olive. (146)
Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris. (148)

Scott. Ivanhoe. (29)
Lives of the Novelists. Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. (94)
Poems. A Selection. (186)

Selected Speeches on British Foreign Policy (1738-1914). Edited by EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (201)

Shakespeare. Plays and Poems. With a Preface by A. C. SWINBURNE and general Introductions to the several plays and poems by EDWARD DOWDEN, and a Note by T. WATTS-DUNTON on the special typographical features of this Edition. 9 vols.
Comedies. 3 vols. (100, 101, 102)
Histories and Poems. 3 vols. (103, 104, 105)
Tragedies. 3 vols. (106, 107, 108)

Shakespeare's Contemporaries. Six Plays by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, DEKKER, WEBSTER, and MASSINGER. Edited by C. B. WHEELER. (199)

Shelley. Poems. A Selection. (187)

Sheridan. Plays. Introduction by JOSEPH KNIGHT. (79)

Smith (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. 2 vols. (54, 59)

Smith (Alexander). Dreamthorp, with Selections from Last Leaves. Introduction by Prof. HUGH WALKER. (200)

Smollett. Travels through France and Italy. Introduction by THOMAS SECCOMBE. (90)

Sophocles. The Seven Plays. Translated by the late LEWIS CAMPBELL. (116)

List of the Series—*continued*

Southey (Robert). Letters. Selected, with an Introduction and Notes, by MAURICE H. FITZGERALD. (169)

Sterne. Tristram Shandy. (40)

Swift. Gulliver's Travels. (20)

Taylor (Meadows). Confessions of a Thug. (207)

Tennyson (Lord). Poems. (3)

Thackeray. Book of Snobs, Sketches and Travels in London, &c. (50)
Henry Esmond. (28)
Pendennis. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE. 2 vols. (91, 92)

Thoreau. Walden. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (68)

Tolstoy. Essays and Letters. Translated by AYLMER MAUDE. (46)
Twenty-three Tales. Translated by L. and A. MAUDE. (72)
The Cossacks.
Resurrection. } *In Preparation.*
Anna Karenina.

Trollope. The Three Clerks. Intro. by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (140)

Virgil. Translated by DRYDEN. (37)

Watts-Dunton (Theodore). Aylwin. (52)

Wells (Charles). Joseph and his Brethren. With an Introduction by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (143)

White (Gilbert). The Natural History of Selborne. (22)

Whittier. Poems. A Selection. (188)

Wordsworth. Poems: A Selection. (189)

Other Volumes in Preparation.

Bookcases for the World's Classics

To hold 50 Volumes ordinary paper, or 100 Volumes thin paper:

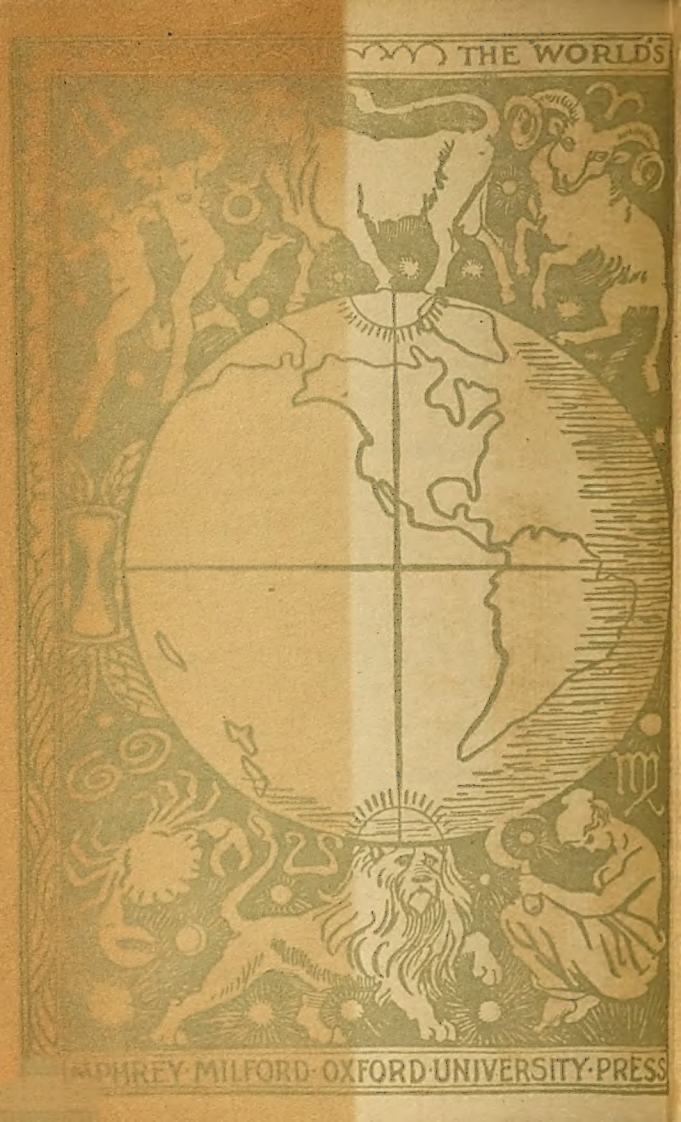
In Fumed Oak, with two fixed shelves. (22 x 21½ x 4¾ inches) 0 6 0

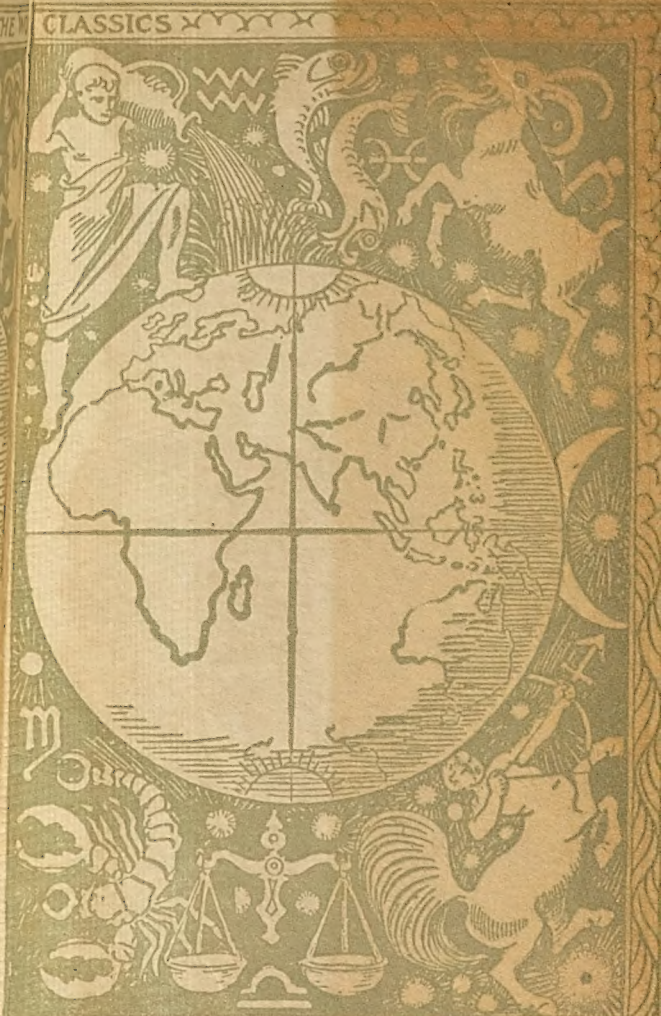
To hold 100 Volumes ordinary paper, or 200 Volumes thin paper:

In Mahogany, French Stained and Ebonized, with fancy ornamental top, and three adjustable shelves, best cabinet make. (44 x 36 x 6 inches) 1 15 0

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW
NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, BOMBAY
CAPE TOWN, & SHANGHAI


THE WORLD'S
HUMPHREY MILFORD · OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

3 0081 013 108 224